MY PART IN GERMANY'S FIGHT

by

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PREFACE

The historical revolution which, beginning on January 30th, 1933, wrought itself out thenceforth in the public life of the Reich before the eyes of the world, has a significance and bearing not immediately to be plumbed and measured, This event rightly bears the name of the German Revolution, for it has to do, indeed, with a revolution in values, with the overthrow of an entire world of thought which up to that date had been accepted as a matter of course by the German people.

The Revolution was achieved with a celerity hitherto unknown, at least in political matters, in German public life. Its effects have placed the economical, cultural, and political life of the nation on an entirely new basis. Not only has the mental outlook of 1918, one quite alien to German nature, been given up, but those who had it, both individuals and parties, have had to abandon public life in favour of new men and new ideas.

The sheer speed by which the Revolution was carried out, and the self-evidence with which it was accepted by the broad masses of the German people, have caused its effects to penetrate so deeply into the national consciousness, that no one in Germany to-day dreams but they are irrevocable and have come to stay.

Once more the Government stands at the head of the country as the strong source of its will. Currents of fresh energy and resolution flow thence throughout the mass of the people, to the very last village and the very last man.

On account of the great rate at which the German Revolution went through, the contemporary onlooker may have lost, somewhat, clear perception as to how these historical events are brought about. That which yesterday was paradox, has become a triviality to-day. Things unthinkable, chimerical but a few months ago, are become to-day mere matters of course, about which no one makes any further ado.

The idea of this book is to offer a summary of the

historical happenings in Germany during 1932 and the beginning of 1933, in the form of a diary. The author had neither the wish nor the power to write a comprehensive objective history of so significant a period for Germany. He stood then, and still stands, in the midst of events. He was called upon to take an active part in them. It was neither his temperament nor his wish to watch their sequence from out the quiet of the professional study, or to treat them in an impersonal and neutral manner. From the very outset he actively espoused them, and furthered them with all his might and main, so that they might be brought about.

He who takes up this book looking for a history, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, will seek it there in vain. All inscribed in these pages was jotted down in the hurry and flurry of the day, and often by night. It bears evidence of the shocks and fierce emotions aroused by the events recorded, which carried everyone away who actively took part in them. It is strongly coloured by the passions of the moment, and deeply impressed by them.

God's hand has been upon it all. He has visibly directed the Leader and his Movement. Only the faithless affirm that it has been luck which has favoured us. In reality, General von Moltke's saying, "In the long run it is only the clever man who is lucky," applies to the Leader and his Party. That which had long been preparing, and which had grown organically, broke forth like a torrent on January 30th, 1933, onwards, and swept over the whole country.

The German Revolution has imposed personal and material sacrifices on leaders and men, of which the public up to now has no idea. The peaceful unrolling of events often leads those who took no part in them to suppose that power fell into our laps like fruit, without us doing anything about it. This supposition is unfortunate, in that it ignores the wealth of sacrifice which the Movement, following its own compulsion, was bound to exact, and might even lead to the idea that we had not really deserved to come to power.

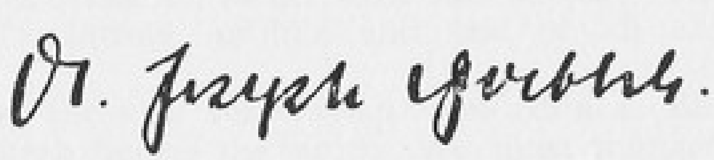
The express purpose of this book is to dispose of such errors once and for all. The unprejudiced reader will come to the conclusion that if anyone, we National Socialists, and none others, had a just claim to power, and that everything that took place was a natural consequence of the unalterable laws of higher historical development.

The adversaries of the National Socialist Movement never wearied, when opposed to us, of trying to drive a wedge between the Leader and his original colleagues. From their point of view this was easily to be understood. They were not so foolish as not to know that their only chance of deflecting the Movement from its objects, and of ruining it at length, lay in breaking up the community of National Socialist leadership.

It was seldom that the men round Adolf Hitler elected to fight the adversary with his own weapons. They knew only too well they could not put a stop to the campaign of lies in the Press by so doing; however deep they might have to wade in the mud themselves there was one thing so sacred nobody dared impugn it, but which they would only openly profess under strong inducement, i.e. their unshakable love, fidelity, and devotion to the Leader.

They felt themselves one with the political troops entrusted to their guidance. They shared their sacrifices, and shared their blind devotion for the man to whom they had given themselves, and to whose hands they hoped to confide the German Nation.

This book is a monument to the Party in its great struggle, and to the "Sturm Abteilung" (S.A., Storm Troops). It offers more to the world than could be gathered from any erection of stone or marble.



MY PART IN GERMANY'S FIGHT

January 1st, 1932.

The year has ended as it began, with work. Up to the last day worries and difficulties. Reading, writing, and endless conferences.

At 12 p.m. motor out to Spandau, where the first great struggles of our party took place, to visit the Storm Troopers. Great jubilations at midnight. I address them earnestly but full of hope and confidence. 1932 must be the decisive year.

It will be a year of hard and inexorable struggle. Only a strong man who takes his stand on firm ground will see it through. Main thing: always to be amidst one's men. One must never fall out of touch with the people. The people are the beginning, middle and end of all our endeavours.

The first day of the new year brings some respite. But it is merely the hush before the storm. We must toughen ourselves to weather crises ahead.

The day after to-morrow work begins again.

One soon tires of protracted rest. One can no longer imagine life worth living which doesn't go with vim and swing.

January 2nd, 1932.

List of the candidates for the new Reichs- and Landtag (Diet) completed. These were only selected from the old guard, who are absolutely to be depended on, especially for character and loyalty. That is the chief thing, even if a comprehensive grasp is lacking here and there. A man of good character without necessarily great insight into things is always better than an intelligent man without much character.

The Otto Strasser circle is very active. It is editing lots of books, periodicals and papers. But everything is done with purpose and subtlety. These gentlemen have facile pens, but their ideas are all wrong. They perpetrate lifeless constructions, with no intuition in them.

January 3rd, 1932.

I compose my first address to be delivered in the Sportpalast. I will usher in the year 1932 and will emphasize its significance. The Sportpalast is the platform from which we address the huge city of Berlin.

An old General who had served in the World War came to see me. He recalled pre-war times. Much was rotten, and worse than rotten even then. Things were bound to crash; there was no more vitality in them.

The "Burgfriede" (an interlude in political activities lasting from Christmas to the New Year), decreed by Brüning, ceases to-morrow.

January 4th, 1932.

Animated interviews with the staff of the paper. One must everlastingly be keeping them up to the mark, otherwise they slack off. Just the same in Germany: a few flames burn brightly, the others only reflect their light.

The papers are in the worst case. We have the best speakers in the world, but lack writers of experience and skill.

Explained the development of the Party and its programme to a representative of the *Lavoro Fascista.* All this has already become so much a part of us, that we are unable to think or feel in any other way.

Discussed with the National Socialist Flying Corps the employment of airplanes for the coming elections, the date of which has not yet been fixed, but we know that they may come upon us overnight, all of a sudden.

What curious things crop up! An S.A. leader asks me whether a man who had committed suicide could be buried under our flag. I said yes, provided his breakdown was attributable to the stress of the times. It is not everyone who can bear the terrible strain. He agreed, feelingly, with that.

Märchenbrunnen: general meeting of the members for the Department of the east. Closed by the police.[1] The

[1] *Polizeilich gesperrt,* i.e. closed by the police when the room is full to capacity, for fear lest overcrowding lead to casualties, etc.

year begins well. Nearly all of these are workmen, whom we have wrested from "Red" Berlin after many a hard struggle. He who has the workmen has the people. He who has the people, has the Reich.

The "Standarte Fiedler" parades in the restaurant Clou. The most active troop we have, and Fiedler is one of our best S.A. leaders. He carries on the tradition of Horst Wessel's day. A humble workman risen from the ranks.

We all buckle to again.

January 5th, 1932.

Assemble the District Leaders. Give them hell because our work for the collection of gifts is getting on so indifferently well. Money is wanting everywhere. It is very difficult to obtain. Nobody will give us credit.

Once you get the power you can get the cash galore, but then you need it no longer. Without the power you need the money, but then you can't get it!

One of the vital questions in the building up of a purposeful organization is the definition of spheres of action.[1] If that is not made absolutely clear, even among people of good will, it is hardly possible to carry on with cordial co-operation.

Each day brings its own pleasures and worries.

The Leader 'phones from the Kaiserhof. He is having a conference with General Gröner to-day. It seems that the Government wishes to appoint Hitler in charge of their Foreign Affairs. There is a rumour of "Burgfrieden" again. I am strongly against it. Herr Brüning only brings it forward because his own situation is desperate. We have no occasion to lend him a hand.

The papers are horribly impudent. A sure sign that we are going the right way to work everlastingly worrying on the heels of the Government.

January 6th, 1932.

We are planning a widespread campaign for the Berlin elections with the slogan, "Go for the Factories!" S.A.[2] S.S.,[3] Press, Party and Propaganda will press the attack. We must entrench ourselves strongly in the factories. Only from such vantage point are working classes to be won over. The catch-word is: "HIB ACTION."

[1] Definition of the warrants and rights of the different officers of the Party: no friction, no overlapping.

[2] *Sturm Abteilung,* Storm Troops.

[3] *Shütz Staffel,* Guards.

Seen the Leader. Gröner has telegraphed for him to come to Berlin. Something to do, probably, with the "Burgfrieden." Hitler is not easily to be hoodwinked. He sees through it, as usual.

We discuss the state of affairs within the Party. There is one man who belongs whom nobody trusts. There is a certain danger of him dissociating himself from it at a critical moment, and seriously and irretrievably damaging the cause. He doesn't understand party loyalty and can therefore be true to nobody. His name is Gregor Strasser.

Had coffee together in the afternoon, and a good chat.

Once more the Kaiserhof is the centre of political curiosity, affording endless sensations.

The penny-a-liners probably suppose us to be brooding over dark prospects of revenge all day long. What a queer idea the small fry seem to have of National Socialism.

January 7th, 1932.

Everything on the move once more. The Leader has been to see Gröner. Gröner tried to get his assent to parliamentary sanction for the prolongation of the term of office of the Reich President. That would be feasible, but in this case the Presidency is not really in question. Brüning only wants to stabilize his own position indefinitely and that of his Cabinet. The Leader has asked for time for reflection. The situation must be clarified from every view point. For the moment a series of constitutional difficulties have first to be removed. No doubt Brüning is trying to bring off his big coup. And yet he will fail.

The contest for power, the game of chess, has begun. It may last throughout the year. It will be a fast game, played with intelligence and skill.

The main point is that we hold fast, and waive all compromise. We ought then, by all the rules of things, to come off victorious.

At the office. Everybody is working at full speed. The Christmas interlude is over and the political camps are preparing for great and decisive struggles.

The Press howls because some Jew or other has set about the tale that we were going to take over the Prinz Albrecht Palais for party purposes.

How wide of the mark these Hebrews are as to public opinion! They have no idea of the real character of a people, and always just manage to get things all wrong. They sink very low when they start dragging women into the dust and din of political strife. But we shall amply requite it, once we attain power.

Speak in Hamburg. Sagebiels hall packed to the roof. The crowd in excellent spirits. Heaps of people who could not get seats waiting in the street. Discuss the situation with the Hamburg leaders up to a late hour. In the Hamburg Party also, confidence and optimism hold sway. Everybody feels, or even knows, that the final decision is drawing nearer every day.

The Hamburg Press is at least neutral. Only the Berlin gutter Press seems to lend itself so immoderately to lies and baseness. Just as I returned to Berlin I read in the papers that the Leader has struck at the System[1] in its most vulnerable spot. He has seen Brüning. The Press is kicking up a row. They are accusing us of national untrustworthiness. The venerable personality of the President of the Reich is shamelessly being drawn into the fray. We shall have to be very careful!

The Kaiserhof: The Leader has had an interview with Brüning, who is fighting for dear life. Everything is to be deferred. The Press is wallowing in sensations. Would like to bandy our great and venerable Man backwards and forwards between the parties. Brüning has got himself into a fine mess.

At the office: Bad news. The paper *Der Angriff*[2] banned for a week. The ban signed by Dr. Weiss.[3] Reason: Defamation of the Jewish Religion!—That may well mean the end of our paper; but from a political point of view it is opportune enough. One more weapon to hand against Brüning.

Kaiserhof: The Leader has been to see Schleicher. Everybody scuttling hither and thither like ants in an ant-hill. The Government has completely lost its head.

Discuss details of my speech in the Sportpalast with the Leader. Something has got to be said to-day; best to come out with the truth in its entirety. That always freshens things up.

The Leader is leaving for Lemgo, to deliver an address there. He is in excellent form, as usual, on these occasions.

January 8th, 1932.

The Sportpalast closed by the police since seven o'clock.

1 "Weimar System" includes all the Governments of the Weimar Constitution.

2 Dr. Goebbels' own paper.

3 At the time Vice-President of Berlin Police.

The crowd was seething with fanaticism. The police had challenged it from the outset. I spoke for only a few minutes. Then an officer of police got up and declared the meeting at an end, simply because I had mentioned the name of Isidor Weiss[1] in a perfectly harmless connection.

The audience, 15,000 strong, stormed and raged. It was a crisis any moment of which might have issued in tragedy. But we managed to master it. No amount of provocation was going to get the better of us. In twenty minutes the hall was empty.

Both prohibitions are really aimed at Brüning and Gröner by the Prussian Marxists. All the better for us. We shall adhere in consequence all the more to our own line of action.

Start for Essen, where I have to speak.

January 9th, 1932.

The Press resounds loudly on the subject of the prohibition of our meeting at the Sportpalast. It is unanimously considered to be an insult aimed at Brüning by Prussia.

The same evening officials of the Prussian Government had openly incited the public to revolt at a meeting of the Social Democrats. This assembly was of course not prohibited.

Everything in a muddle. Universal speculation as to what the Leader intends to do. People will be amazed.

Meet the old members of the Party at Essen; men who have stuck to their posts since 1923. They are absolutely reliable.

Deliver an address to the Leaders of Industry in the afternoon. The more desperate their situation, the better they understand us.

Speak to the working classes in the evening. The S.A. takes forty minutes to march in.

Marvellous sight! Nearly all of them workmen! Rising of the whole nation. The hall crowded! I feel wonderfully fit. Huge success!

Get back to the hotel thoroughly tired. An hour's rest, and home to Berlin by the night train. Long conversation with the sleeping-car conductor. You sometimes learn more through a chat of this sort than by talking to the Great of the Land.

In Berlin everything still pending.

[1] At the time Vice-President of Berlin Police.

January 10th, 1932.

The leader has had a conference with Brüning and Hugenberg. These are critical days.

Berlin Police Headquarters climb down. They now declare that the Sportpalast meeting was not prohibited on account of my speech, but because of the restiveness of the audience. What a reason! That in itself has put a spoke in Brüning's wheel.

In the evening the Leader pays us a visit. He had a long conference with Brüning last Saturday. Very reserved. Brüning's tactics were not good. He wants to turn the Presidentship into a mere business affair, and the price of our help is to be the acknowledgment of the legal constitution of our Party. The Leader rejected the proposition briefly and coldly. Brüning attempted to recall his suggestion, but it was too late. Now everyone is scuttling about in the Wilhelmstrasse like a lot of distracted hens. Brüning's position is seriously endangered. All sorts of pressure and countering forces are being brought to bear. But it is we who hold the ace of trumps.

The Leader is going to bring about a dissolution of the Reichstag. This is the crux of the matter. The decision lies with the people. We alone can emerge victorious. This is perfectly well known to Brüning, and constitutes the reason why he wants to avoid this issue. He will have to give in, or the struggle for the Presidentship will develop into a struggle between us and the System.

Great pity that the venerable Marshal von Hindenburg is being dragged into all this! But it is not our fault.

Hugenberg is merely the odd man.

We spend the evening with a little music, always more soothing than anything else after a hard day's work.

January 11th, 1932.

In the organization I struggle against being snowed under by so many papers and so much red tape. One has to see so many people every day. One of the most difficult things is to be always concentrating upon new subjects and new faces.

The elections in Lippe (Detmold) should have been more successful. We must make a greater effort, even if only a minor decision is at stake. We dare not risk a set-back anywhere.

Assembled the District Leaders. One has to be always

putting fresh heart into them, and by this means support the movement in general.

The "HIB ACTION"[1] is successful.

The Women's League has taken in hand the financing of our impending campaign. It hopes to collect 50,000 Reichsmark in a very short time. That would float us again.

The Leader has presented a memorandum to President Hindenburg through Meissner, containing objections based on the constitution against Brüning's proposal. A solution of the problem could be found if the Old Gentleman would declare unfeasible Brüning's proposal to prolong his Presidency by parliamentary decree. That would about finish Brüning although for political reasons he would probably be retained until the Lausanne Conference.

The Leader is overladen with business. Goering is a valuable help to him.

January 12th, 1932.

Tension is acute. Hindenburg's reply is awaited optimistically or pessimistically as the case may be.

The *Angriff* is free again. Brüning tries to ingratiate himself with us; Isidor Weiss has had to climb down.

'Phone call from the Kaiserhof. I promptly betake myself thither.

Hindenburg has declined,[2] we have lost the first game. Brüning triumphant once more. The Leader is in high spirits. He has strong nerves and good staying power.

Departure for Munich. Silence reigns in the Kaiserhof. I dictate an article. The typist takes it down. This defeat must at once be made good. We must get to work once more, gather our forces together, agitate!

Only a downright gesture of defiance has any effect upon the System.

January 13th, 1932.

Working full speed. Writing a memorandum on the reorganization of our Press. This is of first necessity.

Deliver an address at Friedenau (suburb of Berlin). The problem of tactics and strategy occupies the foreground in the public eye.

A Herr von Bonin insults Hitler in the most insolent

[1] *Hib Aktion*, a slogan; abbreviation of *Hinein in die Betribe* (anglicized, roughly, "Up and at 'em").

[2] i.e. declined Hitler's proposal to hold an election to settle the question of the extension of the term of the Presidency.

manner in the *Acht-Uhr Abendlatt* (Berlin newspaper). By a bit of harmless telephonic trickery we succeed in getting the creature to eat his own words, and even to put in an appearance at the Office and offer to retract them publicly. "I must," he says, "have been crazy to write such a thing."

January 14th, 1932.

Am writing a stinging article on Brüning's foreign policy. He *must* be overthrown. He stands in the way of Germany's revival. Only after he has gone shall we be able to breathe freely. Berlin shrieks with laughter at the ridiculous Don Quixote von Bonin. But only a few have any idea how we resolved this "Hero" into a clown.

January 15th, 1932.

Speak at Frankfurt on the Oder. Three halls full up. The set-back has not reflected on us to any extent, although the Press makes the most of it, kicking up the usual din. But barking dogs don't bite.

Motor through the Oderbruch. Here Frederic the Great conquered a Province, without losing a single soldier. At Küstrin yonder he was well put through it by his self-opinionated father. That was to the good. It made a soldier out of a mere fluteplayer. Off to Königsberg.

January 16th, 1932.

At Königsberg. The big hall filled by an audience of 15,000. Five thousand waiting outside in the street. Splendid reception.

Guest of Rev. Müller. Officers of the Reichswehr. They have different ideas about things here, in East Prussia, to the rest of Germany.

They completely see through Brüning's game.

January 17th, 1932.

The Leader is back in Berlin again. Stennes has dragged him in to a law-suit. But he was acquitted. Now we must agitate, agitate!

January 18th, 1932.

The Leader composed a memorandum to Brüning. An extraordinarily clear and logical illustration of the political situation.

In the evening he addressed the students in the Tennishallen. Endless ovations. He was at his best.

We always manage to establish touch with the people. Once we make our headquarters in the Wilhelmstrasse, the people will come into their own.

January 19th, 1932.

Monday. At the office at noon. Work like the devil. Deal with an enormous post. Two important visits. A member of the Reichslandbund (Farmers Federation) tries to pump us as to the question of the Presidency. This Federation would shape its political course in consequence. The Stahlhelm[1] is beginning to flag. That would not be bad for us. We alone, then, would represent the National Front. One is astonished at the *naïveté* of the *bourgeois* party when it comes to taking political decisions. Names come and go; are discussed; and dropped.

One thing is obvious, there will have to be a radical alteration if an election is to lead to any result.

A well-known officer of high rank, with redoubtable World War record, has scruples whether or not to come over to us. The glaring injustice of our great meeting at the Sportpalast being officially prohibited, put the idea into his head. All the better! At this rate Police Headquarters itself is making propaganda for us.

The District Leaders must be livened up. They must see to money affairs at once. The financial situation is not quite so desperate as it was a few weeks ago. The political outlook is still uncertain. The immense efforts we have been making[2] already promise much. If things go on like this, we may predict a great success. Bit by bit we shall force Marxism to its knees.

Return to Munich with the Leader. It is delightful to be alone with him, when he can speak freely and naturally. He is the best story-teller I know. His own account of his youth is most interesting. He does not seem to have changed, but always to have remained much as he was.

Tuesday. Brown House, Munich. Discussed the measures to be taken for the coming elections with the staff of the Propaganda Department. Composed a short memorandum, containing everything essential. Now the Movement will go straight ahead. The whole of Department Propaganda is moving to Berlin on the 1st. For the present it is believed that the elections will be held on March 8th, but I feel sure that some of these elections will take us by surprise.

[1] The *Stahlhelm*, or Steel Helmets, consists chiefly of ex-soldiers. They claim to belong to no party, but stood close to the Deutsch National Partei under Hugenberg.

[2] i.e. to get into the shops and factories.

Talked over the Reichspräsident question with the Leader. I report as to various conversations. No decision has as yet been reached. I strongly urge him to come forward as candidate himself.

Nothing less can now be seriously considered. We scan the figures, but after all figures are not everything. It is his name that really signifies.

Another S.A. man shot in Berlin. Public indignation is at boiling-point. Some time or other it will boil over.

The Leader has made a marvellous reply to Brüning. His memoranda are always distinguished by logic, lucidity and consistency. It puts Brüning out of court.

The Brown House is full of fight. Only the Defeatists of the Party are flagging. They fall back on Strasser.

January 21st, 1932.

We leave for the country house of a good friend at Tegernsee. There is one far from the hubbub, and able to think over important questions in peace. The Leader is in top form. Some member of the Deutsche Volkspartei[1] come to see him, to discuss the question of the Presidency of the Reich.

He has shown them the cold shoulder. No other way offers but to appoint our own candidate. A difficult and disagreeable struggle, but one that has to be carried through.

Back to Munich by night in a dense fog. The Berlin Press lies till all's blue. Every time a S.A. man is killed, it declares that the victim and not the murderer is guilty! There is one good thing about it all, we are getting so steeled in the furnace that none of us run the risk of giving way, or weakening later on.

January 22nd, 1932.

By Thursday got through the remaining work in Munich. Discussed the future with the Leader, especially my proposed department, defining its tasks and limits. The idea is to organize a Ministry for the Education of the

[1] A *bourgeois* party between the "Right" and the "Middle." Lost most of its significance in the 1932 elections.

people, comprising control of the cinema, of broadcasting, new educational establishments, arts, culture, and propaganda generally.

This is a revolutionary office altogether, generally to be directed from the centre. Its object would be clearly to set forth the Idea of the Reich. It is a vast plan such as the world has not yet seen. I am already now beginning to work out the basis of this Ministry. It is designed for the intelligent support of the State, and to conquer not only the apparatus of government, but the people as a whole.

The Berlin Press is insupportable. It is beginning to asperse our private life without a glimmer of truth in its assertions. Those Jews are not only insolent and mendacious, they have not the slightest respect for the privacies of life.

Leave for Chemnitz on Friday morning. During a long railway journey I sometimes manage to read a book. The habitual turmoil of work as a rule leaves no time for that. And then to sleep! One has to sleep in order to be able to think clearly and work smoothly.

Thousands of people awaiting us at the station at Chemnitz. We have entirely conquered this city. A marvellous parade of the S.A. And that in what used to be "Red Chemnitz!" I remember with a shudder the year 1925, when I spoke here.

During a riotous meeting at the Marmorpalast we had one dead and one hundred and fifty seriously injured. The Communists had occupied three-quarters of the hall, and we were in a hopeless minority. That was the beginning; to-day these "Red Fortresses" are at our feet.

Addressed three meetings. Lastly the S.A., speaking to whom I appreciate most. Back to the hotel, tired to death. Endless political discussions with officers of the police. At Chemnitz nearly all these are Nazis. It must be a poor system of Government indeed, that is depending upon so undermined a foundation.

Saturday: Impossible to continue reading the Berlin Press! Our S.A. men are assaulted with heavy casualties and even fatalities, and the Press mendaciously reports them as having attacked a peaceful suburban garden settlement. The fact that S.A. men are being accompanied home by their comrades, since they would be shot if they went alone, is represented in the Press as an armed attack on the part of our men. The Communists are the innocent victims, and we are accused as the aggressors. That the

Jews are such liars is not surprising, as they hang together from the *Berliner Tageblatt* to the *Rote Fahne* (Red Flag), but it is scandalous that even our so-called "National" papers should give in to this campaign of misrepresentation. One would like to spit at them.

I have to go to court as witness in the Kurfürstendamm[1] case. The Press is making a big sensation out of it. One has merely to cough to set the leaves of the Press forest rustling. The gutter Press lies in wait for me to discover a chink in my armour when I speak at Moabit,[2] but I shall proceed after my old and approved system: attack before the adversary has had any chance to get in his blow and confine him to defensive tactics and fight him until he's done!

An anonymous spy, it seems, declared that I, together with Count Helldorf, devised the plan for the affray in the Kurfürstendamm. I riposte by attacking the Headquarters of the Police, and refuse to give evidence until the spy's name is made public. Whereupon the blows on either side follow each other in quick succession.

I then direct my attention to the Attorney-General, and overwhelm him with my indignation. At last I give my evidence as insolently as I can, and am dismissed after having been fined 500 Reichsmark for contravention of a regulation. The defendant S.A. men shook with laughter.

In the office work piles up. Conferences about the reconstruction of our Press. Staff questions are always the most difficult to solve.

The gutter Press is always attacking the S.A. It is openly suggested that the organization should be suppressed. My attitude at the Moabit Court supplied the Police with a welcome opportunity of attacking the whole body.

As soon as the Jews are in a difficulty they act foolishly. This is a typical instance. Instead of keeping quiet and letting things be, they are making splendid propaganda for us, which costs us nothing, and is extraordinarily effective.

Brüning has sent a reply to the Leader's memorandum. It is lacking in convincing arguments and conclusive force. One can only regret that Fate has provided us with no more redoubtable an adversary.

I *must* break off a little just for an hour's rest.

[1] As a witness for the accused. Count Helldorf, S.A. Leader of Berlin, had taken upon himself to thrash some Jews for improper conduct towards women in this fashionable thoroughfare.

[2] Suburb of Berlin where courts and prisons are situated.

January 23rd, 1932.

The Leader at the Zircus Krone has replied to Brüning, leaving nothing to be desired for clearness and aggressiveness. We have definitely burnt our ships behind us. Now we must fight to a finish !

January 24th, 1932.

Sunday: At the Sportpalast an overcrowded workmen's meeting at midday. Brüning sharply threatened. Audience in a frenzy. It grasps perfectly well what is going on. It is a wonderful experience to speak to the working classes and to real men !

A small boy of the Hitler Jugend has been stabbed at Moabit ("Red" suburb of Berlin). First they hunted the child down, then some fiendish individual brutally plunged a dagger into his breast. The boy managed to crawl into a doorway and cried weakly for help. The marks made by his little blood-stained hands, when he tried to raise himself up for the last time, can still plainly be seen on the white wall.

Just now we must keep steady ; must avoid imprudence ; stave everything off until the day of revenge. Work, agitate, reinforce ourselves, and persevere.

I dictate a leader, however, full of indignation at this murder. It will have the desired effect.

Our staff is working splendidly again. Press and propaganda are playing into each other's hands in complete unity. The elections are prepared down to the minutest detail. It will be a struggle such as the world has never before witnessed.

Reading a pamphlet written by a Democrat on "Hitler's Way." It is beneath notice. The *bourgeois* world does not, and surely cannot, understand us. Its arguments always just miss the essentials of our Movement.

January 25th, 1932.

Discussed with the leaders the employment of S.A. organization in the coming election.

Issue new instructions to the Press.

Prepare for the election campaign also in Berlin.

The Jew Weiss has prohibited me from speaking in public on account of my demeanour, recently, in Court. The right of free speech seems to depend in this most liberal of all Democracies on a certificate of conduct to be given by the Headquarters of the Police.

May the day come when we enter the Headquarters of the Police, knock at the Jew's door, and inform him that his day is over !

The District Leaders of Berlin have not been inactive. The financial question has been more or less solved. In the evening nearly all the district officials assemble, and I explain the political situation to them. The Party is tremendously alive and ready for action. I was going to address the S.A. at midnight at the Spichernsäle, but was prohibited by the police. An S.A. leader spoke in my stead. The effect was more telling than if I had not met with this opposition. Once fire the people and none of this muzzling will be fire-hose enough to quench the conflagration.

January 26th, 1932.

The electoral campaign in Berlin will outdo everything of the sort hitherto known. I am looking forward to it immensely. Everything, roughly, is prepared. I publish a telling article against the "Eiserne Front" (Socialistic fighting organization). Public speaking on my part will be prohibited during the next weeks. I send a formal complaint to the Minister of the Interior, Gröner, but he has not enough courage to oppose the Marxists.

We attend the funeral of our S.A. comrade, Professor Schwartz, murdered at the Kolonie Felseneck. Stirring and heartrending scenes. In the churchyard by the graveside I give full vent to my grief and indignation.

I pass the spot in Moabit once more, where the "Hitler-Youth boy," Norkus, was stabbed. The bloody fingermarks of the dying child show like a "menetekel"[1] on the white wall.

Then home, and with boundless ardour to work again. Fatigue and pessimism vanish. It would seem as though this cruelly spilt blood flowed again in the veins of each one of us, prompting us to new effort.

How long will this nerve-racking strain go on ?

Cold, grey winter outside.

Something decisive must be done. If it lay with the people we National Socialists would have long attained office.

[1] Ref. Belthassar's feast.

January 27th, 1932.

I write an article, sharply criticizing Police Headquarters. When I say "sharply" I mean as pointedly as possible, allowing for the restrictions in force, which hedge and hamper. The people, however, can read well enough between the lines. If one could only for once speak freely and express one's mind !

Brüning sticks on like an irksome plaster.

The Communists have convoked a so-called Commission of Enquiry to "investigate" the sanguinary affray in the Kolonie Felseneck.

The whole thing is such a farce one would like to strike the whole lot of them dead where they sit !

Our S.A. seems to feel the same. When the Commission proceeded to appoint itself in presence of a Communist mob at Märchenbrunnen, two hundred S.A. men suddenly appeared and drove the rabble from the temple with sticks.

Leave for Bremen. Read the papers. One gets thoroughly fed up with them. Journalism promotes mere empirical knowledge. How refreshing to read Hamsun's *Blessing of Earth* in between. Rich in sap, full of natural feeling and fine ideas. Hamsun is the greatest of all living writers. He is a restorative after all the scribblers in the ephemeral Press.

Halls crowded at Bremen. I attacked Brüning. This will not fail of effect. Travel back to Berlin the same night.

Berlin. The Hindenburg Commission has been constituted. A decision at the polls for or against Hindenburg seems inevitable. Now we must produce our candidate. This decides it.

The Leader addresses industrial magnates at Düsseldorf. The gutter Press is raging as if he had made common cause with convicted felons.

Domiciliary visits, Press feuds, floods of calumnies, terrorism, arrests, and trials. A warrant is out against Count Helldorf for the sole reason that he went to Munich on official business.

The Press is puzzled as to our attitude over the question of the Presidency. The other side have no inkling of our plans.

January 29th, 1932.

We bury the "Hitler boy" Norkus on a biting cold day. From the bottom of my heart I speak to the children and the men gathered round the narrow coffin. The boy's father, a simple workman, is brave beyond words. Grief-stricken, with an ashen face, he raises his hand in salute to the strains of the "Horst Wessel Lied," and sings with bitter pride and deep wrath "Hold high the flag !"

Outside the churchyard gates the red rabble stands waiting for its victims. This plague must be exterminated like rats.

The Sportpalast is overcrowded, but I am not allowed to speak. Only a short note is read, in which I define my attitude regarding the presidential election. The police immediately intervene. Somebody in the audience cries: "Hitler !" and the whole crowd rises and gives the Leader a prolonged cheer. The voice of the people !

The Hindenburg Committee is sitting.

Now we must acknowledge what we have up our sleeve.

January 30th, 1932.

Worry and trouble with our Press.

The Prussian Ministry of the Interior has extended the muzzling order against me to include the whole of Prussia. With the exception of the "Reds," one thing alone reaps any benefit from this—my voice !

The situation is once more critical. Our dailies are well written. The Party is by no means downhearted ! Another prohibition is about due ! Hardly has this thought had time to cross our minds than the *Völkischer Beobachter* is again suppressed for a week.

That is always the "Reds'" last straw. When they do not know what to do next, they flourish this prohibition cudgel.[1]

I consult a lawyer in order to transfer my library to another person's name. Who knows if a bailiff will not suddenly turn up and confiscate it, because in the eyes of the Government it might be of assistance in preparing a revolution.

Simple birthday festival at the home of Prince August Wilhelm at Potsdam. I sit with the S.A. men and they tell me about the hard work they have of it in the north and east of Berlin. They are fine boys, heroic even, ready for anything, who do not make any fuss about their feelings. They have imbibed the spirit of Horst Wessel. They have lost the fear of death.

[1] Before the National Socialists came to power it was a large majority, rather than a minority, which was suppressed.

The Standarte[1]-leader Fiedler drives home with me. Nobody has an idea what these boys have to go through. When the history of our time comes to be written later on, the valiant deeds of the S.A. are worthy of being placed side by side with the most heroic achievements of our people.

January 31st, 1932.

The Stennes-Ideology[2] still obsesses some of our intellectuals. They have a wrong-headed idea altogether of the significance of our Movement. It is not individuals that matter, but the life and the welfare of the Party. He who deserts the Movement can no longer figure in our ranks. To be disloyal to it means deserting the colours. Sometimes one has to harden oneself to allow an innocent person to suffer, rather than permit the basis on which we all stand to be undermined.

Great debates in the Press on the presidential election. The Leader's decision is to be expected on Wednesday. There can be no further doubt as to what it will be.

February 2nd, 1932.

Monday: Great day of conferences, beginning in the morning. Article against the presidential committee. Those gentlemen do not seem quite sure of themselves. We are already up to our necks in electioneering work.

Discussed the coming election campaign with District Leaders and laid down some general directions. Much speculation as to our candidate ; but that is not so important for the moment as the question of how to arrive by the sinews of war !

The arguments in favour of the Leader's candidature are so convincing that no more remains to be said.

The leaders of the "cells"[3] of the Berlin organization have assembled. I make them a short address and sum up the situation. Their enthusiasm waxes hourly.

To Munich by night express. The chance of rest gets slighter and slighter, as one must get necessary reading done at night.

In Munich details of the election campaign are all settled and the vast plan arranged. The Brown House is a beehive of activity. Everybody is worked up to fever pitch. On Friday everything has to be ready. It will be an unprecedented campaign.

[1] A *Standarte* is a company somewhat after the style of a battalion.
[2] Left Radicalism: through force to power.
[3] Small local Party groups.

Strasser has reported himself sick.

Long conference with the Leader at noon. He outlines his views on the presidential election. He decides to come forward as a candidate. But first the Opposition must expose its hand. What the Social Democrats do will clinch the matter. Then we come out with our decision.

The whole thing teems with worry ; but one naturally expects that. The Leader makes every move without undue haste and with a perfectly clear head.

In the Brown House we make simultaneous arrangements for the Prussian elections. Everything is on the move. I am convinced of success.

Conference of Department Leaders with the Leader. He sums matters up as usual, crisply and logically. All are in agreement. No one could demur ; his exposition is so masterly. Everybody recognizes the seriousness of the situation. Brüning has to be checkmated. The future, immediate and remote, is at stake. Brüning's Cabinet must fall, too. The question is whether to attack him directly, or one of his Ministerial colleagues.

The situation will only be clear when Brüning has been effectively dealt with. The Nationalists and the Stahlhelm are, for the time being, kept in suspense. Our candidate will only come forward at the last moment. Perhaps somebody else will stand in place of the Leader at the opening of the election, so as to defer the critical moment until the second phase. I enter a short description of the technique and methods of the campaign.

In the evening we go to see the film "Girls in Uniform." A well-produced, natural, and charming piece of screen technique. Its simplicity and restraint produce a telling effect. One leaves the theatre much impressed.

We discuss all kinds of present and future problems till late at night. The Leader's fine and unerring instinct is always to be marvelled at.

Next morning District Leaders of the whole Reich assemble. I outline the scheme for forthcoming campaign. The machinery is all in readiness and order. Darré and Wagener speak respectively on political economy and on agriculture. The Party is united as never before.

February 3rd, 1932.

Day given to departmental reports. The District Leaders hope to hear what is decided as to the presidential candidature, but they wait in vain. In chess one does not announce

one's moves; one makes them. News from Berlin: there is a tendency to sacrifice Brüning. Gröner is advanced to save the System.[1] The Government is much mistaken if it imagines we are taken in.

There is a good deal of dissension in the departmental conferences. Everybody is nervous and overstrung.

In the afternoon more speeches and debates. Telephone calls from Berlin, the Party is restless and strung up but awaits events in silence.

After a long, hard day's work, it is recreative to go to the theatre or the cinema in the evening. We go to a Greta Garbo film and are much impressed by it. Garbo is unique; the greatest living actress. Many of the other stars are mere beginners in comparison with her.

The Leader occupies his leisure with plans for a new Party building, and with schemes for a vast renovation of Berlin. He has the project ready; and it is astounding what expert knowledge he can bring to bear on the problems involved.

Late at night many brave old members of the Party come to see me. They are discouraged at not yet having heard anything decisive. They fear the Leader may wait too long. This fear, however, is less well founded than ever. I do my best to cheer them up; appeal to their discipline. They went away much heartened.

February 4th, 1932.

The District Leader's day has reached its climax. After receiving some practical reports—one from Colonel Hierl on the duty of a year's training in a work camp, the scheme of which in detail already lies in his desk—the Leader makes his speech. He merely alludes, in passing, to the great problem of the day,[2] but with so much wit and point that everyone is delighted. His judgments are invariably sound and everyone is assured we shall pursue our appointed course.

In the afternoon I talk over the final plan for the coming campaign with the Leader. He is splendid to work with, and belongs to those few who, once having given their confidence, leave one to carry on freely by oneself, untrammelled. In the same way as he claims authority for himself, he accords the right of authority to everybody to whom, in their turn, it is necessary. The hostile Press depicts

[1] To save the "System," i.e. the Weimar System, against the National Socialists.

[2] i.e. the presidential candidature.

him quite falsely and gives rise to a very erroneous idea of him. There is nobody in the world less qualified for the rôle of tyrant than Hitler.

The lines of the election campaign are all laid down. We now need only press the button to set the machine going.

We visit a Munich studio and watch a renowned sculptor at work. We look over Professor Troost's sketches for an additional building to the Brown House. It is marvellous to note how surely and enerringly the Leader adjusts himself to coming power. He has not the slightest doubt about it, but speaks, acts, and feels as if it were already ours. This confidence of his imparts a wonderful feeling of security to everyone about him. Without the Leader the whole National Socialist Movement would be unthinkable.

In the evening he goes over the whole position again with District Leaders. He makes no secret of its seriousness. But he expresses conviction that we can become masters of it with energy and care.

Everyone thereupon sets to work. My contribution to the foregoing session is an essay on electioneering tactics. I hope it will be explanatory and useful throughout the country.

In the evening we see *The Fledermaus* at the National Theatre, a well-produced classical performance full of charm and feeling for style. The enchanting music stirs one's heart. The heavy weight of daily care is lifted as one sits and listens to it.

The Leader confers with Hugenberg. He does not mince matters.

The Reaction[1] attempts to delude our Movement. It will not avail. Never yet has the past triumphed over the future, although at times it may have seemed to do so. The future is for youth, and youth is in the right.

Back to Berlin by night. Got a lot of reading and writing done right into the small hours.

In Berlin the same programme. I briefly report to my colleagues on the situation. Inform the staff. Everything is at high pressure. Wild excitement in the Press. The gutter Press has found out that Frick had proposed to offer the Leader a negligible position of some sort in Hildburghausen,[2] so as to secure him the citizenship in 1930. Good

[1] Forces of Conservatism.

[2] A town in Thuringia. Frick was, in 1930, Minister of Interior here, and proposed to give Hitler, as a matter of mere form, the post of Chief of Police.

copy for the caricaturists! Their merciless pencils really ought to hold up the System itself to ridicule for disallowing German citizenship to a front-line soldier who fought for Germany throughout the Great War.

This question must be settled forthwith. The Leader must become a citizen to propose himself as presidential candidate. Klaggs is commissioned to see to the matter. It is proposed to appoint the Leader assistant professor at Brunswick.

It is highly undignified and unworthy of him that so roundabout a way has to be taken to produce for him a privilege open to every Jew.

To put the thing in a nutshell: Gröner must go—followed by Brüning and Schleicher, otherwise we shall never attain full power.

The prohibition on my speaking remains in force. Gröner writes me a short and not very courageous letter. Men of a very different stamp are needed to deal effectively with Marxism.

The Press is glorying in wild attacks on Frick. The Hildburghausen business is dated two years ago.

One has to keep one's nerve, and know how to wait.

February 5th, 1932.

The Old Guard of the central district of Berlin have assembled. I see all the dear well-known faces of 1926. These men have always stuck to the Movement faithfully and have never forsaken the Leader. It always gives me the greatest pleasure to find myself in their midst and to chat with them over the past—now the Movement has grown under Divine protection, and all that was, has had to be, so that we might reach the point where we are now.

These brave old companions have led National Socialism in Berlin victoriously against all obstacles. Once this "Red" bulwark (Berlin) is taken, and the Capital of the Reich reconquered for German Nationality we shall have them alone to thank for it.

One can well understand that they are proud of having fought on our side from the beginning. It required very real patriotism at that time to espouse a seemingly hopeless cause for no sake but its own.

February 6th, 1932.

Thoroughly discussed the election campaign in Berlin with the District Leaders. Tactical, financial, and organizing

problems. The whole thing going to be magnificent. All officials are called together for to-morrow. Then the machine starts up!

Dictate a report for our administrative periodical, *Will and Way*. Here one can speak with less restraint, and can more or less call a spade a spade.

The Leader rings me up. He will be back in Berlin in two days.

February 7th, 1932.

We have appointed this Sunday in the whole district of Berlin for an emergency rehearsal. At nine o'clock in the morning the word is passed round, and at twelve o'clock sharp, the six thousand officials have assembled in two over-crowded halls. Eight hundred more, who have not been able to get in, wait outside. The thing worked splendidly. The spirit of the men is steadily on the rise. The Party is determined to fight, and not only that, it seeks to join battle. It would be curious if an organization that is prepared for a struggle and brought up to fight should funk such a test.

Off and on a *bourgeois* crosses our path, who is unable to understand the present situation. He uses arguments that merely enter at one ear and go out of the other. It is useless trying to discuss things with him. A chasm severs men born in two such utterly different worlds. One is a natural born fighter, the other has no use for these methods. Impossible to reconcile the two. One of them must carry the day and the other must succumb.

Even those well disposed towards us miss the essentials of our Movement. One must be a born National Socialist. Some only realize the fact late in the day, but National Socialism has been right there in the bottom of their hearts all the time. Others have actively associated themselves with our Movement for years without fundamentally understanding it.

In the evening the Sportpalast is overcrowded. I am not allowed to speak. Willikins speaks in my stead. It needs courage to lay the needs of the farmers before the residents of a great city. No other Party before us had dared to attempt it.

The moment Willikins begins to read a couple of sentences written by me at the end of his address, a police officer rises to close the meeting. He is answered by a wild and deafening hooting. But things simmer down, and pass off.

February 8th, 1932.

Money affairs improve daily. The financing of the electoral campaign is practically assured. Our editorial premises are now wholly devoted to propaganda purposes, so that the successful co-operation of the Press is fully guaranteed.

Write a cutting article against Brüning. Knowledgeable people hold that the oftener you treat a subject, the more indifferent the public grows to it. That is not the case. It depends on how the subject is handled. If one can contrive always to show it in a new light, always to pile up the evidence against it, and to bring fresh arguments on one's own side to bear, public interest will never flag; on the contrary, it will increase.

Besides, what would these *bourgeois* intellectuals presume to know of the people? The German Intelligentsia has proved itself unable to lead them. Had this not been so Marxism would have failed to wrest such leadership from its hands.

In the evening at the Hotel Prinz Albrecht. I address a small circle of invited guests. Here, also, problems of National Socialism are beginning to attract interest, although these people approach them in their own manner, with a slight degree of hauteur, and from a considerable distance.

They seem utterly unable to grasp that we really embody something essentially new, that we cannot and will not be compared with any other party, that we are aiming at a totalitarian State, and must attain to absolute Power in order to achieve our aims.

I have inserted a row of S.A. and Z.O.[1] men among these specially invited people. It is as well for the former to realize that one speaks exactly the same before either audience.

First I deal a blow at Brüning. The audience is reserved. But in the end I persuade them to our side. The evening is a great success. This kind of success is evidenced less by figures than by the increasing influence of the Movement.

February 9th, 1932.

The Leader is back in Berlin. More discussions at the Kaiserhof as to the presidential election. Everything is in suspense.

[1] Z.O., *Zeller Obmänner:* Cell Leaders. An N.S. "cell" is a small group of party members, possibly those belonging to one family only.

The Stahlhelm is undecided. We go on waiting. I am snowed under with work.

Fifteen thousand S.A. men have formed up in the Sportpalast for the roll call. An overwhelming spectacle —the fruit of six years' work!

The Leader addresses them with immense spirit. Then he inspects the lines for two hours. The Party has demonstrated its vigour once more. The Chief of the Staff has welded a solid and inseverable organization together out of loose and desultory groups.

The S.A. of Berlin is first rate. What opposition and persecution these men have had to endure! They have become steeled through terror and repression. Now, imperturbably, they await the signal to act.

An evening at home with the Leader. First we discuss the political situation and then have some music.

February 10th, 1932.

The Kaiserhof is our headquarters again. The influential men of the N.S.D.A.P. from the whole Reich gather round the leader there in the afternoon.

The Leader delivers an address in the evening to the SS., Hitler Youth, and to the "Amtswalter"[1] of the P.O.[2] in the crowded Tennishallen. The meeting forms a counterpart to the S.A. roll call at the Sportpalast the day before. The Leader is in top form. He holds a general review of his Berlin troops before he throws them into the fray.

In the evening S.A. and S.S. leaders rejoin him at the Kaiserhof. It is wonderful how one draws renewed strength and courage from these steady men. The S.A. is, and always will be, the *élite* of our Party, unswervingly loyal to the Leader and the Movement, hard to withstand, inflexibly upholding our party principles. They form the vanguard of the German Revolution.

A few of us remain with the Leader until dawn. We discuss further plans as if Power were already ours.

The Chief of Police in Berlin, Grzesinski, in a speech at Leipzig, demanded to have the Leader driven out of Germany with a horse-whip. That is what the Opposition calls fair play. We intend to let the people know about it. That cowardly profiteer will never be forgiven for such a threat. It will be flung in his face for months, and then

[1] *Amtswalter:* An Amtswalter is anyone who holds office (mostly unpaid) in the Organization, e.g. the leaders of blocks, cells, circles, etc.
[2] P.O.: Party Organization.

we shall see who is to be driven out of Germany with a horse-whip! The Leader or Grzesinski.

A bitter cold winter day. Clear air; clear results. These cannot be delayed much longer.

February 11th, 1932.

I have already carefully composed the election summons. Prohibitions to speak in public come pouring in. For the last time the Marxist Government give full vent to its anger. If we do not lose our nerve we can be practically certain of victory.

The Leader holds some important conferences at the eleventh hour. He interviews Hugenberg and others. But one can't reckon on much result.

Dog tired, one goes on working more or less mechanically. In the city wild rumours get about of a Cabinet crisis, etc. But there is nothing in them.

We spend the evening at home with the Leader. We have invited one or two actors, who meet him for the first time, and are amazed to find how little he resembles his portrayal by the Jewish gutter Press. Hanfstaengl plays the piano beautifully.

My article on the presidential question is being discussed everywhere in the Press. The question still remains undecided.

February 12th, 1932.

Go through figures once more with the Leader at the Kaiserhof. We take a risk, but one that has to be.

The decision is at hand.

Leave for Hannover, where I am speaking. The festival hall is packed with six thousand people. It required endless machinations to procure permission for me to speak. But having got it, I can let myself really go, here, after so long a silence.

Back to Berlin the same night.

The Leader is in Munich again; the publication of the decision is put off a few days longer.

Outside, biting frost. Motor to Dresden and Chemnitz.

February 13th, 1932.

En route I dash off election appeals, and more appeals for cash. One has to be continually at it lest the Movement flag.

Attend a fine performance of *Parsifal* at Dresden. Just

like going to church. The Dresden Opera House is as wonderful for its architecture as for its acoustic properties. One is pleased to meet with a real theatre audience again. In Berlin the theatres are only filled with "asiatic hordes on the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg."

The last act is deeply moving in its inspiration.

I employ the late hours of the evening in reviving the spirits of influential Dresden partisans, brave and true comrades, who have no other ambition than to work and to fight for the Movement.

Motor to Chemnitz on Sunday morning. There three thousand of our Amtswalter have assembled in the Marmorpalast, anxious to hear all about the political situation.

The Marmorpalast evokes ancient memories. Here, once upon a time, broken chairs and table-legs piled up in heaps, and blood stained the floor. To-day things are cheerful, and National Socialism is in fine fighting trim.

I outline the political situation and deduce the necessary consequences. For the first time in public I speak fairly openly. The Party knows what is at stake and it is quite clear what course is to be pursued.

Back at night to Berlin via Dresden.

This week will be decisive on the question of the Presidency. One thing is certain, we shall not swerve from the stand we have taken up.

February 15th, 1932.

Hindenburg comes forward as candidate. The presidential committee publishes a proclamation. Now we have a free hand. The elections are definitely to take place. Now we need not keep our own counsel any longer.

February 16th, 1932.

Talk things over with an influential Nationalist M.P. He makes some ridiculous speculations on the issue of the presidential election; thinks Thälmann stands more chance than Hindenburg. It is dreadful how far this type of man is from any real understanding of the people.

Besides, it seems to me that he wanted to smooth the way a bit for the Nationalists to bring forward their own candidate. He could have carried his point more cheaply and with less trouble.

Talk by the hour to three leading American journalists and try to convince them of the necessity of our course of

action. Although they are sceptical, they are in the end persuaded that the Leader will head the poll.

I work as if the election were already in full swing. The thing is not all plain sailing as the Leader's candidature is not yet officially proclaimed.

February 17th, 1932.

To-day I am to be unmuzzled: I can speak in public again.

As I am not going to meetings of an evening I make the most of this short interlude to visit a theatre or two. I find Puccini's beautiful music always enchants and affects me. He was a born musician. The moderns must hide their heads before the richness of his musical invention.

February 18th, 1932.

I was unmuzzled on Monday. Placards and pamphlets hastily being designed and dictated. The Press had already received enormous quantities of stuff. The moment the candidature (Hitler's) is officially proclaimed the elections begin within the hour.

Talk to a prominent Italian Fascist, Forges Devanzati. We talk for two hours on the essential problems of National Socialism. He hasn't a scrap of sympathy to waste on the narrow-minded philistine or the profiteer. "Strike hard!" he bids me as I leave for the Hotel Prinz Albrecht, where I am to address some specially invited guests again. Fascism recognizes that the German question dominates at the present moment. Only after this has been resolved will world affairs take the stage again.

The Hotel Prinz Albrecht is crowded. I make the most of the occasion radically to expound National Socialism. Upon that, I bring the whole thing to bear on the immediate situation.

Great success.

To the Kaiserhof. The Leader has arrived. The Stahlhelm and the German National People's Party[1] have also now arrived at a decision. They are bringing forward their own candidate. Düsterberg, forsooth!

[1] Deutschnationale Volkspartei, to be distinguished from the Deutsch Volkspartei. One of the difficulties here, for the English reader, is the similarity of party names in Germany. The former belonged to the "Right," the latter had a position between the "Right" and the "Middle."

Let them carry on! They will have to pay the piper in the end.

We must make up our minds to live dangerously.

February 19th, 1932.

With the Leader at the Kaiserhof. Had a long private conversation with him. The die is cast.

At the beginning of the election campaign the Prussian Ministry of Interior tries to discredit the Party.

We shall stand on our defence.

The whole Movement is at work, financing the election.

The Nationalists have decided to bring forward their own candidate. "Düsterberg to the Front!" Nothing better could have happened. Speak at the Sportpalast on Monday. The Department for Propaganda has with timely foresight already moved from the Brown House to Berlin.

February 20th, 1932.

Went into technical matters about the election campaign with the Propaganda. Placards, pamphlets, and sheets are ready. Four large designs for posters are being prepared. The designers are busy. We lack men with the brains to put ideas into shape.

I hope to achieve a masterpiece in the way of propaganda for this year's elections.

The slogan for the first one is: "Make an end of it!"

Count Helldorf went to see Schleicher, who feels secure, and believes National Socialism to be only a symptom of the times. He will probably find himself much disappointed as the year goes by. We've only got to go on working. Good thing that finessing is over.

The coming contest will be a final settling of accounts with Brüning and a general clearing up of fourteen years' national corruption.

First, we have to stiffen up our own wobblers and those who are likely to lose heart.

February 21st, 1932.

Joined the Leader and a few Italian Fascists at the Kaiserhof. Discussed Plutocracy and Anti-Semitism. On the whole our views coincided. Fascism confronts a simpler problem, as to the Jews, than we do. There are hardly any Jews in Italy. Most Italians, deep down, are anti-Semitic.

Roughed out the design of a placard. One has to devise something striking to drive the truth of our arguments home. Heads of the System *v.* Heads of National Socialism. The contrast challenges attention.

Hugenberg has seen the Leader. He proposes Vogler and Prince Oscar of Prussia as candidates. Strange how little he knows the people ! The German National People's Party is still the organization of all reactionary forces, and will always remain so.

We have to be prepared for a fight with them.

This everlasting waiting is almost demoralizing.

February 22nd, 1932.

Our placards are excellent. The propaganda is managed splendidly. The whole country will sit up and take notice.

At the Kaiserhof with the Leader. Frick and Buch are there, too. I sketch my ideas for my speech in the Reichstag. The Leader approves them. I hope that I shall be in good form. The Leader holds a long discussion with us on our future foreign policy. Finally, we once more go into the question of the presidential candidate. The chief thing is now to break silence. The Leader gives me permission to do so at the Sportpalast to-night. Thank God !

Now it is possible to elaborate my announcement for the great assembly. I impart the news to the S.A. and to political leaders. All are enthusiastic about it.

Sportpalast packed. General meeting of the members of the northern, eastern and western districts. Immense ovations at the very outset. When after about an hour's preparation I publicly proclaim that the Leader will come forward as candidate for the Presidency, a storm of deafening applause rages for nearly ten minutes. Wild ovations for the Leader. The audience rises with shouts of joy. They nearly raise the roof. An overwhelming spectacle ! This Movement is bound to be victorious. People are indescribably delighted. At last Count Helldorf confronts the microphone and in the name of the S.A. swears allegiance to the Leader. Devotion to him rises higher and higher. People laugh and cry at the same time. Some are quite beside themselves. For the first time one feels that this means a real resurrection of the nation.

Late at night the Leader rings me up. I tell him all about it and he comes along to our house. He is glad that the announcement of his candidature has been such a success. He truly is, and always will be, our Leader !

Whether we like it or not, we have to come to grips now for the first time with the Reaction. They delegate Düsterberg. So the decision rests with us alone. That is just as well. It compels us to mobilize all our forces.

The Leader tells us a bit about his war experiences. On this subject he is always enthralling. When he goes, an almost solemn silence holds the few of us in thrall.

February 23rd, 1932.

The Press has insulted me. It declares it is I who have nominated the Leader, or even obliged him to come forward as candidate. How ill-informed it is ; or better still, it acts as if it were ill-informed !

Briefly then the struggle has begun in full force. The road is free. The political armies are on the move towards a decisive action.

Eventful day ! A departmental meeting in the morning. Frick makes a report on the situation. The formal naturalization of the Leader is to be effected to-morrow. Even in this matter the German National People's Party at Brunswick makes difficulties.

Long conferences at the Kaiserhof. Klagges has arrived. I hope he will soon accomplish his task.

The spirits of the sub-leaders are excellent. All are persuaded that somehow we shall soon reach our goal.

Reichstag-Session crowded. Gröner makes a short speech. Then it is my turn. Everybody interested. I begin more or less academically. The " Reds " try to drown my utterance. I manage to make myself heard in spite of it. Sharp settling of accounts with Brüning, who sits next to me with his arms folded. I make use of the expression " party of deserters," whereupon the Socialists rage for a quarter of an hour. The session is interrupted. The whole House is in an uproar. When the sitting resumes I am excluded from it. A wild exhibition ! They have falsified the minutes so as to misconstrue my attack on the Socialists into an insult to the President of the Reich.

The struggle begins all round.

Speak at the Sportpalast to the members of the middle and southern districts. Meeting again closed by the police because of being overcrowded. The temper of the audience is indescribable.

Afterwards the Leader, Epp, Frick and Helldorf come to see us.

February 24th, 1932.

Reichstag. Gröner pronounces the Government's censure upon me, based on the minutes of yesterday's session, in which my meaning is wholly distorted by the addition of two words. Strikes an attitude. Declares that I had insulted the President of the Reich! Always the same old game: the System hides behind the imposing figure of the Field-Marshal. But we shall yank it out!

Hot debating in full session. The question (of the Leader's) naturalization has as yet not been solved. The *bourgeois* patriots are making difficulties.

Not before I am on my way to Breslau can I catch a glimpse of the papers. The Press is raging indescribably against me. Gröner is praised to the skies as *the* great man. One must really congratulate a general on having gained the sympathy of the *Berlin Tageblatt* and of the *Vorwärts!*

I am completely hoarse from so much public speaking.

At Breslau twelve thousand people, densely packed. What a blessing—fresh air at last after the parliamentary fug! I inhale deep breaths of it!

Our speeches act like salvos of great guns.

Immediately after the meeting I catch the night express.

In Berlin the *Völkischer Beobachter* and *Flammenwerfer*[1] have been confiscated. These are Government election tactics.

I am not going to give in in Parliament, but mean to mount the platform a second time and summon Herr Brüning to answer before the tribunal of the people!

During my stay at Breslau things have been pretty hot in the Reichstag. Rosenberg was also excluded from the session. We must keep cool and go on fighting without flinching; everything is at stake!

February 25th, 1932.

Another great day in the Reichstag. Our propaganda has already worked splendidly, although it is badly cramped by official oppression.

Brüning makes a very feeble speech and takes refuge in foreign politics. Then, annoyed by our noisy interruptions, he indulges in the sharpest invectives against us. We shout him down. He has an unfortunate day; the entire gamut of his sins is put before him by our interjections. Wild scenes ensue. He loses his nerve.

[1] Two of the National Socialist papers.

A few more speakers, and then it is my turn to address the House. I wipe out the previous day's score; am in good form, very matter-of-fact, but relentless. Brüning is sitting next to me so that I apostrophize him with every sentence. He turns perfectly yellow with rage. Our side support me vociferously. The opening, which looked so poor to begin with, is in pretty good shape now.

The Press is furiously angry. What else is left for it?

With the Leader at the Kaiserhof. Just at this moment news comes through that he has been appointed a high official in Brunswick. We are extremely glad that this vital question (of his naturalization) has thus been solved.

We all set to work like navvies.

In the evening I speak five times in the East End of Berlin. All assemblies overcrowded.

February 26th, 1932.

Sitting of the Reichstag from ten o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening. A few weak speeches by way of a swan song. We spar with the Democratic Minister Dietrich. But all this is of no importance.

Late in the evening I motor to Dresden. The roads are terribly slippery. We arrive at eleven, after a crazy journey. Circus and Exhibition Hall are overcrowded. The audiences are delighted that we managed to come at all and are quite content with a few words. Everybody is sure the decisive moment is at hand.

Slept for a few hours, then back to Berlin by train.

Examined posters and designed new placards and handbills. Dictated an essay in between whiles.

Bad news: *Angriff* banned for a week again, on account of alleged disrespect towards the Republic. I write sharply to Brüning. Gröner is to apologize to me in the Reichstag, as his insulting statements were based on a falsified document. If he does not take them back I shall bring the whole thing out into the open. The Leader's military papers have come from Austria. A conclusive proof of Grzesinski's defamations. The entire Party is furiously angry at the constant prohibitions. We shall have to make a big appeal to the public, or else go under.

February 27th, 1932.

The Leader speaks in the Sportpalast and the Tennis-hall. Both are incredibly full. The Berlin National Socialists

give him a splendid reception. He flings his challenge in the face of the System in a great speech. The Sportpalast is in an uproar for an hour. Once more the Leader has the upper hand.

Final speech at the Tennishallen at midnight. The same thing happens. The fight begins. The Government goes to work with prohibitions, we with brains and energy. Fate will decide between us. We need not worry.

At the Kaiserhof. The Leader, in an open letter to the public, defines in what a chivalrous contest consists.

Speak at Zircus Busch at noon.

February 28th, 1932.

The Leader's open letter affords a great sensation in the Press. To-morrow we start our programme of tours.

February 29th, 1932.

Our propaganda is working at high pressure.

The clerical work is finished. Now the technical side of the fight begins. What enormous preparations are necessary to organize such a vast distribution!

Reported to the Leader at noon. I gave him details as to the measures we are taking. The election campaign is chiefly to be fought by means of placards and addresses. We have not much capital, but as the Party is working gratuitously a little money goes a long way.

Fifty thousand gramophone records have been made, which are so small they can be slipped into an ordinary envelope. The supporters of the Government will be astonished when they place these miniature records on the gramophone!

In Berlin everything is going well.

A film (of me) is being made and I speak a few words in it for about ten minutes. It is to be shown in the evening in all public gardens and squares of the larger cities.

Afterwards at the National Club I castigate the so-called Harzburg Front.[1]

The *bourgeois* are attacking me without reflection. But I shall pull through. We shall eventually master the situation.

[1] An artificial approximation, attempted in the autumn of 1931, which did not answer, between the National Socialists and the German Nationalists. The gap between them was too great to be bridged.

Nothing can be done with Reactionaries.

We notice that the Communist Party has tapped our telephone lines. An over-zealous spy will interrupt a 'phone conversation with the cry "Red Front." We have our wires inspected. Of course nothing wrong with them can be detected.

My appeal to Brüning has been of no avail. So I publicly attack Gröner; that is to say, I have the official Reichstag minutes photographed and publish the original in so much of the Press as is still at our disposition.

Our partisans are undisputed masters of propaganda. Five hundred thousand placards have already been distributed all over the country. The organization of the campaign is working out magnificently.

The tide is coming in.

March 1st, 1932.

Motor to Magdeburg.

'Phone to Berlin.

An ambassador has been sent to Gröner. Nothing yet about the suppression of the *Angriff*.

Delivered three addresses at three overcrowded halls in the evening. Was in good shape.

One danger: our chances of success are being overestimated in the Party. We must be careful lest failure should cast it into a dangerous state of dejection.

March 2nd, 1932.

Angriff ban not lifted.

I attack Gröner on account of his conduct in the Reichstag. This attack will be distributed all over the country by means of handbills. After a few breakdowns we arrive by car at Essen. Here also good spirits prevail. I address fifteen thousand. Spend the evening with some staunch adherents of long standing.

Biting attack on Hugenberg.

Long trunk-calls with Berlin. The avalanche has begun to slide. Our campaign suffers from pitiless repression. Grzesinski has taken in hand the censorship of all placards published in Prussia. He was appointed by General Gröner. Comment superfluous. Our Berlin department works splendidly.

March 3rd, 1932.

Cologne. Addressed 20,000. The Party is so confident one can only fear a disappointment on March 13th.

believe it does not take the adversary into serious enough consideration. But to be certain of victory has its own value.

Our electoral tour is a triumphal march.

Our position is good. We only have to keep on working stubbornly.

March 4th, 1932.

The film is a great success. One sees oneself for the first time on the screen ; it is like meeting a stranger.

'Phone to Berlin. Gröner has beaten a diplomatic retreat. Of course in a clausular manner. However, the disgrace is wiped out. Triumphal demonstrations over the country.

The Leader addresses 60,000 people at Breslau.

With such propaganda one really can put up a good fight.

At Düsseldorf in the evening. The Tonhalle is sold out since six o'clock.

Back to Berlin by express. Got heaps of work done in the train. One just burrows through piles of papers. At Hannover more masses are handed me. I have just about finished, when we get into Berlin.

March 5th, 1932.

Prohibitions upon prohibitions ! The Opposition spikes our guns. Our best placards and pamphlets are of no use. By these means the "Reds" hope to prevent our success. Moreover, Gröner writes an insolent answer to the Leader. We prepare for the final week. The newspapers are one mass of lies.

Speak at Marienfelde and Lichtenrade late in the evening. The halls as crowded as ever. At midnight in an S.A. hall. Our S.A. men always form the best audiences.

At a *bourgeois* national meeting the Leader is attacked for being a "Romanist." This is the result of Harzburg Front activities here. We shall have to put a stop to it. At my writing-table till five in the morning. Nearly fall asleep over my work.

March 6th, 1932.

We are winning over the cinemas for our propaganda. Although the proprietors try to put obstacles in our way, the public will have what it wants.

Our election funds have somewhat recovered once more. We are safe for the last week.

S.A. man shot in the north of Berlin and two gravely injured.

The Press becomes contemptibly hypocritical.

Calculations in our favour have reached fabulous dimensions. Especially with our partisans. I recognize the danger of it. We must not become over-confident and underestimate our opponent.

Speak at Spandau in the afternoon. Then at home dictate an incisive answer to Gröner. Pamphlet against those who would sow dissensions among us.

Düsterberg has no chance whatever.

This week we shall be spending 200,000 Reichsmark on propaganda.

Brüning's speech in the Reichstag is being broadcast. Not good publicity for him. They do not, of course, dare also to broadcast our answer.

Annoying contretemps in our campaign. A silly pamphlet. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

The campaign of personal calumny has reached its climax. We must take good care to stand shoulder to shoulder. We've got to get through this last thing somehow. For the most part, it is such a tissue of misrepresentation it can be rejected in the lump.

We've just got to stick it out.

Dr. Dietrich has unified our Press. This offers a guarantee that Press and Propaganda will work hand in hand.

March 7th, 1932.

The war of the placards is raging. Although we have not as much money as the others, we have better ideas. A thousand pities that our funds do not permit a campaign on a large scale. We have to make up for the lack of money by having top-hole ideas.

Speak three times in the evening. Märchenbrunnen Pankow, and Wedding. Overcrowded halls as usual.

March 8th, 1932.

Dictate two articles and heaps of handbills. The placard war has reached its climax. Up till now we lead in the race.

Interview with the *Popolo d'Italia*. I describe our methods and means of propaganda. The representative of this influential Italian paper is positively dumbfounded.

"The vastest and most up-to-date propaganda of Europe."

The Communist Party has held a demonstration in the Lustgarten with enormous swing and go, and a great following.

To-day it's our turn.

Speak at the Zircus Busch and the Tennishallen.

During the night put through a trunk call to the Leader at Stuttgart. He is passing from triumph to triumph.

Everybody is worn out by these innumerable meetings. The public has no idea of the burden of work devolving on every speaker.

March 9th, 1932.

Lustgarten. A marvellous sight in spite of snow and frost. Eighty thousand have assembled. Indescribable enthusiasm. We have routed all the others. The crowd swears, with hands held high aloft, never to forsake the great cause. What a wonderful picture, this teeming multitude! The individual disappears in the mass.

For the first time we have conquered for ourselves this historical meeting-place, and in overwhelming measure.

The Jewish Press is a mere concoction of lies. It publishes falsified photographs to prove to its readers it has no occasion to be afraid of us.[1] We don't mind in the least. The more easily they think we are to be tackled, the less careful they will be. The more they leave us in peace, the surer we shall come up top. For want of better arguments the Jewish Press has initiated a campaign of personal calumny against us. That is the hardest thing of all to stand.

But in the long run one becomes thick-skinned.

Late in the evening at the Sportpalast.

Settling of accounts with the entire Opposition. I get in a few good blows.

March 11th, 1932.

Last propaganda conference. Now everything is in perfect order. The election campaign is in full swing.

Domiciliary visit at the office. Police swarming all over the place. This is the right moment for Herr Severing to bring an action for high treason. Election bluff! It is

[1] i.e. photographs showing a small, instead of a big, audience at the Lustgarten, with the inference that Hitler's following was not so big after all.

sought by every means to outlaw our proceedings, which are not in the least illegal. This stirs up a tremendous pother.

Some American reporters and diplomatists squeeze me dry as an orange.

'Phone to the Leader who is at Godesberg. As always, he sums things up pretty well. He has had a great success in the Rhineland.

I intend to fly from Tempelhof to Hamburg. Am not allowed to take off! Chicanery of the police! Wait for hours, and finally leave by train in the evening.

Address the assembly by telephone from the train. Fourteen thousand wait at Sagebiels Halls until midnight. Am greeted with cheers, and speak till two o'clock.

Discussions with party members until far into the morning. Endless fantastic rumours are going about as to plans for an insurrection of the "Iron Front."

People are so worked up that the danger of nervous overstrain generally is imminent. The upshot may very well be that the Opposition will succeed in upsetting us altogether.

One hour's sleep. Then into the train for Nuremberg.

I invite Brüning to a public debate. But he funks it.

Put through a trunk-call to Berlin from Nuremberg. Gröner declares he isn't coming down to my level. Some answer, that, to inconvenient queries!

Brüning declines a public debate. I hear his Sportpalast address broadcasted at Nuremberg. It is very poor; merely the speech of a party official. I answer him briskly and immediately at the meeting.

At Nuremberg everything O.K. Say good-bye to Streicher and board the night express dead tired.

Berlin. Talked over instructions for the next few days with the commanders of the S.A. and S.S. Deep uneasiness is rife everywhere.

The notion of an uprising haunts the air. I don't believe in it. Once we attain to power, we shall think less about clearing out of Berlin[1] ourselves, than of not letting the others get out.

The houses of prominent party members are guarded by Storm Troopers for the next few weeks. Everything that is humanly possible has been done (to safeguard ourselves).

Rumours are afloat that we are to be taken into preventive custody.

[1] In the original there is a pun here, not easily to be translated.

The Leader rings me up from Hannover. He is to be in Munich on the decisive day, and I in Berlin.

The first bout is practically over. Our job now is to scotch the worst of the campaign lies. For instance, a proclamation by the Leader that he resigns his candidature! This lie is being propagated mainly in the eastern provinces.

It doesn't avail to help matters. The less fair the Marxist Government is to us the more it injures its own case.

Our Press has fought a straight fight. It is worthy of all praise.

March 12th, 1932.

Am sitting at home alone, elaborating the second election programme. One must be prepared for anything. Guards in mufti are stationed outside the house.

This evening last squaring of accounts with Brüning at the Sportpalast.

Colonel Goering speaks well. He pillories the Government as never before. A marvellous end to the voting in Berlin.

The results of the voting on the steamers that had already left Bremen and Hamburg come through. They don't amount to much.

Düsterberg is a *quantité négligéable!*

Our Press publishes a last call to the polls. After that we shall know how we stand.

March 13th, 1932.

The decisive day has arrived. Things must take their own course. We have done our duty. At the office at midday private information to hand that an attempt is planned on Brüning's life. I go at once to the Home Office and draw the Secretary of State's attention to the matter. In any case I have to safeguard the reputation of the Party. One never can tell what's going to happen.

Everyone confident of the victory. I remain sceptical. Large party in the evening at home. Everybody who has got any legs to come on, young and old, seems to have turned up.

We listen to the results of the election on the wireless. News comes slowly trickling through. Things look queer for us. At about ten o'clock the situation receives a general summing up. We are beaten; awful outlook for the future! We have not so much miscalculated our own votes as underrated those of our opponents. They only lack 100,000 votes to have secured an absolute majority. The Communists have failed completely. We have gained 86 per cent since September, 1930; but that is no consolation. The Party is deeply depressed and discouraged. Only a bold stroke can retrieve matters.

'Phone to the Leader late at night. He is entirely composed and is not at all upset. I never expected anything else of him. We had set ourselves too difficult a task; nevertheless it was all to the good to have been through this experience.

It is better to lose a battle than to fight shy of it. If now we stubbornly set to work again we shall retrieve the set-back.

The Leader at once decides to do so. He does not hesitate for a moment to face the fight once more. That gives us all new courage. If the Leader does not weaken neither will the Organization. He is masterly at a crisis. I have never seen him waver.

The attitude of the Press towards us has sunk to the lowest personal level. There is nothing for it but to shoot this type of journalist.

At two o'clock to-night our dream of power has for the moment vanished. Everybody present is dreadfully depressed. I have difficulty in raising their spirits once more. But a whole campaign does not turn on one engagement.

March 14th, 1932.

Two hours' sleep. I feel better again. Only work helps one at a time of depression. We must buckle to immediately.

To Munich by air. I take a few of the chiefs of the Propaganda Department along with me.

A terrible flight through everlasting squalls and heavy storms. Only after we leave Nuremberg the weather clears a little.

Munich is still decked in snow. I go at once to see the Leader. Strasser is with him. A few leaders of the Party presently arrive.

With exception of Strasser we all look at things from the same point of view. We must go on with the fight.

Hugenberg,[1] and the whole reactionary front led by him,

[1] Former President of the Deutschnationale Volkspartei. To-day a Member of the Reichstag. Hitler has included influential men of former Middle and Right Parties in the Reichstag. He desires reconciliation with his former political opponents.

is slackening. That is to the good. Our defeat can be turned into moral success if we don't give in.

The second phase of the election begins on April 10th.

The Marxist Government has fixed April 24th for the elections in Prussia, Anhalt, Württemberg, and Bavaria. They believe that we shall be demoralized by this passing wave of discouragement and give up of our own accord. They will be bitterly disappointed.

So, here goes! To work! This time we shall go in for all sorts of publicity by means of aeroplanes and placards and proceed systematically against our opponents' campaign of calumny.

The Leader stands fast. He is just like a Commander-in-Chief rallying his forces after a defeat.

We work until late at night. Everyone is full of vim.

Thank God the leaders have not caught the infection of the Party's depression. Their morale is intact, and nothing will suffice to side-track them.

The adversary knows little of us. In any case we shall overthrow him.

I don't get back to the hotel till daybreak. I set to work at once. Not a moment to rest.

We have to conduct the second election campaign on quite new lines. Only so is there a possibility of our thrashing it out successfully.

March 15th, 1932.

Leave quite early for Weimar with the Leader and Frick. Discuss a series of sketches to be utilized in this second campaign, with the draftsmen and poster designers. Here's a good notion: "A MAN versus rotten parties of profiteers."

On the way revolver shots are fired at the express. No harm ensues.

There can be no question whatever now of a coalition. One does not seek peace after defeat, but only after victory! If we were *bourgeois*, this would be the moment to give in. But the Leader stands firm as iron.

Great hubbub at Weimar. A feeble sort of parliamentary commision of enquiry into the Hildburghausen[1] affair has been set up. A lot of trash they talk, too! The "Red"

[1] See February 4th, 1932. The Weimar Constitution contained a law that a foreigner obtaining a post as an official of the German State was eligible for naturalization. All the Polish Jews became naturalized in that way. The German Marxist Government refused this privilege to Hitler. Hence he had to take his own line about it.

delegates provoke the Leader beyond all bounds. He suddenly loses patience and gives them the rough edge of his tongue in return. That makes us all feel better. Marxists believe that we are beaten for good and would like to take it out of us. The lion is fettered, and like cowards, they insult him with impunity.

Ring up Darré. The Reichslandbund (Imperial Farmers' Corporation) has declared itself on our side. Of course the Leader will stand again in the second election. We shall fight as never before.

At Weimar there is wild enthusiasm. The Party has already survived its late set-back.

Up and at 'em! Shrill out the bugles!

We all address the meeting in the "Neue Stadthalle" in the evening. I go for them with fun and sarcasm. The Leader uses the entire gamut of his oratorial powers. The Party will soon be itself again.

March 16th, 1932.

Back to Jena during the night. We all return to Munich together. The details of the second phase of the election campaign are worked out there until Saturday. Then there is a meeting of the District Leaders. Back to the front once more on Sunday.

The first Jewish papers arrive from Berlin. I avoided reading them last Monday and was glad to be able to leave for Munich at once. They almost make me feel ashamed to motor through the streets.

They triumph at the moment. It may be just as well. The more they anger us the better we shall carry out our attack. They are chortling too soon!

The general scheme of our new propaganda is carefully considered from all points of view. We have learnt a lot through the first election, and intend to correct mistakes. We are not so behindhand as to stick to outworn methods.

In Berlin Severing is issuing warrants against us for high treason. That is welcome, and will soon lift the Organization out of its present depression. The Socialists are making the most of the opportunity. But he who laughs last, laughs longest.

A shameless campaign is started of lies, going into all sorts of details. The gutter Press is turning my warning to Pünder into a diplomatic retreat. In the Chancellory they turn the truth upside down.

I was at the Chancellory at midday. They declare I was

there during the night after the announcement of the results of the election. The point of this is to make out I meant to betray the Party to the Government. It is perfectly sickening to wade through the mire of all these calumnies. Although the Secretary of State has sent me a written apology he has no intention of publishing it. That means that he personally wants to do the decent thing, and yet he will publicly expose a political adversary to the aspersions of contemptible journalism.

'Phone to Berlin: all is well again. Our people are working enthusiastically. Am already devising the new pamphlets. All the best methods of publicity are being carefully considered. Many original proposals have to be discussed. It is difficult to bring them all methodically to a common denominator. The Leader is, as always, tirelessly at work.

In the evening we motor out to Tegernsee to go on with it there a bit, far away from the turmoil of the city.

Various subjects are under discussion. Finally we come to No. 218 (a law against abortion). The Leader takes up the same stand on this subject as does every decent man. This kind of thing must not be allowed to spread or it will become a national evil.

March 17th, 1932.

Had enough sleep for once. Makes one feel a new being. Some guests have arrived. A Commission from Munich, wanting to urge the Leader to relinquish his candidature for the second election.

The Reaction has decided to cold-shoulder us. So much the better. The second election finds us standing alone again. We shall fight better so. Before the Leader can say anything I strongly rebut the suggestion. It is out of the question for us to waive the issue.

The Leader also unconditionally declines to do so. We shall go on fighting somehow or other. Under even the most unfavourable circumstances one cannot give way.

Bad news from Berlin. Severing has ordered domiciliary visits to be paid everywhere. He seems to envisage suppressing the S.A.

The Leader declares strongly against it. The whole Party is standing-to. We are in for a nerve-racking strain. Brüning has proclaimed an armistice during Easter until April 3rd. They want quietly but brutally to strangle us. One more reason why we shouldn't give in.

We carry on earnestly. Manifestos, pamphlets, placards

are being devised at top speed. Copy pours in. In every room of the house typewriters rattle. Trunk calls are incessant. The place is a veritable Babel for noise.

We write and write. In the evening I suggest to the Leader how would it be to make a tour of addresses on a vast scale. We shall only be able to re-enlist the interest of the masses by some striking efforts. The people will appreciate a really bold bid, and will not withhold their support.

The Commission has left again. The Leader has inspirited every single individual afresh.

We carry on until midnight.

The news from Berlin is slightly more favourable.

Klagges[1] will protest in the Chief Court of Justice against Brüning's proposed interregnum. That is such a typically *bourgeois* subterfuge. Fancy, war time and no shooting to be allowed for three weeks!

Snow and ice are melting, water is trickling from the roofs. March is here; spring is on the way.

March 18th, 1932.

Strasser has come; as usual, a trifle downhearted.

Write pamphlets. Discussed the proposed election tour, which is the main thing at present.

The Leader is brimful of new ideas and suggestions. It will be our job to work them out in detail.

News is showering in from various parts of the Reich. Now one derives an optimistic impression of things, and then again, everything seems contradictory.

One has got to keep cool.

A critical innovation: the Leader will conduct this next campaign by 'plane. By this means he will be able to speak three or four times a day at various places as opportunity serves; and address about one and a half millions of people in spite of the time being so short.

It would be the devil to pay if we should not succeed at least in maintaining our figures, and, if possible, increasing them by securing the votes of the Reactionaries.

March 19th, 1932.

District Leaders' assembly in Munich. Strasser addresses

[1] The one National Socialist Minister in the Brunswick Government. He was able to give Hitler (formally) a post as Regierungsrat (on the District Council), and hence qualify him for naturalization in Germany.

them. But his words lack fire, and fail to kindle. The whole assembly is weighed down by depression.

I go ahead and freely develop plans for the second election, already discussed with the Leader. They are whole-heartedly and enthusiastically accepted by everybody.

The Leader delivers an address in the afternoon. He speaks clearly, with spirit, admitting no possibility of compromise. He throughly dresses down the faint-hearted.

In the evening conference with the people of the Propaganda Department. We have, no doubt, made many mistakes over the first election. We must learn to profit by them. But they aren't quite inclined to see things in that light. Nobody readily owns up to having made a mistake; but that cannot be helped, they will have to toe the line or I shall just insist.

The Leader had an interview with some representatives of the Deutsche Volkspartei.[1] Nothing is to be made of them. They only pat themselves on the back no matter what befalls. They're a hopeless case.

I go into details of our election campaign with the Leader. He agrees to everything. We can go ahead full speed. Late at night we leave for Tegernsee.

March 20th, 1932.

Lovely day at St. Quirin. Spring sunshine.

I talk over the newspaper side of things with the Leader and Amann.

Back to Munich in the evening, where we all take the night train to Berlin. Worked in the sleeper until daybreak.

Heaps of mail and papers await me in Berlin. Work is the best means of scotching uncertainty.

March 21st, 1932.

The National Socialist Press assembles at the Kaiserhof. The Leader speaks. He sketches new lines of action.

I hold a general conference of Press and officials, and discuss things with them for three hours before we come to any agreed decision. Now the worst is over.

Consultation in the evening. Nothing to be heard but what is annoying and depressing.

I make the whole situation clear to the District Leaders. The members who have belonged to the Party longest are the best and the most reliable.

[1] Before National Socialism came to power in Germany the country was torn between no less than forty-six political parties.

They fall to work at once again.

I dash off an essay on the typewriter.

We are cheering up. We have some music in the evening and feel restored.

March 22nd, 1932.

The Leader's great speaking tour is organized down to the last detail. I settle everything with him at the Kaiserhof. We outline a grand plan which will, in all human probability, turn out a great success.

Arranged what the Press is to do, with Dr. Dietrich. The thing still presents certain difficulties, but with patience and perseverance these can be overcome

Assemble all the Provincial Leaders in the evening and speak to them. The atmosphere is slightly chilly at first, but I manage to hearten my audience. In the end they are all in shape to carry on valiantly.

Work has begun again. We enjoy work even if we achieve no more than at least a moral success. The Leader leaves for Munich.

March 23rd, 1932

The *Angriff* again banned for a week. Our other papers have already been banned during the last few days. That means that our entire Press is suppressed.

On the top of this comes the Easter breathing space, but licence to speak in public is still withheld. We are condemned to absolute silence.

All the better, we can devote ourselves to organizing the final week of the election campaign.

Dictated three essays for the last few decisive days.

Judged posters and corrected pamphlets. Brisked them up here and there: put finishing touches.

Discussed records. Produced films.

Work keeps one fit.

March 27th, 1932.

Easter Sunday. We are up on the Obersalzberg far above Berchtesgaden. Here everything is still, lying under a thick cover of snow, but the sun shines down upon us, and it is very hot.

I wound up all our preparations for the election campaign in Berlin. Now we are ready for the second battle. Then I left for Munich.

Stiffened up the propaganda in Munich. The Party is

busy at work. We have already got over the worst of the crisis.

Visited Professor Troost in his studio. He has designed our future party building. Its outlines are simple, classic, based on ideas of the Leader.

Motor into the mountains, one of a long trail of cars. Berchtesgaden lies dreaming and still. Up to Obersalzberg in sleighs. The clear starlit night embraces us.

We are very hospitably received at the house (Wachenfeld). We are famished and fall eagerly upon the frugal meal. Then to sleep, sleep, sleep!

In the morning the lovely countryside is clad in deep snow.

The mountains stand out as clear as crystal above the sleepy little town.

Glittering Salzburg greets us from afar.

News comes from Berlin that Severing has beaten a retreat. Gröner has written him a letter. The news gets better and better as the days go on.

Dictated some announcements for the Press yesterday.

To-day is Easter Sunday; we lay aside all work. A day of complete rest. We shall go ahead again all the better to-morrow.

Had a long discussion with the Leader. Politics dog us like our shadows. We concoct a new Weekly Illustrated for the elections. It will raise Cain.

We spend the evening in the midst of a large party assembled downstairs sitting round the table in the room furnished like that of a local farm-house. We listen to music and hold desultory discussions.

It is wonderful to sit alone quietly with the Leader talking over the future.

The Jews calumniate us in the most disgusting way, but they won't succeed in putting us out of countenance.

March 28th, 1932.

Worked out plans. Practice with a pistol. The Leader is an absolutely sure shot.

Up here in the mountains work goes wonderfully well. One is right away from the noise of the city. One's nerves are in much better order. I begin to understand why the Leader loves being in the mountains. Here it is possible for him to arrive at momentous decisions without being disturbed and distracted by the rush and hurry of life in a great city.

The Leader is writing a comprehensive manifesto, for the elections, addressed to the German people.

Despatch a large packet of finished work to Berlin.

Outside everything is enveloped in dense fog. The limit of visibility is about eleven yards.

March 29th, 1932.

We have been dictating the whole afternoon. The Leader is still at work composing his manifesto.

I designed seven placards for the final week.

Discussed candidates for the Prussian Landtag.

In the evening the Leader tells us all about November, 1923. The Party was much more severely defeated then than now. It sounds like a thrilling historical novel. And yet the Party managed to gather itself together again. It depends how one reacts to a defeat. The Leader expounds some novel ideas about the position of woman. These ideas are important now that the elections are coming on, since the Party was severely attacked on the subject of its attitude to women during the last election. Woman is, always has been, and always will be the complement and helpmeet of man. Even in the present economic situation this cannot be altered. Formerly woman worked in the fields, now she works in the office. Man organizes life, and woman assists him to its fulfilment.

These are modern ideas, and miles above the sex touchiness of the old-fashioned German Nationals.

We don't get to bed until five in the morning.

March 30th, 1932.

The mountains lie outspread before us in brilliant sunshine. Everything breathes of freshness and peace.

These delighfully restful days of quiet work are over.

The Leader receives the intelligence that a completely new situation could be produced through our bringing forward an intermediate candidate. Debated the question from every point of view.

Hasten down from Berchtesgaden by car. The Chiemsee[1] lies beneath us, marvellously blue.

We do not arrive in Munich before the evening; drive to the Brown House immediately.

There we get through heaps of work at top speed. By special messenger arrange an important conference. Bid

[1] A lake in the Bavarian highlands.

the lovely past few days good-bye and board the night train to Berlin.

March 31st, 1932.

Back in Berlin.

Great propaganda conference. Our directions have already been put into practice.

The author, Hans Grimm, openly announces his allegiance to the Leader. Seven University professors do the same.

Hugenberg publishes an article against us. There really is nothing to be done with him. Press prohibitions upon Press prohibitions. The Government negatives our vast Press campaign. The election terror is in full swing. But we shall fight our way through somehow.

Gröner definitely squashes our Press. That is an open breach of the Constitution. We have hardly any means left us whereby to fight the campaign.

These last days of March are shrouded in dismal fog. Just like our spirits.

Soon the Easter truce will be ended. Then we will forge ahead.

April 1st, 1932.

The list of candidates for the Prussian Diet is complete. We had some trouble about it. It is very difficult to choose fairly from the lists of those belonging to the political side of our Organization, and of those belonging to the S.A. But with a little goodwill one comes to terms here also.

I can well imagine that the whole organization of parliamentary parties stands or falls on some such point.

Propaganda has received final instructions.

The Jewish Press publishes a falsified bill of the Leader's at the Kaiserhof. It is impossible to induce the Republican law courts to defend our honour.

All the forces of Conservatism attack us. We have to lie low until April 10th.

Disastrous information to hand concerning the private affairs of Severing.[1] In a conference with the Leader we decide not to publish the matter. How decent we so-called "savages" are!

Our Press has made a few mistakes. Journalists are very rarely talented propagandists.

[1] Minister of the Interior in Prussia. Social Democrat.

We are no longer prohibited from holding demonstrations. So we shall march to the Lustgarten.[1]

But our Press is still gagged. A severe blow for us!

In the course of a domiciliary visit they have got hold of an awkward bit of material about that Kurfürstendamm lawsuit. It refers to a certain wild denunciation. One bother after another!

But given a little patience one scrambles through somehow. One gets home in the evening absolutely done in with worry and overwork.

We shall not give in; come what may!

April 2nd, 1932.

We keep the courts busy in all sorts of matters.

Long conferences with the Leader. We have set the Kaiserhof bill business to rights.

Each day brings forth more scurrility against one or other of the leading members of the N.S.D.A.P. Perfectly sickening!

A decent judge at Hannover forbids Herr Noske to go on suppressing the distribution of additional editions of our papers. That is a blow for the Republicans.

The police search our house for three hours. We do all we can to irritate and annoy them. It doesn't matter what comes of this.

The S.A. party getting impatient. It is understandable enough that the soldiers begin to lose morale through these long-drawn-out political contests.

It has to be stopped, though, at all costs. A premature push, or worse still, an overt gesture of compulsion would nullify the whole of our future. Nobody would be more delighted by this false step than Herr Severing and the Marxist Government.

April 4th, 1932.

Leave for Frankfurt and Wiesbaden at daybreak on Sunday morning. Speak three times at Wiesbaden. All halls packed. We have contrived to raise the spirits of the Party once more.

Motor back to Frankfurt. Speak at the Festhalle in the evening. A few trunk calls to Berlin. Ask if I should return during the night. At last the Leader himself decides in the affirmative.

So three hours' sleep, and back to Berlin.

[1] A large public square in Berlin.

The city is hardly recognizable. Our posters blaze forth on all advertising pillars. Everything is taking its course.

The Leader speaks in Saxonia, on Monday, to 250,000 people. He is very fit and ready.

One hundred and fifty thousand march to the Lustgarten. I deliver the first address. Then the Leader appears. Undescribable enthusiasm prevails. He makes a wonderful speech.

Motor to Potsdam at eighty miles an hour. There he speaks in the Stadium to 50,000. Potsdam is itself again. Late at night at the Sportpalast in Berlin. A crush of 18,000 people; they receive the Leader with frantic ovations.

At midnight at Friedrichshain, the poorer quarter of the town. The people here are profoundly touched by the Leader's address.

Grzesinski has closed the quarters of the S.A. in the Hedemannstrasse. How stupid those Marxists are! Everything they do against us during the last week will turn out in our favour. The Leader has hoisted our flag gallantly again!

April 5th, 1932.

For the moment our propaganda chiefly consists in contradicting lies. A disgusting task, but it has to be done. We carry on the poster war in Berlin pretty cleverly. Our demonstrations, principally the Leader's aeroplane election tour, are highly successful!

Speak at Weimar at the new Thuringian Hall. Afterwards at Jena in the Volkshaus. Each meeting is packed out. Our fears of any slackening of interest in the elections have been groundless.

On the way from Weimar to Aachen. See by the papers that Severing is publishing particulars of what he calls our high treason. It is a very flimsy indictment. So far it does not compromise us in the least.

The Leader has published a manifesto. A political masterpiece, both of thinking and of style.

We live for nothing but this drive for success and political achievement. We sincerely trust that Fate may smile on us.

April 6th, 1932.

Address the members of the Centre Party[1] at Aix-la-Chapelle. Things are better than I had thought.

[1] The Catholic Party.

Money matters are still a grave preoccupation.

The Press continues to spread an incredible number of lies.

April 7th, 1932.

This campaign of personal slander causes us a lot of bother.

At all hours of the day fresh misrepresentations and wrongful imputations continually crop up.

Attack follows attack in breathless haste. If this sort of campaign was to be waged for six months, we should all be fit for the mad-house!

The Leader's great tour all goes according to plan. Doctor Frick and I speak at the Sportpalast in the evening. The Berlin public is the best at following one through intricacies. It is a pleasure to address such an audience.

April 8th, 1932.

We must invent new posters for Prussia. The old ones have one and all been prohibited by Grzesinski.

In the evening I speak at the Tiergartenhof and at Zehlendorf. Afterwards work until late at night.

April 9th, 1932.

In a last conference as to propaganda, discussed our chances and settled details of the Prussian election. We have excellent sketches for the posters. The text is also ready.

The entire Movement is swamped by a flood of lies: one is almost crushed by them. Weird and alarmist rumours are being spread in the city. But in election time it is always so.

All of us are dead tired, but we have to carry on.

Sportpalast in the evening. The public is tremendously worked up. Directly afterwards in haste to Stettin where 12.000 people are waiting for us. I arrive not much before midnight, and in my speech direct an attack on Brüning.

Home at two in the morning. At six snatch two hours in bed.

Unsuccessful attempt on Dr. Luther's[1] life.

The Jewish Press at once, of course, declares that it was committed by some of our men. But that is nothing but a bit of election mud thrown at the Leader.

[1] President of the Reichsbank before Dr. Schacht. Now German Ambassador at Washington.

April 10th, 1932.

The day has not begun propitiously. Up to midday we only participate twenty-five per cent in the election. Our chances are estimated as being very poor. Weather rainy and foggy. The Leader rings us up from Nuremberg.

There we are doing better. The day is one of feverish tension. Motor through Berlin. Nothing to be seen but Swastika flags, or red rags. In spite of everything we seize the opportunity of this being Election Sunday to prepare for the campaign in Prussia.

In the evening the results come trickling in. Presently, to our great satisfaction, we can affirm that our numbers have everywhere increased. We come far short of defeating the enemy, but have managed to rope in nearly all the votes of the Conservative parties.

Thälmann has failed miserably. His defeat is our greatest success.

In Berlin alone our following has increased by 200,000 votes. Some really amazing figures are quoted. The Leader is delighted. His decision to hold out has been splendidly justified.

Severing has fixed the day for the Prussian election very cleverly.

But we've reached a very good basis for the finals.

Drive to the office late at night.

Everybody is in good fettle there. The whole staff of the *Angriff*, the propaganda staff, and those in the upper ranks of the District Leaders are assembled.

We lose no time, but proceed at once to plan our campaign for Prussia.

At dawn I am still writing a leading article and proclamation to the Berlin Party. They have fought stoutly. Now Prussia must be vanquished. That will be the next fortress for assault.

The second election has enormously enhanced our chances. There is no occasion for despair. The Conservative parties have been beaten all along the line.

The public will stand for anything except cowardly giving in.

April 11th, 1932.

The Prussian campaign is prepared. We go on without breathing space. The Press has to be informed, and the course laid down. With only a fortnight at our disposal, we mean to work wonders in the way of publicity.

The election leaders in Württemberg and Anhalt come to receive their instructions. In Anhalt we have the best chance. In Württemberg things for the moment seem less promising. There the outlook is a bit confused. But we must contrive to bring off at least a moral victory, even here.

Meeting of District Leaders. All ready for the fray. Everyone eager to do his very best.

Gramophone records are being prepared, talking films made, posters and placards designed.

In the evening all sub-leaders assemble in "The Neue Welt." We have a better platform to speak from than a month ago. The Party goes its accustomed way. The sub-leaders alone manage to collect among themselves a sum of 4500 Reichsmark in a single evening. A simple workman comes up to the platform and hands me his wedding-ring. It is a wonderful people for whom we are fighting!

In such a mood work seems easy. At home I return to my desk at once. Sometimes we work on for eighteen to twenty hours a day, without interruption.

Late at night I have to ring up the Leader. The Government is planning the wholesale prohibition of the S.A. throughout the Reich. That is Gröner's doing. This is really to play with fire.

I gather further information. At five o'clock in the morning I can report to the Leader more precisely.

A great Nationalist Berlin, paper already, in the morning edition, publishes rumours of the matter obviously inspired by the Government.

We are prepared for all and any possibility. Now let them come in God's name! One is worn out to the point of collapse.

April 12th, 1932.

Address 8000 to 10,000 workmen at Elbing. Am received by hooting. When I leave there is either silence or applause.

Motored to Königsberg.

In East Prussia our affairs are going well. The "Haus der Technik" packed. I am in form again. My machinery goes at full speed.

Back to Berlin at night. Read papers and mail in the train.

In the morning the conductor comes into the compartment and rouses me. I had fallen asleep over my work.

'Phone the Leader at the Kaiserhof immediately. The date of the prohibition of the S.A. is drawing near.

April 14th, 1932.

The question of the S.A. prohibition is predominant. I talk it over with the Leader. We decide to worry through in spite of everything.

The Leader is planning a new 'plane campaign for the Prussian elections. He intends to start on Sunday. His perseverance is admirable, and it is amazing how he stands the continual strain.

At work again organizing his great 'plane trips. Now we have quite a lot of experience in these matters.

An important problem is how to make use of the Leader's propaganda flights for the Press. Everything has to be minutely prepared and organized beforehand.

In the afternoon towards five o'clock the S.A. is prohibited throughout the Reich. Gröner has launched his bolt. But perhaps it will prove his own undoing.

We are informed that Schleicher does not agree with his action. Just as I am about to leave, the police begin taking over the Party building in Berlin. My heart fails me. One stroke of the pen ruins the work of years! So that is the way we, the representatives of young Germany, are to be treated!

Leave for Altona. Here prohibition of the S.A. has already been effected. But the spirit of the Party has not suffered in the least. On the contrary, everyone is furious.

Prohibitions can only ruin weak parties. They stimulate and heighten the fighting power of strong ones.

Schleswig-Holstein is entirely ours. In the morning, on my way back, I read the comments of the Press on the S.A. prohibition. They are fairly cool. The Nationalist Press seems to have doubts on the subject.

I once more discuss the Severing business with the Leader at the Kaiserhof. Although we have been dangerously antagonized by the Prussian Government we decide not to make use of this compromising material. The Marxists really do not deserve the Leader's generosity. We talk over the question of leaderships, in case of our taking over Power, as if we were already in Government. I doubt if any Opposition ever felt more sure of ultimate success than we do.

'Phone call from a well-known lady, a friend of General Schleicher's. The General wants to resign. But perhaps this is only camouflage.

We hold a council with our lawyers and resolve to bring an action against the Reich. But all this is by the way. The chief thing is to come off victorious in the struggle in Prussia.

April 15th, 1932.

We have not enough money to enable us to make propaganda on a large scale. The Leader has made a suggestion as to an armistice with the parties, including the Wirtschaftspartei, which is to last until April 24th. One need not hope much from it, but anyhow it would afford us a little breathing space.

During our council upstairs, a detective confiscates my car parked in front of the hotel entrance. That is too much of a good thing, and I thoroughly lose my temper. Regardless of consequences I create a scene in public in front of the Kaiserhof, shout at the Marxist detective, and incite the mob against the Government, with the result that an order comes through from the Police Headquarters to leave my car alone!

In the evening the Leader pays us a visit and leaves for Munich directly afterwards.

The Sportpalast is closed[1] by the police.

We have never seen the Hall so crammed and packed before. We have invented a new trick. Brüning has declined a public debate in spite of my repeated challenges. We have therefore managed to have records made of his broadcast address at Königsberg. We set these going at the beginning of our meeting in the Sportpalast and thereupon proceed to wipe the floor with him! The audience is wild with enthusiasm. The whole thing, an immense success.

Some generous and courageous prompters of our Cause appreciate it so much that they offer us 100,000 Reichsmark towards expenses. We are immensely bucked.

April 16th, 1932.

The Press is full of yesterday's debate in the Sportpalast.

The Jews are so misguided they really ought to be put under arrest. Instead of lying low, they declare that I infringed, so to speak, mental copyrights of Brüning's, and the Government was, therefore, thinking of bringing an action against me. By doing this they are driving wobblers into our camp. Everyone not absolutely devoid of common

[1] i.e. "closed" when full to capacity.

sense can distinguish here between the weak and the strong.

The S.A. prohibition with all its pros and cons is discussed by the whole Press, at home and abroad.

The President of the Reich writes a letter to Gröner, containing complaints about the Reichsbanner,[1] and requests the Government to keep a watchful eye on the treacherous and obscure proceedings of this organization. That implies a severe moral defeat for the Government.

The Sportpalast duel has occasioned an uproar in the Press. Even ill-disposed people admit that the Chancellor has suffered a defeat. They are scrapping like a lot of monkeys, because they all somehow feel that the System itself has received a heavy blow.

By way of reprisals the Berlin Police Headquarters have published a most mendacious report on the confiscation of my car. They accuse me of a breach of the peace, of inciting the mob and so forth. Mere fat profiteers as they are, they have no idea what fools they are making of themselves.

Anyhow, the car is still in my possession; I drive it triumphantly through Berlin and every decent policeman I pass salutes correctly but with a twinkle in his eye.

The *Berliner Börsenzeitung* is behaving very decently towards us, and publishes a brilliant report on the Sportpalast affair.

A drive out to Potsdam. A charming town, full of spring verdure.

Speak three times in the north of Berlin in the evening. All three assemblies are packed. Outside the mob treats us to the usual din.

The last week of the Prussian campaign has begun. Now we've got to keep a stiff upper lip, and go through with it. On Sunday we shall have our reward.

[1] Troops of the Social Democrats. In 1931 they joined the Communist groups, formed the "Iron Front," and organized the "Red terror" in Germany. Iron Front, high-sounding title of one of the worst organizations of post-war Germany. The Troops of the Social Democrats were called Reichsbanner. Their leader was the ridiculous figure of Hörsing, who was once carried out of the Reichstag totally drunk. (Famous cry of an M.P.: "Herr Präsident, es ist ein Besoffener im Saal!") The followers of the Reichsbanner faded more and more away in 1931, so that the collapse of the Reichsbanner was in sight. As a last resort, the Social Democrats tried to unite this organization with the "Artifa" (Anti-Fascists) of the Communist Party, and called the union "Iron Front." Their colours were red with three arrows in it. Their battle-cry was: "Freiheit!" Their salute a lifted fist. The Iron Front was not so much Socialist, but a real Bolshevist terror organization. Most of their members belonged to the underworld.

April 18th, 1932.

I am offered some information which could be used with devastating effect against the Socialist Party. It is expensive though, and I decline to buy it, as I do not think much of it. It is better to combat a great organization on broader lines than these. Personalities generally lead to more trouble than they are worth.

I content myself with a warning in the Press which Herr Severing cannot possibly mistake. If the Socialists do not drop their campaign of defamation I publicly declare that we shall hit back without compunction. The threat was eminently successful. How bad must be the conscience of these gentry can be gathered from the *Vorwärts,* which has trimmed its sails and suddenly altered its course altogether. I have foozled the whole of the Press: it is full, now, of mysterious and intriguing hints. I can well imagine that Herr Severing is having a pretty bad time. He has no idea that we are decent folk to have to do with after all, and would scarcely demean ourselves to expose his little peccadilloes.

Our Press is above criticism.

April 19th, 1932.

Am bringing an action against the *Acht-Uhr Abendblatt,* which has unforgivably insulted me. Sooner or later an example must be made. Perhaps the best way would be to have one of these scurrilous scribblers dragged out of the office by some S.A. men and publicly flogged.

The campaign has reached its peak. Make four speeches at Neukölln, Rudow, Karlshort, and Niedershöneweide. Audience consists almost exclusively of workmen.

At home a new flag with the hooked cross is being made for the all-important day. It is the ambition of every member of the family not to buy a flag but to make one. It will be dedicated to-morrow morning, and will be hung out of our window on the Leader's birthday.

April 23rd, 1932.

To epitomize:

Wednesday: office work. The Lustgarten is over-crowded. Beautiful sunshine. Address 100,000 people.

Conversation with Count Helldorf. He has been to see Schleicher, who has his own ideas on National Socialism. But he will never be able to understand us.

Speak four times in the evening. Afterwards yet another short adress in the Kammersäle. Public response good. Enormous audiences. But the speakers are too worn and fagged to be quite up to the mark.

Thursday: Am entirely run down. Caught the 'flu badly last night. Have to stay in bed all day. Dash it all! Just now during the election campaign!

Temperature up 40 degrees[1] in the evening. To make matters worse the doctor diagnoses ptomaine poisoning. It makes me wretched to have to lay off work.

In the evening I have to get up and go to a meeting in the Pharussäle. I've just *got* to do it, not to let the Party down. If I don't appear the "Red" Press will fly out at me and it for cowardice.

So: out of bed! I feel perfectly rotten. Anyhow, I take a doctor and one of the S.A. leaders along. Two cars full of S.S. men follow us.

In spite of all I achieve the round. Although I cannot speak for more than a few minutes at each place, people are glad that I managed to come at all. Kaulsdorf, Mahlsdorf, and Marzahn. These places are far enough off to visit when one is shaken with fever, and can hardly keep one's eyes open. Sometimes one feels as if one's heart had stopped. The confounded fever doesn't abate a bit.

Finally we got to Wedding (a part of Northern Berlin). These streets swarm with the riff-raff of the city. At the entrance of the Pharussäle we are received with booing. Even so, things are very different from our first appearance here five years ago. For the rest I feel so ill I hardly take any notice of the yells and cat calls.

The entire court-yard of the Pharussäle is occupied by an excellent S.A. Standarte. Both halls are overcrowded. I am received with enormous applause which does me a bit of good.

I give an address in each of the two halls. The audience has no idea how bad I feel. And at last we get home, where I drop into bed. Am in high fever all night.

On Friday morning I am still very ill, and to make matters worse, I am not allowed a moment's rest; the telephone is going all the time, I am wild at being checkmated in bed, just when things are at the climax.

The Leader passes through Berlin on his trip by air. From Tempelhof he goes on directly to Neuruppin. In the evening, when he comes to see me, I am feeling a little

[1] Celsius thermometer. Normal 370 degrees. Death at 430 degrees.

better. He gives a wonderful description of his tour, which has really become very extensive. In East Prussia the people have risen as a whole.

Now he is speaking in the Sportpalast. The Berliners are quite beside themselves with enthusiasm, and are eager for the fray. I feel slightly better and manage to get some sleep for the first time for three days. On Saturday morning I am more or less myself again.

The Leader flies to Schleswig-Holstein.

At noon I hold a last big conference from my bed. Everything is in perfect working order. The flags of the Parties bedeck the streets. The Swastika is victorious. We are well to the fore again.

I am able to read and write once more.

Listen to the broadcasting of Braun's statement of accounts for Prussia. An asthmatic stammering without style or sense. The Socialists' big gun! An old man, who cannot help himself.

The Leader is unable to return to Berlin on account of a thunderstorm. I pass another bad night, and then my illness abates. I wake on election day after a refreshing sleep.

Go over things once more with the S.A. leaders.

The question as to the distribution of posts in the Party in Prussia is particularly important.

There are rumours that the Socialists are planning a *coup d'état* in case of their defeat. I consider this ridiculous. They suggest arresting the lot of us. Nothing better could befall.

I go to the poll worn out and ill. The whole city is a mass of Swastika flags.

We then wait for results. Now for defeat or victory!

During the night an S.A. man has been shot on the Kreuzberg.[1] The bullet hit him in the middle of the forehead. At midday all flags are draped with mourning. In consequence there are rumours that I have died. But those erroneously declared dead, invariably hang on a long time.

In the evening the results come through. An amazing victory for us! We have obtained one hundred and sixty mandates,[2] and have thus become the strongest party in the country. In Prussia alone eight millions of voters have declared for us. The Nationalists only managed to obtain

[1] Quarter in the outer south-west of Berlin.

[2] One hundred and sixty representatives of the Party were elected for the Prussian Diet.

thirty odd mandates. The negligible parties have been defeated. The Centre has more or less preserved its average. The Socialists have had a bad knock, and the Communists are out of it compared to us. The former Coalition[1] is in a hopeless minority. The so-called Nationalists (Conservative) are (even in coalition with Centre and *bourgeois* parties) nine mandates short of the quorum able to constitute a Government. Something must happen now. We *must* shortly come to power, otherwise our victory will be a Pyrrhic one.

Late at night I drive to the Sportpalast dog-tired. The crowd there in a frenzy of joy. I speak a few words, and then they let me go home.

'Phone to the Leader who is in Munich. In Bavaria, in Hamburg and Württemberg the situation is the same. But in Anhalt our figures suffice for the formation of a Government. Now we must have our wits about us, and keep our heads screwed on particularly tight. This is the time to test what sort of stuff one is made of.

April 25th, 1932.

It is interesting to read the papers to-day. The Jewish Press is secretly very much perturbed. The national *bourgeois* papers ill conceal their fury. The Zentrum is playing the slighted wiseacre. Nevertheless some of their pronouncements are worthy of attention.

I am writing an article on "The Outstretched Hand"—but nevertheless the idea of possibly having to form some sort of a coalition with suchlike parliamentary parties makes me feel absolutely sick.

Issue new orders to the District Leaders. The Party must be overhauled within a month to be ready for every eventuality. But for us to make any sudden bid is out of the question at present. I instance the Peasant Wars. The German Rising must not risk being drowned in blood.

The S.A. organization remains, of course. But it is much more difficult now to maintain discipline and internal order. We have to be on the alert.

Ring up the Leader at Munich and retail affairs. He will come to Berlin as soon as things are a bit more in shape.

The questionable business of attempting to form coalitions begins. I hope it will not be long spun out.

[1] The Black-Red Coalition (Catholic Centre Party and Socialists) reigned in Germany since 1919.

April 26th, 1932.

The Press is very reserved. We have a difficult decision to make. Coalition with the Centre and Power, or opposition to the Centre minus the Power. From a parliamentary point of view, nothing can be achieved without the Centre—neither in Prussia nor in the Reich. This has to be thoroughly thought over.

From Leipzig[1] I am indicted for high treason. The accusation covers forty pages. A bothersome affair! Nothing is to be done but to put it off as long as possible. It is a glorious hotchpotch of prevarications and misstatements. False witnesses can get anyone imprisoned. But what is worse than my personal fate, that of the Party is at stake. By fair means or foul they mean to prove the illegality of the Party.

Count Helldorf has been to see Schleicher again, who wants to alter the political course. A change in Prussia, however, is only possible, if it takes place in the Reich at the same time. They say that the Centre is ready to tolerate us in Prussia. I don't believe it.

Intermediaries are acting an obscure part in all this. But we shall probably soon see through them.

Their object seems to be to detach the Leader from the Party; a childish plan, and one only to be envisaged by those who have not the slightest conception of the National Socialist Movement.

Report to the Leader again. It is beastly to be between the hammer and the anvil.

During the night an individual who pretends to be intoxicated and declares that he must speak to me very urgently, manages to get into our flat. A harmless visionary who is promptly expedited downstairs by a few guards.

There are rumours of an attempt on the Leader's life. We have to proceed with the greatest care.

April 27th, 1932.

I am working through the Leipzig document. One hardly knows how to deal with it. Herr Severing's accusations are so very far fetched.

April 28th, 1932.

I take out a summons against one of my libellers. A poor sort of creature turns up in Court, who withdraws his

[1] From the Supreme Court of Justice.

offensive remarks and pretends to know nothing. The Court fines him 500 R.M.

The Leader is here. He has decided to do nothing at the moment, but mark time. Things are not to be precipitated. He invites us to Berchtesgaden. The case against me (high treason) has been postponed, as I have accepted the mandate for the Landtag (Diet) and therefore cannot be cited.

The liquidation of the election funds shows that we have managed without any deficit worth mentioning.

The Leader has been to see Schleicher. The Conference went off well.

April 29th, 1932.

The organization is being recommissioned. We shall soon have it in marching order again.

The S.A. man, Udo Curth, is going to be buried this afternoon. He was shot on election night. It will be a very sad funeral just now. The country-side is in its full spring beauty, the birds are singing, and here a man, young and untarnished, is being consigned to his grave.

The Leader pays us a visit in the evening, and we talk things over. He is strongly against the idea of coalition with the Centre. That is satisfactory, anyway, even if as yet we do not see a way out of the difficulties. He who adheres firmly to the position he has once taken up will finally succeed. The prelates can be left in suspense for a little while. It will only tend to sober them.

April 30th, 1932.

I have accepted the mandate in the Prussian Landtag (Diet). So I am immune and protected for the time being against fresh attacks from Leipzig.

We have established our Headquarters once more at the Kaiserhof. There is nothing more disagreeable for the Government than to have the enemy living opposite.

In the evening I speak to the old members of the Party in the Bock brewery. One meets the old well-known figures there. It is heartening during these weeks of suspense. All are there, the old friends of our first beginnings. They are the most reliable and the most faithful. Here one can speak freely and unburden one's heart.

May 1st, 1932.

The "Red" parties are holding demonstrations for May 1st. But that is no longer of any importance, and it will probably be for the very last time. Next year, possibly, we shall be showing them how May 1st should be celebrated.

May 3rd, 1932.

On Monday, delightful spring weather. We take the cars and drive out into the country. Picnic in the woods. A short holiday at last! Daily worry falls away. But the good time soon comes to an end. The sky becomes overclouded and it begins to rain heavily. We stop at Plauen. The Leader is greeted with loud cheers. All over the country the pick of the folk are for him.

By night and in rain we arrive at Berneck, where Siegfried Wagner's four children await us. They have grown considerably.

We talk to Frau Winifred Wagner about the Bayreuth Festival. Next year they are going to produce the *Meistersinger*. I hope we shall be in Office by then. We can run Bayreuth then according to our own taste. Early to bed and for once a good sleep.

Tuesday: As we take our departure the whole little town of Berneck gathers in front of the hotel cheering Hitler. At Bayreuth the streets are black with people. The news that Hitler is passing through the town has spread like fire. We drive past the Wagnerhaus. In the park behind it, the Master lies at rest. We salute him in silence, with gratitude. . . .

. . . . The route lies through Franconia. The charm of German romance envelops us. We descend into the Teufelshöhle. Icy coldness and silence. Motor on through rain to Nuremberg. Get some newspapers on the way. The Berlin Jews are making a fuss about the "Officers—Camarilla"[1] and their intrigues against Brüning and Gröner. So things are starting up already. We are really glad of it. The Party must absolutely hold its tongue. We must appear quite disinterested. Too much chatter always tends to put the wind-up again.

Arrive at Nuremberg. I 'phone through to Berlin at once. The case against me has been dropped without my having received a summons to attend Court. So the "new spirit" has already entered Moabit.[2] Outside it is pouring

[1] Reichswher officers led by General von Schleicher with the object (ultimately attained) of overthrowing Von Papen.
[2] Criminal Court of Berlin.

with rain. In the evening Streicher comes to visit us, and we talk politics till late at night. Unanimous opinion: not to approach the Zentrum under any circumstances whatever. The matter must ripen by itself. It is always advisable to hold oneself a bit aloof. The others are already floundering into our nets.

At midnight we stroll back to our hotel through the silent streets of Nuremberg.

May 4th, 1932.

From Nuremberg we motor to Munich. The way is bright and sun-smitten. The air is as clear as crystal.

In Munich it is everlastingly raining.

I discuss with the staff changes in our Propaganda Department. For the next few months the main burden of the work will rest on the Propaganda. Our technique has to be worked out to the minutest particular. Only the most up-to-date and expert methods will help us to victory. New difficulties are always cropping up, as only very few realize what is really in the wind. The Zentrum is seeking to get into touch with the Leader, but he is making himself particularly elusive.

In Munich I hold a few conferences, and then am off to the mountains.

A report comes from Berlin that some of Hitler's mines are beginning to explode. That is A 1, and we rub our hands with satisfaction. The first to be blown up must be Gröner, and after him Brüning.

On the way to Berchtesgaden we meet with storm and rain. High up on the mountains with the Leader we feel at home again.

May 6th, 1932.

Read, argued, and studied all day long on Thursday. Lovely sunshine on the mountains. We are hatching new publicity plans.

In the evening the Leader becomes reminiscent. He left home at seventeen in order to become an architect. Afterwards he disappeared for fourteen years. During the war nobody received a single word from him. At last, in 1921, he returned to his sister in Vienna. What heroism to remain so long cut off from everybody without a home or family all those four years!

On Friday morning papers come from Berlin. They are full of fault-finding and guesswork. We do not let

them disturb our peace, but go on sunning ourselves here, until a sudden 'phone call puts an end to this idyll. The bomb has exploded. The Minister of Economy has tendered his resignation, and Gröner and Brüning are tottering to their fall. So that's the end of things here. The Leader must return to Berlin immediately. On the way we scheme out daring things. We are guests of the Leader for an hour at Munich, and leave for Berlin by the night train.

We hold tremendous private confabulations in sleepers; how little the conductor dreams what they are all about!

May 8th, 1932.

On Saturday the delegates come and give us some information. The Leader has an important interview with Schleicher in the presence of a few gentlemen of the President's immediate circle.

All goes well. The Leader has spoken decisively. Brüning's fall is expected shortly. The President of the Reich will withdraw his confidence in him.

The plan is to constitute a Presidential Cabinet. The Reichstag will be dissolved. Repressive enactments are to be cancelled. We shall be free to go ahead as we like, and mean to outdo ourselves in regard to propaganda.

We require a week for preparation. The election campaign must be sharp and short. We shall employ squadrons of aeroplanes to work one province after the other. This at least is our intention. How odd it seems that nobody as yet has the slightest prevision; least of all Brüning himself. We are immensely keyed up, but doubtful still. If things turn out according to expectations our agents, headed by the Chief of Staff Röhm, have acquitted themselves in a masterly manner.

We deliberate long as to where the Leader had best betake himself. He had better not stay on in Berlin for the present. The business must be speeded up so as not to allow the Reichstag any chance to declare confidence in Brüning. As long as Hitler is in Berlin, Brüning's suspicions are alive, and he may hit on the correct explanation of the signs.

So away from Berlin! Late in the evening we leave for Severin's farm, in Mecklenburg. The Leader quits Berlin as secretly as he came.

Arrive at two o'clock at night. I have not been here for quite a long time, and delight in the rural peace of its wide fields and pastures.

Sleep far into the morning on Sunday and then jog through the woods in a char-a-banc. On the way we outline roughly plans for the next Reichstag election campaign. It must be our greatest success. Once the S.A. is on the march again in their brown shirts, discouragement will be overcome, and the enemy will go down. Unfortunately I must already return to Berlin. The Leader is staying on, waiting for further news. At home the table is piled high with work. So I set to until late at night.

May 9th, 1932.

Opening of the Reichstag. Session of the factions.[1] Most of our members have no idea of what is up our sleeve. I inform my nearest colleagues in haste, and then go for Brüning once more hot and strong. I hope it will be for the last time.

The same old game in the Reichstag! It is nothing but a home for the superannuated! The Minister of the Exchequer speaks on the financial situation. Breitscheid, half Lord and half shopwalker, indulges in cheap polemics against us. One smiles to oneself and reflects: You just wait and see!

It is high time we came to power. The "Reds" are tampering with our rank and file. A lot of agitating and intriguing is going on, but we keep a watchful eye on it all.

'Phone to the Leader. The Hessian Diet is dissolved. A new chance to give us a trial.

The Leader is going to confer with the President of the Reich. Things will soon be set in motion. A colourless temporary Cabinet will make way for us. Its composition must not be too strong, so that it can readily be dissolved. It is of capital importance that our liberty of action be restored.

Late in the evening I motor out to Tegel[2] where I deliver an address on the present situation to two crowded meetings. The most important news has as yet to be reserved.

May 10th, 1932.

Reichstag is sitting. Strasser speaks. A little too long and without any special effect. Queer, how little opposition he meets with in the House. Of us all he is the most

[1] In Germany all Members of Parliament belonging to the same Party formed a "Faktion." Before the general session of the Reichstag each Faktion had a session of its own in which everything was discussed which would be voted upon in the Reichstag. The Leader of the Faktion, or Party, decided which way its members were to vote.

[2] Suburb of Berlin.

popular with the enemy. That tells strongly against him.

The debate in the Reichstag meanders on like a babbling brook. Then Goering gets up to speak. He strongly and vehemently attacks Gröner. His success is surprising.

Gröner answers. Such an exhibition of ineptitude and helplessness has never before been witnessed. We overwhelm him with loud interruptions, so that the whole House is convulsed with laughter. At last one can only pity the man. He is done for, and has sung his swan song.

One of us puts forward the motion to have this part of his speech broadcasted. He is excluded from the House and the sitting is adjourned. But then his exclusion is rescinded again. The whole House swarms like an anthill.

I telephone a report to the Leader.

He cannot bear to remain away. In the evening he is already back.

We discuss the parliamentary situation. He then leaves Berlin again, and motors to Leipzig.

May 11th, 1932.

The Reichstag drags on. Gröner's position is shaken; the Army no longer supports him. Even those nearest to do with him urge his downfall.

This is the beginning; once one of these men falls, the whole Cabinet, and with it the System, will crash. Brüning is trying to salve what he can. He speaks in the Reichstag, and cleverly beats a retreat on foreign politics. There he becomes aggressive. He believes himself within sight of the goal. He does not mention Gröner at all. So he also has given him up!

The whole debate turns on the cancellation of the prohibition of the S.A. Gröner strongly objects to the cancellation. This fact will be his undoing. I proceed as if the Reichstag were already dissolved. Our preparations are being made on quite a large scale.

After Brüning's sally, the House goes droning on without anyone displaying a spark of interest.

Proceedings have come to a standstill. The divisions are long in coming; decision about Gröner also hangs fire.

The prohibition of the S.A. has suddenly become the pivot upon which home affairs would seem to turn.

May 12th, 1932.

A mad day! The Reichstag begins at ten o'clock. The debate continues, and then comes the decision.

The Cabinet obtains a majority of thirty votes.

Outside in the corridor the slanderer Klotz is being flogged by a few hefty members of the Party. Loebe impertinently wrests this into a matter of State importance. The Council is convened, an hour's interlude is arranged, all the old rubbish of parliamentary procedure is fished out again, and finally four of our members are ordered to be ejected. They refuse to budge. Loebe adjourns the House. That saves Schiele and Schlange from the disaster of a division. A vote of censure is put, but comes to nothing. The neatest bit of parliamentary sharp practice ever witnessed!

Unprecedented scenes succeed. The Jew Weiss breaks into the House in full session with his police and stations himself on the Government platform. Members of our Party are arrested. Our immunity from molestation is broken in an exasperating manner. Even Government supporters protest. One darkly suspects that this may be the last great scene before the crash of the System. We can only be thankful. The more the parliamentary system exposes itself, the less necessity we have to do it for it!

The whole proceedings are precisely and thoroughly recapitulated in a sitting of the Party members. An error of ours committed in the beginning has turned out luckily for us. The Jew Weiss has rendered us a great service. The House is immeasurably incensed against him. I stand between the Members of Parliament and the Parties of the "Middle," and let loose my rhetoric upon them. The House swarms with police. Extreme confusion everywhere.

In the evening the long-expected news comes through that Gröner has resigned as Minister of the Reichswehr. That is the first result. He stumbled into his own trap, and we have tightly closed it.

The President of the Reich leaves for Neudeck. The great crisis is adjourned until next week. A respite for Brüning. I wonder if he will make use of it.

The Council sides with Loebe in the question of the prorogation of Parliament. The House dissolves until June. We shall see to it that it will not reopen. The parliamentary parties will be made to pay dearly for these sharp practices. I write an article roundly attacking the whole Cabinet.

One studies the Press minutely, for it is possible to detect between the lines how the opponents estimate their own chances. We have a slight advantage. Summary

action of the Jew Weiss is considered a disgraceful scandal. Gröner's downfall is thought to be the beginning of the end. Late at night I give the Leader a description of the whole thing. He is extremely satisfied.

May 13th, 1932.

We have news from General Schleicher; things are progressing according to plan. The President of the Reich has left for Neudeck. During Whitsuntide nothing further can take place. We leave for Nuremberg. Arrive there at three o'clock in the morning. The papers say that our Members who flogged the slanderer Klotz have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

They will certainly never undergo it.

Lovely Whitsuntide weather. We go on to Munich.

May 14th, 1932.

Give the Leader a full account at Munich.

May 17th, 1932.

Whitsuntide is over. At the Brown House work is in full swing. The Department of Propaganda is being substantially enlarged. I hold a prolonged discussion with my collaborators. We must arm for the beginning of the struggle.

May 18th, 1932.

Back in Berlin. The feeling of Whitsun is still in the air. For Brüning alone winter seems to have arrived. His position is becoming untenable. And the amusing part of it is that he does not seem to notice the fact. We've only to peg away! His Cabinet shrinks visibly, and he can find no substitutes for his losses. Nobody cares to espouse a hopeless cause. The rats flee from the sinking ship.

The organization in Berlin is recommissioned. The *Angriff* has a good standing. That is reassuring. I decide on the policy once more with the editorial staff. The next steps to be taken in the district are discussed from the point of view of organization and propaganda. We are prepared for everything. Brüning is being severely attacked by our Press and Propaganda. Fall he must, whatever the cost.

He is being secretly undermined. He is already completely isolated. He is anxiously looking for collaborators. "My kingdom for a Cabinet Minister!" General Schleicher

has declined to accept the Reichswehr Ministry. From the Strasser side a sort of guerrilla warfare is in process. But we lay counter-mines. It is not at all easy to attain power. Once it is ours, however, we can congratulate ourselves that we have deserved it. I accidentally and indirectly hear that Strasser intends to have a word with Brüning. That would be quite like him. We succeed in scotching the possibility!

Our mice are busily at work gnawing through the last supports of Brüning's position. The Press is groping in the dark. One fine day the whole building will crash.

Delightful May weather. The Leader has arrived in Berlin. I shall supply him with a few items of valuable information. Especially in the Strasser matter.

May 19th, 1932.

The Leader has seen through everything long ago. He will intervene just at the right moment. Emissaries from General Schleicher; they are already drawing up the list of Ministers. A matter of no great importance: it has only to do with the transition period. Our Faction of the Prussian Diet assembles at the Hotel Prinz Albrecht. The Leader speaks with remarkable confidence.

In the Hamburg Party paper an ill-timed attack has been made on Schleicher. That is Strasser—that means the D.H.V.,[1] alias Trade Unions, alias Brüning. The person responsible will be expelled from the Party.

It is amusing to note how the Jewish Press, generally so well informed, is groping in the dark. It still believes we are hob-nobbing with the "Centre". Harmless idiots!

The Strasser clique is double-crossing us through the Parties and Trade Unions.

We have to keep a sharp look-out lest harm befall the Party.

The Leader makes a short trip to Idar, where he is speaking. But he will soon be back in Berlin.

May 21st, 1932.

We have fitted up a little country house at Caputh.[2] As there will be slight chance of any holidays this year, a little air and relaxation there can be obtained in this way. In

[1] Deutscher Handlungsgehilfen Verband. Germany's greatest union of employees in shops and offices. Non-political.

[2] A village near Berlin.

a few hours we have moved to our new quarters. A simple but lovely refuge in the middle of a large orchard directly on the Schwielowsee.[1]

May 22nd, 1932.

In the morning a swallow flies straight through our bedroom. "Ferien vom Ich!"[2]

Read and ponder all day. One must, sometimes, withdraw from things a bit, to be able to estimate them clearly.

The sun sets over the Schwielowsee.

May 23rd, 1932.

Motor to Berlin on Monday morning in lovely sunshine. Conferences with editorial and District Leaders. I outline things, briefly. Our finances are in order, our chances good, so they hardly can go wrong.

Everything goes according to plan. Our articles in the Press demand the resignation of the whole Government.

May 24th, 1932.

The Prussian Diet is opened. Through our confidential agents we are assured that we stand a good chance. Saturday will see the end of Brüning. Secretary of State, Meissner, leaves for Neudeck. Now we must hope for the best. The list of Ministers is more or less settled: Von Papen, Prime Minister; Von Neurath, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then a list of unfamiliar names. The main point as far as we are concerned is that the Reichstag is dissolved. Everything else can be arranged. The Prussian question can only be solved in this way.

The Diet is going through formalities. General Litzmann officiates with dignity as Senior President. The Communists insult him in the most coarse and vulgar manner. This kind of scandal will soon come to an end.

The Leader is staying at Horumersiel on the North Sea. From there he takes part in the Oldenburg election campaign.

During the day I work hard. The evenings go by like a dream in the wonderful solitude of the Schwielowsee.

May 28th, 1932.

Wednesday: Bid good-bye to our idyll at Caputh.

[1] Local lake.

[2] *Holiday from myself.* The reference is to a well-known book of this title by Paul Keller.

A few hours' work in Berlin. Put in a short appearance at the Landtag (Diet). Kerrl has been elected President with the support of the Zentrum.[1] The nervous tension and excitement are so great that an explosion occurs in full assembly.

The Communists arraign one of our members as a murderer. The Bolshevist faction-leader, Pieck, is speaking from the rostrum, and becomes insufferable. One of the Communists hits a Party member in the face. That is the signal for a general settlement. It is short, but to the point, and is fought out with inkpots and chair legs for weapons. Our faction is left alone in the hall, victorious, in three minutes. The Communists have been driven out; the parties of the "Middle" have already taken to flight. We sing the Horst Wessel song. The casualties generally, amount to eight seriously wounded. That should be a warning: it is the only way to ensure respect. The Council Chamber is a scene of wreckage. We remain victorious amid the ruins.

In Session. The facts are set forth. We immediately dictate the report for the Press. We must, to forestall the others. The only thing to make any impression is to retort upon the Communists and their deliberate provocation, by blows. The Jewish journalists handle the situation somewhat gingerly. I wonder what they really make of it.

Pack in haste at home. Speak at the Tennishallen. They are overcrowded with workmen. The affray in the Diet has rather relieved everybody's feelings. Hitler waxes enthusiastic, as I 'phone my report. Blow after blow crashes down on the System.

When will it collapse

Thursday: Motor to Oldenburg.

The Press is not as unfavourable as I had feared. It has learnt to respect us. Amazing how tame the tone of its pronouncements has become. What a lot of good a row like that can do! All the papers admit that it was we who were attacked, and who remained the victors along the whole line.

Go on at once from Oldenburg to Horumersiel. Meet the Leader on his way to a meeting. Give him the particulars, briefly, on the road. Speak in a huge riding-school at Morien in the evening. After that twice at Nordenham. All halls are closed by the police.

We get back to Horumersiel after a dreadful roundabout journey.

[1] Centre Party.

How lovely! Sea air here! The Leader is already waiting for us. I have to retail everything again at full length, and he rubs his hands with glee. The row in the Diet has done nothing but help on the cause.

Things are looking bad for Brüning. His fate will be decided on Sunday. Perhaps he can defer the end for a few days, yet. But it will be of no avail. He already belongs to the politically defunct.

Friday: We go for a walk along the beach with the Leader. He expounds his ideas on the future course of German politics. Clever as usual, and very clear and logical. Rust comes over from Oldenburg. Out on the beach they are practising shooting. In the afternoon everybody departs to the various meetings. Speak at Wildeshausen before a numerous gathering of farmers; the crowd overflows into the street. It is a real treat to speak here.

Also at Oldenburg the assembly is overcrowded. There is a feeling in the air as though everyone was strung up, waiting for something definite to happen. And yet they know nothing whatever.

Get back to Horumersiel at two o'clock in the morning. It is wonderful to be with the Leader and a few intimate friends here in this God-forsaken spot, and sit and talk till dawn.

Saturday: We have all had a good night's rest. The Leader has left already. We shall meet again in Mecklenburg next Tuesday.

He is going there at once. The next election will be held there.

In Berlin everything is all right. Not for Brüning, however.

We say good-bye to Horumersiel.

We take a last look at the sea here and then to Wilhelmshaven, where the cruisers and torpedo-boats are stationed. We visit the *Köln*. A miracle of technical perfection! The Germans are not to be outdone. We make the tour of the whole ship under the expert guidance of a few officers. One is filled with pride and admiration. The Navy is sound. The officers and men are unanimously on our side. They all read the *Völkischen Beobachter* and *Angriff*. An officer comes over from the *Schlesin* and invites us to dinner.

Animated discussions during the meal. The lieutenants are fine, tall boys, soldierly young figures. All support us.

Pity the Government! I hold long conversations with

our hosts and answer every question. The Navy is all right! A few officers in mufti accompany us to the meetings.

First I speak at Jever and then at Ruestringen. The Communists stage a counter-demonstration, but they make such a poor show of it they are not worth mentioning.

Back to Berlin at ten o'clock by night train.

May 29th, 1932.

Heaps of work waiting for me in Berlin. I pack it into my trunk and return immediately to Caputh.

At noon Brüning is to call on Hindenburg. A decision will be reached. Even yesterday he gave an address in which he made light of the rumours of a crisis. But he will soon cease smiling. Nevertheless we still have some slight misgivings. We have been disappointed so often, we can hardly believe things will turn out well this time. I shall only feel secure when the victory is actually ours. Rest at Caputh after Oldenburg, and prepare for Mecklenburg.

Good news late in the evening: we have carried off an absolute majority in Oldenburg. We have obtained twenty-four of the forty-six mandates. That is the first great coup! If it goes on like this all over the country, there will be no stopping us.

May 30th, 1932.

The bomb has exploded. Brüning has presented the resignation of the entire Cabinet to the President, at noon. The System has begun to crumble. The President has accepted the resignation. I at once ring up the Leader. Now he must immediately return to Berlin.

Discuss the situation at a great district and Press conference. The watchword[1] is given. Everybody overjoyed.

Go as far as Nauen to meet the Leader, who is coming up from Mecklenburg. The news of Brüning's downfall came through just as I was dictating the last article against him. So I could bid him farewell at once.

Meet the Leader at Nauen. The President wishes to see him in the course of the afternoon. I get into his car and give him a good all-round summary. We are enormously delighted. The whole country is relieved.

In Berlin we study the Press. Then the Leader goes on to see the President. In the evening I speak at the district

[1] Temporary party slogan.

meeting at the Tennishallen. They are overcrowded, and closed by the police. What a welcome! The party members of long standing are transported with enthusiasm. I speak for two hours and outline the situation.

Pay our S.A. at Wilmersdorf a short visit. The Leader is already waiting for me at home. The conference with the President went off well. The S.A. prohibition is going to be cancelled. Uniforms are to be allowed again. The Reichstag is going to be dissolved. That is of first importance.

Von Papen is likely to be appointed Chancellor, but that is neither here nor there. The Poll! the Poll! It's the people we want. We are all entirely satisfied.

May 31st, 1932.

The parade of the Skagerrak-guards[1] leads to violent clashes with the police. There is some shooting and street-fighting. The Regime's last throw!

The crowd is mad with enthusiasm. In Unter den Linden I accidentally get into the thick of it on my way to Mecklenburg.

A fine scrimmage. The police lay about them as hard as they can. Splendid! The blows that fall on men's heads can be mended, but those dealt to the System are incurable.

Short deliberation at the Kaiserhof. The Leader comes back from a conference with Papen. Everything is clear. The question of the prohibition of the S.A. has not yet been tackled. Still less that of the dissolution of the Reichstag. We must not weaken on these points.

Papen is already installed.

Tear to Mecklenburg. On the way the farmers of the Mark of Brandenburg stop the Leader's car at the roadside to grasp him by the hand. Awakening Germany!

Our dear Severin! Here we feel at home. The Leader motors to Wismar, and I to Güstrow. All the meetings are, naturally, overcrowded. We get back to Severin at midnight, and busy ourselves with fresh plans until four in the morning. The elections for the Reichstag are now all to the fore. It is already daylight when we get to bed.

[1] Every year, on the anniversary of the Battle of Skagerrak, a guard of Marines marches through the Unter den Linden to mount guard over the grave of the Unknown Soldier. On the date in the text the National Socialists cheered the guard and the Communists booed it. A clash ensued. But the "Red" Police attacked the National Socialists because their cheering provoked the Communists!

June 1st, 1932.

News from Berlin! Papen has managed to form his Cabinet. The dissolution of the Reichstag is settled. We wish the elections could be held on July 3rd. The earlier the better. The "Reds" must not be allowed time to recover.

Motor to Heiligendamm in the afternoon. Lovely weather. We idle about on the beach and enjoy the brilliant sunshine.

The meeting at Rostock packed.

Everybody is back again at Severin by two o'clock in the morning.

June 2nd, 1932.

We wait for news from Berlin all through the morning and afternoon. It arrives at four. The Opposition demands a written undertaking from the Leader that he will work smoothly with Von Papen even after the election. Such a statement cannot be made. Speak at Parchim in the evening. Enormous enthusiasm.

After the meetings we have long consultations with the Leader. He has no intention of writing either a letter or memorandum. The chief thing is dissolution and re-election.

We must contest the election unhampered by any such pledges, if it is not to miscarry.

On the opposite side, too, there are men who require to be tackled with circumspection. Intrigues are everywhere afoot. We are playing a risky game. So much the more must the dissolution of the Reichstag be a *sine qua non*.

The Leader estimates his opponents very exactly. He is very logical, and an amazingly quick worker.

June 4th, 1932.

Friday. The Leader has nevertheless dictated a memorandum on the question of dissolution of the Reichstag. Résumé: it must come off, otherwise further development is impossible. The Leader meets Schleicher on a neighbouring estate. He wants me to go through the note again. It is then sent after him by express. The motorcyclist gets there too late. The conference is already over, so that it is impossible to deliver it.

When the Leader gets back, he is beaming with content.

Everything went off well. The Reichstag is going to be dissolved, and the S.A. prohibition cancelled. We motor at once to the meetings at Wismar and Neukloster. Public speaking is now a different thing altogether. The Leader speaks at Schwerin. We meet in the evening at Heiligendamm, where we are also joined by Strasser. Nobody quite trusts him.

Darkness has fallen over the sea hours ago.

The *Schleswig-Holstein* is in the offing. One can only just divine her outlines. A few officers are sitting in the Kurhaus. We have a long talk with them, and again come to the conclusion that the Navy is sound enough.

At five o'clock in the morning, when we arrive at Severin, it is already quite light.

Saturday: Visitors from Berlin. Kube and Kerrl come to see us. We discuss the date of the elections and the Prussian Problem. We should all prefer July 3rd, and as we cannot and will not take any responsibility upon ourselves in Prussia before the election, a General Reich's Commissioner is to be appointed there. In any case we have to take entire responsibility, or none at all.

The Leader and I address thirty thousand at Waren in the afternoon. The largest assembly ever witnessed in Mecklenburg. That ends the election campaign. We drive through the mild summer evening back to Berlin via Rheinsberg. The Leader 'phones up General Schleicher. The Prussian question is as yet undecided. It will be either a Commissioner, or we shall produce a Minister-President.

Then the Leader leaves Berlin.

The papers publish the news that the Reichstag has been dissolved. The date of the election has as yet not been fixed.

June 5th, 1932.

Go over to Caputh for the day. My collaborators from Berlin and Munich assemble there, and we go into the details of the course of action to be taken in the forthcoming elections. It is being planned on a grand and imposing scale.

The list of Berlin candidates is drawn up; that is always a disagreeable task. Get through a lot of work in the afternoon. We have finished in the evening and drive back to Berlin together.

Speak at an S.A. meeting at Schöneberg. On this occasion I can confidently assert the spirit of the people to be excellent.

A long conversation follows with a few partisans on the tactics of the coming revolution. We must dissociate ourselves at the earliest possible moment from the temporary *bourgeois* Cabinet. And we must not take any responsibility whatever upon ourselves in Prussia. Either we attain to power or we remain in opposition.

These are very delicate questions. But in such matters instinct is not deceived.

June 6th, 1932.

Count Helldorf went to see the Minister of Interior, Von Gayl, to give him a first injection.

The Mecklenburg election has turned out well. The optimists in our ranks had expected even more, and perhaps we might have attained more if our tolerant attitude towards the Papen Cabinet had not already told a lot against us.

The list of candidates is drawn up. In times like these dozens of men always put themselves forward as candidates for the Reichstag. Names one has never heard of. They generously place themselves at the Party's disposal.

In Prussia they are trying to fasten responsibility upon us. Papen and Schleicher have invited the Nationalists and the Centre Party to the Chancellory. They want to get us to come, too. That is disquieting: the Centre Party's solicitude would appear suspicious. Thank God the Leader is beyond reach.

On the occasion of a conference with Papen one of our deputies states that the Prussian finances are in a deplorable condition. So we are supposed to clear up other people's muddles. It is all the better, then, to remain in opposition till we attain to undisputed power, so as to be able to take energetic measures when the right time comes. That is the Leader's idea. Accordingly we decline the invitation.

In a leading article I show what a distance lies between Papen and ourselves. This exposition is necessary, otherwise we should get into the shade and fall out of the fighting-line.

The date of the Reichstag elections has been fixed for July 31st. That is the first grave error the Cabinet commits. The longer the contest beforehand, the better for our adversaries.

We shall have all our work cut out to make good this loss of time.

June 9th, 1932.

The preparations for the election are in full swing. But as the date of the election has been deferred so long, we can take our time.

In Mecklenburg there is still the possibility of our obtaining an absolute majority.

Walter Granzow is going to be Minister-President.

Leave for Leipzig on Wednesday, where I speak at the large Messehalle. Thirty thousand people shoulder by shoulder. An amazing crowd. Our slogan for this election is not very striking. Thank heaven when the campaign is over.

Go on to Munich during the night.

Doubt as to the wisdom of our going in with Schleicher is often heard. But what's the use of that now ? There was nothing else left for us to do if we wished to bring about Brüning's downfall. What is of vital importance for us now is to make use of the situation and get busy. We shall have to keep a good look-out, of course, or we shall be cheated.

During the remodelling of the Party Strasser organized a group for himself (a " machine ") somewhat like a hot-house plant, fat and swollen, but without firm members; thought out at the writing-table, not brought into being through the stress and strain of things as they really are.

Back to Berlin by night. The Leader sends a letter to the Chancellor. We make conditions as to the Prussian question which the Centre Party cannot accept.

Brüning writes a scathing article against Von Papen. As if it were necessary for *him* to do such a thing !

June 10th, 1932.

Design placards, write handbills, commission films, and finally dictate a sharp article on the Prussian question.

June 11th, 1932.

The candidates for the Reichstag are taking an oath to the Leader. They must obey blindly as the Party will have severe things to go through.

We have achieved an absolute majority in Mecklenburg. Speak five times in the evening: Friedrichschafen, Treptow, Frohnau, Spandauer, Berg, and Dahlem. Everywhere with similar success. All halls overcrowded.

Arrive at Caputh dead-tired at two o'clock in the morning.

June 12th, 1932.

Sunday is entirely my own.

June 13th, 1932.

The Leader has arrived in Berlin.

Discuss the situation at lunch. The Papen Cabinet has already lost quite a lot of ground. It has no drive. The Ministers allow themselves to be outrageously insulted by the "Red" Press.

After the first rebuff the Socialists and Communists are in spirits again. The provinces are preparing for an attack. If it were not for us it would only be a matter of a very short time when the Bolshevist revolution would break out. But there is really no object in coming to the assistance of *bourgeois*-minded politicians. They do nothing but find opportunities to make fresh blunders.

The Leader confers with Von Papen. He takes him seriously to task about his misgivings. Demands the reversal of the S.A. prohibition more urgently than ever.

At noon he leaves Berlin again by aeroplane. I motor to Caputh and write a savage article against the Cabinet under the headline: "Stiffen up, Papen!"

Indignation at the procrastination of this Government is increasing all over the country. The resentment is especially directed against the Minister of Interior, Von Gayl, who would like to treat us exactly like the Communists. But perhaps it is well that it should be so. The weaker the *bourgeois* Cabinets show themselves to be, the more necessary it will appear to the masses in general that we should replace them.

June 14th, 1932.

Have a long conference with General von Schleicher. I call him to task for all the resentment and discontent that has grown up in our ranks. This Government is irresolute and slow. If we let ourselves be made responsible for their doings, we shall lose all our chances. The "Reds" are growing arrogant in the face of the fact that the Government lets things slide.

General von Schleicher hardly knows what to say to all these remonstrances. But it seems improbable that any change will take place.

Minister of Interior, Von Gayl, is the first unsuitable appointment made by this Government. This pale æsthete is not the man to maintain order and security in these disturbed times. He must go. Otherwise the "Reds" will outgrow him and us beyond all measure. That fact has also to be taken into account in the electoral propaganda. It is up to us to remove ourselves as soon as possible out of compromising touch with these half-baked *bourgeois* politicians. Otherwise we are lost. I attack the Papen Cabinet in the *Angriff*. This is noticed by the Opposition with growing resentment.

The S.A. prohibition has not yet been cancelled. The Leader rings us up half a dozen times daily and is so furious at last that one only wishes the Government itself could overhear one of these 'phone conversations. Nothing remains but to go for them, hell for leather!

Speak to Goering in the evening. He had just been to see Von Gayl and receives the same impression of him as we all have done. Von Gayl is weak, irresolute, lacking initiative, and unwilling to assume responsibility. From fear of publicity he postpones the cancelling of the S.A. prohibition as long as possible. So away with him; oppose him! I agree with Goering in all essentials, and as to what should be done.

Strasser broadcasts. To my notion not aggressively enough.

The Opposition Press describes this speech as "politically clever." That really is the most damning verdict a man can imagine.

In the evening I enter a large restaurant in the Potsdamer Platz, accompanied by forty to fifty S.A. leaders wearing full uniform, in spite of the prohibition. This is done expressly to irritate the authorities. Our purpose is to get ourselves arrested by the police. We wish Von Gayl joy of the business. Such a scandal would perhaps rouse him out of his complacency.

Unfortunately the Alexanderplatz,[1] which has already rendered us many a good service, does not grant us this satisfaction. At midnight we proceed quite deliberately across the Potsdamer Platz and up Potsdamer Strasse. But nothing stirs. The policemen accord us a doubtful glance, and then turn shamefacedly away.

June 15th, 1932.

On my way to Frankfurt. The Cabinet has issued its first emergency decree. It is strongly capitalistic and

[1] Headquarters of the Berlin Police

specially hard on the poor. The only course left to us is to fight. Further toleration is out of the question.

We are off to the election campaign in Hesse. The journey thither from Frankfurt is extremely beautiful. To Nidda. The farmers are getting in the hay. They salute us from the fields with hands uplifted.

At Nidda they line up by thousands. It is unbearably hot. One continues making addresses, though, in spite of it.

I am staying right down in the country at a completely idyllic spot. The leaves of an oak rustle outside my window. I get to sleep at the break of a beautiful day.

June 16th, 1932.

Delightful ride straight through the Taunus. Wiesbaden-Mainz. Deliver an address at the overcrowded Stadion. To Bingen at top speed. There the audience consists almost exclusively of members of the Centre Party. I sharply attack that section of the clergy which concerns itself too much with politics.

On my way back at Frankfurt, visit the Leader, who is breaking his journey there. The S.A. prohibition has been cancelled. Now the prohibition of meetings must also be cancelled. It is typically *bourgeois* to do everything by halves, or too late. Nothing is improved by this. Things only get worse.

June 17th, 1932.

The delightful part of an election week like this is that during the day one can rest, sit in the sun, laze about and think. In the evening one attends meetings.

To Alsdorf. Great S.A. parade. Brown Shirts to the fore again after so long. A wonderful, stirring sight, which deeply affects one.

At Lauterbach the market-place is overcrowded. A few "Red" hecklers have stationed themselves in the background of the demonstration and rather spoil things with their shouting. Our leaders there are astonishingly slack. There is nothing for me to do but to give the District Leader a good blowing-up in front of everybody. Then I take a few stout-hearted S.A. men and soon make an end of the disturbance.

Here again is proof that a few people who stick together are worth more than a thousand who let themselves be bullied.

June 20th, 1932.

Saturday: Laze in the sun the whole day, discuss matters with Stahlhelmen, and say good-bye to this lovely interlude in the evening. It has been too beautiful for words.

At Langen the meeting ends in a skirmish. One of our companions is injured, but otherwise all goes off well.

As we pass through Meerfelden our car is bombarded with stones. The meeting at Gross-Gerau is marvellous. On our way back we run the gamut of "Red" demonstrations for twenty minutes. Although everybody shouts "Down with them," nobody recognizes us. All the better for us. The villages are all in a state of excitement. The Hessian election is over. Frankfurt—Fulda. As arranged, we meet the Leader's car ten kilometres from Fulda. Flashlights signal it from a distance. We are all glad that the effort is over. We snatch a picnic lunch as we are all famished, and then hurry on to Weimar.

When we arrive it is already daylight.

Sunday: We had for once hoped to have our sleep out to-day. But instead of our being able to do so, a girls' choir posts itself in front of the hotel at eight o'clock in the morning, by way of serenading us, and renders folk-songs with great enthusiasm. It isn't every one of us who is able to appreciate this rightly. The Leader and I each deliver a short address at the Weimar hall to the Party officials of Thuringen, and then go on towards Berlin.

Everywhere our Brown Shirts parade. The Leader is often recognized, when their enthusiasm knows no bounds.

Arrive at Caputh at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Leader stays till late in the evening. In between I speak at Hoppegarten and Adlershof.[1] At Adlershof the situation is rather dangerous as the Communists intend to make themselves nasty. But we know how to defend ourselves to the utmost.

By the time of my return to Caputh the result of the Hessian election has already come through. The number of our mandates has risen from twenty-seven to thirty-two. Although we have not reached a majority we can record a good success considering the enormous difficulties of which the chief is our working but half-heartedly with such a Cabinet.

Monday: Piles of work awaiting me. Dozens of con-

[1] Suburbs of Berlin.

ferences have to be held. Once more I write a cutting article against Von Gayl.

Submitted a manuscript to the radio, but have to alter so much, hardly anything of it remains. The gentlemen of the Chancellory suffice, in themselves, as news emitters.

They still hold that we ought to take the responsibility in Prussia upon ourselves. But the Leader strictly declines to do so. He has an interview with Von Gayl, who promises him to call the provinces to order. He who would give any credence to this deserves a medal.

June 22nd, 1932.

Tuesday: Have an afternoon with the Leader at Caputh. The Prussian question is settled at last; we are not going to take the responsibility of it. We want power, but we are still in the midst of the fight to get it. Quite an array of our adherents cannot yet see our point. But the future will prove it right. The Leader remains inexorable in this matter.

Wednesday: Discussed propaganda with the Leader. A subject always speedily handled as the Leader has such a fine instinct and absolutely unerring feeling for propaganda. It is going to be a tremendous struggle.

News comes through that Severing wishes to resign. He would like to shuffle off responsibility. Reason enough for us not to take it from him. Some of us are of opinion that we ought to compromise with the Centre Party in Prussia. We oppose this false conclusion with all our might.

Kerrl is definitely elected President of the Landtag. The Presidency is unpolluted with Marxism.

The conference of the provinces ends in compromise; Von Gayl has proved to be the weakling we held him for.

The Bolshevist reign of blood is assuming unbearable proportions. The Government remains completely inactive against it. Nothing remains for us to do but to defend ourselves.

The Leader has left for Nuremberg.

I am composing a fine diatribe for the next Sportpalast meeting. There I shall get my indignation off my chest.

June 23rd, 1932.

Little profitable work is being done in the Landtag. But one's presence is necessary lest the "Reds" put us into an awkward corner by an unforeseen division. Time there is uselessly frittered away. One lounges in the corridors and, at best, takes part in a few discussions. Parliamentary procedure is an organized political "much ado about nothing."

At the Sportpalast in the evening. Here indeed there is quite a different atmosphere. The Sportpalast is the great political platform of the capital, and we have made it into what it now is. There is something quite unique about it. When one enters it on an overcrowded occasion one is immediately affected, as it were, by the mass emotional content of the place.

This evening it is filled with excited people standing shoulder by shoulder. An enormous enthusiasm has them in sway. They all feel that the time is critical. The band strikes up and the dear old flags and uniforms march in again.

To address such an audience is a real treat. One forgets time and space. I speak for two and a half hours or more, and launch attack after attack against the Cabinet. It all ends with prolonged cheering.

Von Gayl ought now to be ripe for his fall.

A strange experience to leave the seething ocean of humanity at the Sportpalast, drive through the wildly cheering crowd in the Potsdamerstrasse, and to find oneself sitting in the quiet of one's home a few minutes later. One arrives late and tired, and tumbles into bed like the dead.

Before dropping off to sleep I read in the papers that the Communists have erected barricades at Moabit. The revolvers and machine-pistols are all the go again. The "Red front" is returning the right answer to Von Gayl. If this sort of man was in office for a year Germany would be ripe for a Bolshevist revolution.

We must dissociate ourselves from them as soon as possible, otherwise we too will be dragged into the whirlpool of their shipwreck. This is especially necessary in the election. Otherwise people would not know what to make of our integrity.

June 24th, 1932.

The Landtag is dying of its own tediousness. We must not take part in this parliamentary business. The experienced members of the Middle Parties conduct it better than this. We are not to be beaten on our own ground. But the moment the others lure us over to theirs we begin to stumble. It is an especially delicate matter dealing with

experts. He is always considered an expert who knows a thing inside and out, who can prove his case by figures, dates, and statistics. But he knows so much he generally overlooks essentials, and in principle he is open to manifold errors.

My speech at the Sportpalast has provoked storms of indignation in the *bourgeois* Press. Jewish journalism is in a cleft stick. On the one hand it would like to pin us down to the present Government and its doings, and on the other play the old game of accusing us of blind radicalism. That, too, is no longer feasible.

Deliver an address at two overcrowded meetings at Wittenberg in the evening. The mob creates an uproar outside, and serious disturbances immediately ensue.

The Government is still debating, however, whether National Socialism ought to be treated differently to Communism. The same night in the editorial office we discuss making a strong attack on the Berlin Vice-President of Police, Isidor Weiss. His downfall has to be compassed by all means. I have been fighting him for six years. For every Berlin National Socialist he represents "the System." Once he goes the System will not be able to hold out much longer.

The Landtag resolves to appoint a commission of inquiry about him. We dub it the "Chicago Commission."

Vengeance is a judgment to be appreciated in cold blood.

June 25th, 1932.

Every day heaps of letters arrive full of threats, insults and blackmail. Most of them, as would appear from their style and jargon, have been indited by Jews. Only a Hebrew makes use of such abuse. Between the lines one detects a thirst for revenge like that of the Old Testament.

We have composed placards, which, unless they are forbidden, will turn the entire city upside down. The Headquarters of the Police have "killed" the *Angriff* for five days as the result of our attack on Weiss. He is obviously in difficulties, and does what he can to save what little prestige he still enjoys.

Is Herr von Gayl still Minister of Interior? If so, what does he intend to do in the case of *Angriff?*

We enter a protest against it, but this is only a formality.

The "Red" terror is increasing to an intolerable extent. Our men are in despair. A violent explosion may break out at any moment. We are completely powerless to do anything about it, if it does.

Bavaria objects to the cancelling of the prohibition to hold demonstrations. Those smug religionists would prefer to see us defencelessly delivered up to the murderous "Reds." The more of us are done away with the less difficulties we can put in the way of the Bavarian People's Party.

At noon we bury our murdered comrade, Koester, in a churchyard outside Berlin. Our S.A. men are pale with rage and indignation. Every one feels that something has to be done. I express all the hatred and rage that weighs upon my heart. Ten thousand people listen with boundless resentment.

Back home and to the writing-table. Write placards and proclamations in the hot haste of my anger. Speak in the evening to overcrowded meetings at Schlachtensee, Grünau, and in Frankfurter Allee. The workmen are always the best audiences. There is still so much endurance in them.

On the drive home through out-of-the-way, empty streets one espies files of "Red" murderers slinking along by the walls of houses in the darkness of night. Who may it be who will have to pay with his life, this time? It is enough to drive one mad; one dare not let one's thoughts dwell on it.

A group of S.A. men coming from the funeral is fired upon from out of the *Vorwärts*[1] building. Two seriously injured. So it has come to this already! And a National Cabinet stands at the head of the Reich!

June 26th, 1932.

The columns of the Reichsbanner are marching past my window to the Stadion. Herr Loebe is speaking there. The bandits station themselves in front of the house and emit yells and cat-calls until a few of the S.S. men stationed within make a sudden rush, and soon put a stop to the uproar.

Speak at Potsdam and Reinickendorf in the afternoon. At Reinickendorf the meeting involves a certain amount of danger. The "Red" mob has blocked the surrounding streets, so that it is difficult to reach the meeting-hall. But we have so thoroughly well learned how to deal with a situation of this sort in Berlin during the last six years, that little stops us now.

[1] A "Red" paper.

To Munich by night train with Helldorf and Heines. We talk over the serious situation in Berlin. Civil war smoulders there. At any moment it might burst out. We must be on the *qui vive* and watch over the safety of the Party with the utmost vigilance and, in a given case, seize the power.

June 27th, 1932.

Short night's rest. Munich. The election campaign is prepared. Outline it, generally, to the District Leaders. After a short conference every one repairs to work again.

The Government Press in Bavaria has falsified my Sportpalast speech in the most insolent manner, and turned it into an attack in the worst possible taste against the Bavarian people. It need not be mentioned that Herr Held has just as little to do with the Bavarian people as the moon with green cheese. I write a sharp reply to the sallies of the Bavarian Press.

The preparations for the great election campaigns are so far finished, that we need only to press the button to set the avalanche in motion.

Strasser has adroitly managed to finesse the Party. He believes he can direct things into a new course by changes in the organization. But all this is too clever to be successful. Every attempt to disintegrate the Party, or to remodel its structure, will be frustrated by the loyalty to the Leader of all its members. Nevertheless, it is our duty to keep watch. In any case, the Leader can rely upon us all.

Strasser delivers an address to the District Leaders in the afternoon. He takes up the attitude of a "good fellow."

As usual he makes a depressing effect. Then the Leader comes and speaks. He is strongly opposed to the Bavarian Separatism. In the question of the unity of the Reich he has tremendous ideas for the future. He confronts the Bavarian People's Party with out watchword for the election: "For the Germany People, Unity; and for the Reich, Strength and Force."

Afterwards, I have a short conference with him. The effect of this is that one goes away strengthened and refreshed, as always. On our way home in the evening I have another good talk with Helldorf on the subject of the measures to be taken in Berlin against the "Red" terror. We are not going to let ourselves be senselessly butchered. If no other way offers, we shall present the Government with accomplished facts

June 29th, 1932.

The *Angriff* sustains the fight against Isidor Weiss. But that thick-skinned fellow impudently sticks to his post. In the evening I hold a last general meeting of the administrators for the election.

Off we go!

July 1st, 1932.

Once more eternally on the move. Work has to be done standing, walking, driving, flying. The most urgent conferences are held on the stairs, in the hall, at the door, or on the way to the station. It nearly drives one out of one's senses. One is carried by train, motor car and aeroplane criss-cross through Germany. One arrives at a town half an hour before the beginning of a meeting or sometimes even later, goes up to the platform and speaks.

The audience generally has no idea of what the speaker has already gone through during the day before he delivers his address in the evening. Many of them, surely, imagine that he has nothing to do but make speeches! They misjudge him if he is tired or not quite in form. They regret that his oration leaves something to be desired, that he is not particularly witty, and that his choice of words is not happy. And in the meantime he is struggling with the heat, to find the right word, with the sequence of a thought, with a voice that is growing hoarse, with unfortunate acoustics, and with the bad air that reaches him from the tightly packed audience of thousands of people. And then some bright pen-pusher, stuck in some obscure corner at the meeting, making an occasional jotting, presumes the next day (with a warning forefinger) to regret that the speaker lacked his accustomed fire! The critic has never observed this brilliance when it was present, but never fails to draw attention to its absence.

To Hamburg by train. From Hamburg to Kiel on bad roads in a prehistoric car. The only satisfaction is the chance of having a two hours' talk with honest Schleswig-Holstein partisans.

At Kiel the whole town displays our flags. The large hall is packed with fifteen thousand people. The heat is tremendous, and one has to pull oneself together lest one should break down in the middle of the speech. To take and hold occasionally a bowl of crushed ice in both feverish hands is helpful. After the address is over, one feels as if one had just been dragged fully clothed out of a hot bath.

Then one gets into the car and has another two hours' drive over rough by-roads back to Altona.

One gets there at two o'clock at night, talks over urgent party matters with the Altona members, and travels back to Berlin again at six in the morning. It shortens the long journey pleasantly if a fellow passenger should initiate a chat.

In Berlin one pounces on the morning and midday papers. The Cabinet is doing us more harm daily, and costing us millions of votes. The "Reds" have cleverly managed to make us responsible for Papen's emergency edicts. To make matters worse, the Herrenclub issues a circular, in which they pompously declare that the Leader endorses and approves the Cabinet's measures.

The thing is published in the *Vorwärts*.

If that is not enough to drive one wild! We drudge our life out, slave all night, exhaust our lungs, shrink from no hardships, and these fine gentlemen destroy everything with a single blunder!

It's no good to bark unless you bite. I immediately instruct our Press brusquely to reject the indiscretion of the Herrenclub, without a moment's consideration.

We shall have to fight our way out of this tight corner at all costs. We must not remain in an ambiguous situation.

Herr von Gayl demands of the Prussian Minister of Interior, Severing, the prohibition of the *Vorwärts* and *Kölnische Volkszeitung*. Severing refuses to comply with this request. Von Gayl takes the refusal lying down. That's an "authoritative" Government!

In a few days' time the election campaign will be in full swing. Four difficult weeks lie ahead. A secret circular of the Socialists has fallen into our hands. According to this we may expect all kinds of things.

On the way back to the office from the Lehrter Bahnhof, it occurs to a high-spirited Socialist M.P. violently to insult us in the open street. He receives a good box on the ears, which seems to have a sobering effect.

The *Angriff* is celebrating its five years' jubilee. Its reminiscences are full of wit and good-humour. We have never lost our morale all that time; but what an enormous amount of work, worry and trouble lies buried in this half-decade! We need not be ashamed of the struggle.

Our position is obviously deteriorating—through the blessed activities of this Government. We are already forced into an attitude of defence. This is so unfamiliar to us we hardly know how to maintain it.

We must do all in our power to reverse affairs.

We must attack, then we shall succeed.

July 2nd, 1932.

We have to collect our S.A. in self-defence. It is impossible to go on like this. With diabolical insolence the "Red" murder columns fall upon our comrades. At Wedding we had one killed and ten seriously injured again. The hospitals refuse to take in our wounded. We have erected our own infirmaries, but lack the necessary funds to keep them suitably equipped.

It is a daily dread lest one or another of the Groups loses its head and drops a spark into the powder. The situation is strained to breaking-point. The Government hardly lends us any support whatever.

Dictate the matter for six posters. They set out our policy in the election.

An especially exposed division of Storm Troopers is stationed in the Schöneberger Ameise. As "the terror" is growing unbearable it decides, late in the evening, to launch a counter-attack. Every evening this restaurant is fired upon by "Red" riflemen. Its inoffensive frequenters cannot understand what for. We must do all in our power to avoid a universal conflagration.

July 3rd, 1932.

Great S.A. parade at Dessau. During the inspection we count 20,000 Brown Shirts. The resplendent brightly coloured field is flooded with sunshine. In the afternoon the columns defile past; two hours of eternal marching; splendid human material, tall, fair, the best of our German youth. Despite the unbounded provocation these young men endure, they preserve an incredible and admirable discipline. With them one can achieve a revolution.

A wonderful sight, after so long a time, once more to see these brown battalions marching by.

The whole town assembles in the evening on the great Common, where the festivals are held; and in the midst of the inhabitants stand these 20,000 brown soldiers. It is a pleasure to address them.

We take our time motoring back to Berlin through the Flaeming, enveloped by the peace and solitude of this quiet drive.

One longs for one thing only—for the election campaign to come to an end, and so to be one's self again.

July 5th, 1932.

Did nothing for two days but dictate posters, handbills, and articles until I was thoroughly exhausted. Then a speech for the Radio, "National Character as a foundation of National Culture." With this Government one has to go like a cat on hot bricks. Every outspoken word is forbidden; one must not call a spade a spade.

July 7th, 1932.

Arrange what action we shall take against the "Red" terror with Count Helldorf.

The Minister of the Interior, Von Gayl, has prohibited the S.A. from marching up the Unter den Linden, as the Communists would have to be allowed a like privilege.

What a point of view! We shall inveigh heftily against it in the next few days in the Lustgarten.[1]

In the afternoon we bear the murdered S.A. man, Steinberg, to his grave. Affecting scenes in the churchyard. Immediately afterwards I assemble my colleagues and indicate hostility to Von Gayl. The marching in the Lustgarten will confirm it.

July 8th, 1932.

The Leader arrives in Berlin, accompanied by his staff. At home we thoroughly discuss the situation. He is most indignant at the irresponsible negligence with which the Minister, Von Gayl, lets things slide. He agrees with my action against him. So now battle can be joined.

We feel as if a great weight had been taken off our minds. As long as we were trying to compromise we were not comfortable. But since we are free to fight and attack once more, the sky is clearing again.

My proclamation against Von Gayl explodes like a bomb. I suppose in the Wilhelmstrasse they had expected us to look on like lambs without as much as stirring a finger.

The Conference at Lausanne[2] has ended in failure. We have obtained hardly any positive results. We shall only be successful in foreign politics when the entire nation backs our claims.

[1] Square in the centre of Berlin, where demonstrations are generally held.

[2] In June, 1932, a Conference was held at Lausanne, when the German War Debt was assessed at four and a half million marks. Von Papen was there.

The workmen have assembled at the Sportpalast. It is heartening to make a speech in that place.

The Leader went to see General Schleicher. He clearly exposed to him all the shortcomings of the policy of this Cabinet. The Wilhelmstrasse now realizes we have gone into opposition and mean to attack.

July 10th, 1932.

With Dr. Dietrich, our Chief of Press for the Reich, arrange for the whole National Socialist Press to be brought into line with election activities. In this contest everyone must pull together. Until the die is cast the Press is to serve nothing but the ends of propaganda.

My attack against Von Gayl has not been without effect. The Press is catching the idea.

Row with the Ministry of Interior on account of my speech over the Radio. If I struck out all they wish, nothing remains worth saying.

One hundred thousand people in the Lustgarten. Every inch of room is taken up. Excitement reaches boiling-point. Count Helldorf is the first speaker. He at once comes to the point with a vengeance. Sharply attacks Von Gayl. I then harp on the same string and get in a thrust at the whole Cabinet. The proclamation of war is seized upon by the crowd with unparalleled enthusiasm.

This huge demonstration of the masses has knocked off our fetters. Now we have shaken free of milk-and-water politics we can take our own line again.

Spoke in three suburbs in the evening. After the giant demonstration in the Lustgarten the Party is in excellent spirits. We are on the offensive again. A National Socialist only feels himself when he is at liberty to make a fight of it. I note this especially during my visits to a few S.A. premises. Our boys are quite beside themselves. One could go horse stealing with them!

July 11th, 1932.

Endless drive into the Rheinland. One night in my old home[1] and then a delightful day. Sun, air, and S.A. on the march everywhere

I stroll through the places where I was formerly engaged. Youthful reminiscences!

[1] At Rheydt.

July 12th, 1932.

We fight our way through the seething mob at Düsseldorf and Elberfeld. A wild trip! We had no idea that the situation would turn out to be so serious. Innocuous, we drive into Hagen quite openly, uniformed, and in an open car. The streets are swarming. Full of the mob and Communist rabble. They block the thoroughfare so that we can neither advance nor go back. There is nothing for it but to drive straight ahead at full speed and give them to understand we don't care a fig for them! We dash straight through. Each of us has his revolver ready and is decided to pay for his life, if needs be, as dearly as possible.

But here also audacity carries the day. The noisiest brawlers disperse the moment the car starts. And then we drive on through the streets with increasing speed. Policemen stand about, with their hands in their pockets, indifferently. When we ask them the whereabouts of our meeting-place their only answer is a shrug of the shoulders. It is a miracle that we get through unhurt.

The meeting-place lies on a hill with a wood in the background. The Communists have ingeniously set fire to this wood, so that the holding of the meeting is rendered impracticable. But speeches are delivered, in spite of this. The enemy is not to have the fun of beating us. Ten thousand are present on the hill-side. Our S.A. men blanch with rage.

As we drive off we are followed by a bombardment of stones. We manage to leave the town by roundabout ways. The drive into Düsseldorf is attended with a certain amount of danger and difficulty. But again we manage to force our way to the machine-hall. There 15,000 people are already waiting. Drive from Düsseldorf to Krefeld. Here 40,000 stand in the open till after midnight waiting for an address and an explanation of the situation.

At two o'clock in the morning one tumbles into bed like the dead.

July 13th, 1932.

The "Red" campaign of murder is raging throughout the country. The Government is inactive.

Seventeen killed in a few days! What the outcome of that will be is sufficiently obvious.

This election in midsummer is disastrous to the health of the speakers. It is to be doubted whether they can go on with it.

The Government has the best of it. It remains quietly in Berlin, but we have to go stumping the country trying, more or less, to patch up its blunders.

Gelsenkirchen 15,000, Essen 15,000, Dortmund 20,000. I am quite hoarse already.

The example of Hagen has been a warning to us. Now we drive through the country in plain clothes only. We are continually passing groups of Communists lying in ambush. It is hardly possible to get into Dortmund. We have to travel by secondary roads so as not to fall into the hands of the "Reds," who have blocked all principal thoroughfares.

Again one sinks into bed, dead-beat.

July 14th, 1932.

A drive through the Ruhr[1] is attended with the risk of life. First we go to Elberfeld. We take a strange car, as our Berlin number is already known and noted everywhere. At Elberfeld the "Red" Press has called the mob into the street. The roads leading to the Stadion are completely blocked. Only owing to the fact that our car is taken for a harmless private car, are we able to get through.

Take yet another car after the speech. From Elberfeld to Oberhausen with two accompanying cars full of men tall as lamp-posts. Again the mob blocks the streets. But it is dark already, so we manage to slip through. On to München-Gladbach with strong escort. The Commune has billed it everywhere (illegally) that we shall not come off alive. The threat has been made so often it holds no terrors for us.

Late at night I hold a long conference with the District Leaders of the Ruhr. There, open civil war is raging. A catastrophe is inevitable unless something is done about it at once.

A few innovations in the organization have to be made if the Party is to be able to defend itself efficiently.

July 15th, 1932.

In front of the hotel the "Red" mob is howling. The police refuse to intervene as they do not consider it their duty to protect politicians in opposition to the Government. That is how things are in Germany.

If it were possible, one would like to take Herr von Gayl by the ear, deposit him in the midst of the howling rabble,

[1] Beautiful valley of the Ruhr: great mining district.

and loudly announce: "Gentlemen, this is Herr von Gayl!" Perhaps that would wake him up!

There is nothing left for us to do but to fetch reinforcements of our troopers and have the street cleared. That, of course, is not achieved without bruises. Our men are passionately incensed. I have to clear out of my native town like a criminal. Sworn at and insulted, spat at, and showered with stones.

The Stadion at Cologne is full up. It is pouring steadily. That seems to have sobered the Communists.

At Bonn our partisans have erected a large tent which holds 10,000 people. It is more agreeable to speak there.

I do not reach Coblenz before 1.30 a.m. Two halls there are overcrowded; here, too, the speeches last till three o'clock. The audience staunchly holds out.

Back to Berlin without stopping. In a small village on the way we hale a good-natured innkeeper out of bed and I am allowed to change in his parlour.

He gives us sandwiches, soda and milk, and with these provisions we hurry on. Straight on through the Siegerland. Just before we reach Paderborn the day breaks.

Dead-tired, we go on without stopping to Berlin. We chew coffee beans to keep ourselves up.

Arrive at Berlin at five in the afternoon.

At eight I am already on the platform of the Sportpalast delivering an address.

But one longs for only one thing: sleep, sleep, sleep!

July 16th, 1932.

In Greater Berlin raised 55,000 marks for the election campaign. So now we can set to work.

The *Angriff* banned again. The "Red" murder campaign is still raging. The moment we defend ourselves the Jewish Press makes a fuss. It is a miracle that no explosion is brought about. Addresses at Lichterfelde, Lichtenrade, and Neutempelhof in the evening. One has to steel oneself to go on. If one paused for a moment, one would be done for.

July 17th, 1932.

By car to Wittenberge. It is pouring with rain. Drenched to the skin, one ends one's first speech. We have dinner with the farmers. On our way to Rathenow we are met with disconcerting rumours of threatening disturbance.

But we meet a few lorries full of S.A. men, whose businesslike demeanour causes the Communist forces to beat a retreat into side-streets. Potsdam is an idyll in comparison with Rathenow. A dreamy retreat, every stone marked by tradition.

Work till late at night. Terrible news from Altona. The Communist assault our S.A. on the march in an organized attack. Fifteen dead and fifty seriously injured. That is open civil war. When will Government intervene?

July 18th, 1932.

We send envoys to General Schleicher. The Government is completely inactive. Its only answer to the "bloody Sunday" at Altona is to issue a prohibition to hold further meetings. This means, for example, that women are not to frequent the streets in any numbers, so that those inclined to commit indecent assaults, forsooth, should not be tempted to offend. This Government punishes good and bad, decent folk and ne'er-do-wells, supporters of State and destroyers of State, with the same stupid and thoughtless severity. A hopeless case! If it were not for us the German Nation would be condemned to death.

This Government attacks us because the Communists fire at us. It forbids our demonstrations because the destroyers of the State and of civilization might be upset thereby.

The whole System is a miserable farce. "What is about to fall should be knocked down," well applies to it.

Speak for the first time over the Radio. But I feel somehow the speech is not effective. The censor appointed by the Ministry of Interior has maimed it. One cannot fly without wings, nor can one bite without teeth.

I prefer speaking at Steglitz, Helensee and Neukölln in the evening. There the halls are overcrowded, and the audience in stout fighting trim.

The Communist Party is planning great things, and is making its preparations openly. In the north and north-east quarters of Berlin every child in the street knows all about them. But the news does not seem to have reached the ears of the Wilhelmstrasse yet.

July 19th, 1932.

The political situation grows more and more threatening every hour. We are obliged to hold conferences daily because the situation is in hourly flux.

Motor out to Cottbus in the afternoon, Goering, Röhm, and I. We wait for the Leader, who is coming by aeroplane to speak there. The whole situation is discussed in a short conference. There is no other way out than to appoint a State Commissioner in Prussia. Dr. Bracht of Essen is designated. Although it is only a half-measure, it at least amounts to something.

The Leader's determination is inexhaustible. He really remains undaunted in the midst of all crises and dangers.

The whole evening we drive through the lovely romantic forest of the Spree. After eleven I still make three speeches in Berlin, in spite of the wild threats of the Commune at Spandau.

July 20th, 1932.

Everything goes off according to plan. Bracht is appointed Commissioner of the Reich. Severing declares that he will only yield to force. We have only to press the button. That would be to declare an exceptional situation in Berlin Brandenburg. Grzesinski, Weiss and Heimannsberg arrested. They tender a cowardly resignation and are thereupon released. In the capital all remains quiet. Only have to threaten the "Reds" and they keep quiet. The Socialists and Trade Unions do not stir a finger. The Reichswehr holds itself in readiness, but there is no need of its intervention. With a small circle of friends we outline the desires Bracht is to comply with. But we feel like a pack of children at Christmas; they wish for lots of things and only get a few, and often what they didn't want.

I give orders against all eventualities in the district. The S.A. is on the alert.

I have to leave again with a heavy heart. At Treuenbrietzen, in a small inn, we hear broadcasted the news of the suspension of the Prussian Government. We can note on the spot how the population reacts to it. Everyone feels it to be a deliverance. Peace and order reign throughout the country.

Deliver a short address at Apolda. Then at Jena, to a packed hall. A dash to Gotha. The Communists have held their great demonstration at Erfurt, and now for a full hour before getting to Weimar, we drive past marching groups of Communist demonstrators. We are in constant anxiety lest we be recognized.

Abuse is hurled at us from all quarters, but only about the car, not against its occupants. Ten kilometres before

Gotha a group of men blocks the road and holds us up. We believe the decisive moment has already come. A man steps up to the car. We recognize his uniform. It is a major of the Police Force, who asks: "Dr. Goebbels?" "Yes!" "Heil Hitler!" comes the answer promptly. An honest Thuringian partisan this, who has driven to meet us with a detachment of policemen to clear the way for us!

The square in front of the castle at Gotha is filled with a seething ocean of people.

We drive back again immediately after the speech. Again, through endless groups of Communists till we are nearly in sight of Weimar. At five o'clock we are back in Berlin. At this moment the Reichswehr marches into the capital, with armoured cars and machine-guns. A reassuring sight.

The situation is good. Peace and order safeguarded. There is no longer fear of immediate danger.

July 21st, 1932.

Everything goes smoothly. The "Reds" are done away with. Their organizations offer no resistance. The *Acht-Uhr Abendblatt* is suppressed. A few police and lord-lieutenants are removed from their posts. The general strike is suppressed. Although rumours are afloat of an impending insurrection of the Reichsbanner, all this is only childish nonsense.

The "Reds" have let slip their opportunity. It will never occur again.

Our organization is perfect. Everybody now works with redoubled enthusiasm.

Short trip to Zwickau, Chemnitz and Freiberg. I address about 120,000 people in a single evening. Back again the same night.

"The Reds" are quite tame. But inwardly they are foaming with rage.

July 22nd, 1932.

Our Propaganda is working splendidly. The red placards on the hoardings make a great stir.

The parties of the left have wasted their powder too soon. We on the other hand have husbanded our munition, sighted our propaganda guns, and stand in readiness.

Draw up a list of the rabble that has to be removed in Prussia. A few papers are being suppressed here and there. Some of us are afraid of Government doing too much, so

that there will be nothing left for us to do. We must wait and not distribute laurels in advance.

At the Tennishallen in the evening the police are remarkably civil.

How things have changed in a trice!

July 24th, 1932.

I retire to Caputh for a day, to work in peace. Finish late in the evening. Return to Berlin with settled plans. To Augsburg by aeroplane at noon next day. Address the vast crowd there. Back in Berlin three hours later and speak at Schöneberg and Wedding the same evening.

July 27th, 1932.

Hannover and Bremen.

Spend the night in a lonely inn on a wide heath. This quiet is a boon to the weary. Drive through Hamburg and Altona next afternoon. Both cities are strongly "Red." Will it ever be possible to make a change here?

Cuxhaven. Back to Altona. An hour's sleep.

Berlin. Things look as if they might be getting serious during the next few days. We must be prepared to leave home if necessary and go elsewhere.

Late in the evening the Leader addresses an audience of 120,000 at the Grunewald Stadion. The greatest open-air demonstration ever held by the Movement. He is greeted with indescribable ovations.

Prolonged conference afterwards. The Leader is filled with a steady distrust of this Cabinet. In any case, it is best to let caution guide us.

July 28th, 1932.

Fighting the last battle against falsehood.

Our nerves will soon be done for. If Government had been wise this election campaign would have only lasted four weeks, and everything would have been over long ago.

Stolp and Colberg. A breath of sea air. Next morning the holiday-makers sit dozing on the beach. Lucky people! They can read what goes on in the world in the papers. We have to rush back to Berlin through the pouring rain. There our red placards are flaming from the Litfassäulen.[1] National Socialism leads.

Things are looking bad. The S.A. is ready for an alarm.

[1] Round advertisement pillars on the pavements, so-called from their originator. But often translated by the word "hoardings."

Bracht has issued sharp confidential orders to the police against us. So this may be the beginning.

The election campaign has reached its climax. My work is done, so to speak. Now the machine can run alone.

July 29th, 1932.

The end grows near. But our strength is at an end also.

Speak at Weissensee. The "Reds" post a villainous placard against the Leader. I present a petition to Police Headquarters, and ascertain to my astonishment that the same officers of the Criminal Department who have fought against us for years are now fighting the Marxist peril. I make a hell of a row. But these guardians of the public are not easily put out. A Communist detachment is under examination at the moment. It is laughable how the officials allow their legs to be pulled by these fellows.

There still is something left for us to do.

Finish off with Siemensstadt. The last electoral address. Speak as best one may. There is a no more delightful experience than to fall into bed after such contest, with the knowledge that no alarum clock will buzz next morning, and that one can have one's sleep out at last!

July 30th, 1932.

Saturday is a holiday. Motor to the Teupitzsee all by myself, sit there quietly in an easy chair the whole afternoon and rest. It is a great relief.

When I get back in the evening the gigantic city is not yet out of the throes of the election.

To-morrow the result will be out.

An attempt on the Leader's life at Nuremberg has fortunately miscarried. He was entirely unhurt.

July 31st, 1932.

First record my vote, and then leave at once for Munich. At the Brown House in the evening. Indescribable hubbub. Result: two hundred and thirty mandates. We have gone back a bit in Berlin, due to the "Reds'" campaign of lies. Consequence: our coming to power more necessary than ever. We have gained some votes since the last presidential election. That is rather astonishing, considering the politics of the Government. But for the moment it is impossible to make head or tail of it all. It is the Leader's task to do that, and there is time enough for that.

We think of nothing but that the election is over. We will allow ourselves now a few days' rest and enjoy them to the full, and be a normal creature again.

The situation seems to show that we can only achieve anything under the parliamentary system in union with the Zentrum. This party would be the touchstone. They would handcuff us and try to tame us down. We will have to be extremely wary and trust no one but ourselves. Things will not be made easy for us.

But we are still on the spot ourselves, and can always act by ourselves.

It is for the Leader to decide the future policy of the Party.

August 1st, 1932.

At Königsberg an S.A. man was attacked by the "Reds." The day before the election a Communist cut his throat with a razor in broad daylight, in the middle of the street. The S.A. man died immediately.

The next day bombs explode and pistols go off at Königsberg. Two Communist leaders are shot in the street. This is the only way to bring the "Reds" to their senses: they are impressed by nothing less. We shall see more of this kind of thing in the near and remoter future. The timid *bourgeois,* of course, cannot understand that. They will only be brought to their senses when Bolshevism sets fire to their homes.

The result of the election in Berlin is better than I had expected. We have only lost 11,000 votes, considering that 100,000 voting-papers have gone adrift, due to people being away in the summer. So we have practically not only maintained our average, but bettered it, and that in spite of the campaign of lies instituted against us.

The expenses of the election are liquidated at the Headquarters of Propaganda at Munich. Everything has gone off in perfect order. Most of the members of the staff must take a holiday, as they are thoroughly overworked.

Go to hear the *Meistersinger* in the evening. A perfect performance. The giant Wagner stands so high above all modern musical nonentities that it is unworthy of his genius for them to be compared to him. As the great "Awake" Chorus begins you feel the stimulation in your blood. Germany, too, will soon feel the same, and be called to an awakening.

We *must* attain to Power! We will have a short breathing

space, to consolidate our position, but then it will be "Power! And what we make of it!"

We must not be in two minds about it. Either sharpest opposition, or the power. A middle course is hopeless. The Social Democrats are a warning example of that.

In Berlin all is quiet.

August 2nd, 1932.

To Tegernsee in pouring rain. The Leader is already there. He has to come to difficult decisions. Are we to act legally? With the Zentrum? Unthinkable! The Berlin Press is making random guesses, but is groping completely in the dark.

The Leader deliberates on the matter with us, but does not strive at a final decision. The situation has to mature. It is better to presume from the beginning that our opponents will not tolerate us.

So, pay attention! On the other hand, the Party must not shirk difficult decisions. Something must be done.

Peace reigns once more at Königsberg. The reprisals seem to have had a sobering effect on the adversaries. The Berlin Press is agitating against us in an inexcusable manner. Possibly it will soon have reason to do so.

First we now rest after the exertions of the election, so as to be fit and strong when the decision is arrived at.

August 3rd, 1932.

Tristan at the Prinzregenten Theater. This music is so exquisite nothing can be compared with it. In this Wagner's genius for drama is particularly strong. He condenses this love tragedy into three acts so concise and striking that even without the music they would constitute genuine drama. The Munich Opera houses have conserved their tradition. Their acting is as perfect as their music.

August 4th, 1932.

Short discussion with the Leader; he has to go to Berlin to lay his demands before General Schleicher. He will not be too modest about them. We do not intend to be content with mere apportionment of power. I wonder whether the Wilhelmstrasse will give in? That's the all-important point.

The Leader leaves for Berlin, while we precede him to Berchtesgaden. Arrive in the middle of the night. We

only have *one* hope, that the Leader's star may be in the ascendant in Berlin. The whole nation is waiting for a sign. The terror in the Reich is steadily increasing. Where will it end if we are not able to put a stop to it?

August 5th, 1932.

The Königsee[1] is bathed in brilliant sunshine. When the dark rain-clouds gather over it in the afternoon, it subsides into deep melancholy.

As yet no news from Berlin. It is high time that something should be done. Terror upon terror. The Reich is on the eve of violent outbreaks. Efficient measures against it are highly necessary. Half-means can no longer be tolerated. New men, new ideas, fresh departures. We must presently get rid of conservatism; that is the most important thing next to the overthrow of Marxism.

August 6th, 1932

On the Obersalzberg with the Leader. The mountain ranges lie in crystalline sunshine.

We went over to Salzburg and enjoyed the baroque[2] beauty of this town. Here Mozart was born. Quite fitting that this event should have taken place here. The Leader tells us about his doings in Berlin: if one dare believe our opponents, the decision will be arrived at next week. The Leader insists on his appointment as Prime Minister and one of his partisans as Minister-President of Prussia. The Ministry of the Interior of the Reich and of Prussia, a newly-to-be-founded Ministry of Popular Education and Propaganda, and one of Agriculture and of Aeronautics, are to be handed over to me. Also the Ministry of Justice. A Cabinet of real men. If the Reichstag rejects an Enabling Bill[3] put forward by the Leader, it will be dissolved. Once we attain power we shall never relinquish it unless we are carried off dead. That is the only real solution. Our coming to power is the only way to get things properly done. We shall work like the devil to liquidate the dreadful inheritance we shall have to take over. One hardly dares realize

[1] Lake in Upper Bavaria.

[2] Baroque in Germany is a distinctive style. It is also called the architecture of the pig-tail period: very imposing and ornate in its own way.

[3] The Enabling Bill giving Hitler dictatorial power for four years, was accepted by the great majority of the Reichstag in March, 1933.

that we may actually be on the threshold now. It is as well to watch developments with reserve.

August 8th, 1932.

We are sitting high up on the mountain, a few hundred metres above Berchtesgaden, basking in the sun and resting after the fatigues of the campaign. It is astounding how quickly the Leader revives after the strain and the great exertion. He has indomitable vitality, nerves of steel, and is equal to every situation. No crisis overthows him.

'Phone call from Berlin. The air is full of presage. Especially so is our own Party, and the S.A. A messenger comes up with further news. The whole Party is ready to take over power. The S.A.[1] downs everyday tools to prepare for this. The political officials are preparing for the great hour. If things go well, everything is all right. If they do not, it will be an awful set-back.

We hold a discussion with the Leader until daybreak. The problems attendant upon siezing the reins of government are thoroughly talked out. We must be as wary as serpents. For once may a man stake his all on a single card, but this card must not be recklessly played. A new scheme for the education of the people is also discussed in detail. The idea is to gather all the means of influencing the nation into one hand. Propaganda must be raised to a political art. A Government derived from the people must never tolerate a go-between 'twixt it and the people. It must always be the first representative of the people.

That is a task for me. A vast field, the bounds of which are as yet beyond one's ken. Such a task is that of a lifetime, demanding a powerful intellect and the most modern technique on a grand scale to carry it out. In this connection the Leader propounds clear and new departures. Above all he grasps the essentials and fundamentals. He is a master of simplification, who envisages the most complicated problems in their elements, and who has the gift of being able clearly to convey his thoughts and intuitions to his colleagues. It is already daylight when we separate. The most important decision of the Leader is that all partisans entering the Civil Service of the State should remain connected with their posts in the Party. He, of course,

[1] The component members of Hitler's Storm Troops are ordinary people, pursuing ordinary avocations for the most part of their working day. They parade, and march, and act politically, only when called up to do so.

will also retain its Leadership, so that unity of State and Party is secured at the outset. State and Party have to merge into each other and form a new third Entity bearing our imprint.

August 9th, 1932.

Strasser, Frick and Funk are visiting the Leader. They have already been posted as to the foregoing. But after everybody has slept upon the matter, doubt invades everybody's mind, and the Leader in particular is convinced that further developments will entail great difficulties yet. We can only congratulate ourselves when power is really ours.

Thoroughly discussed the situation in Berlin with the Chief of Staff Röhm. Something must be done efficiently to check the growing Marxist terror. If the enemy is not intimidated, we shall soon be forced into the defensive, from which position there is no escape. The Chief of the Staff always contrives a way out of a tight corner.

'Phone call from Berlin: a new emergency regulation setting up martial law. Political murder is punished by death, and other political offences with penal servitude. Only a *bourgeois* Cabinet could devise such a measure. If we know the authorities and the Law Courts, it is our people who will he haled to the scaffold, and the Communists who will be let off free!

In Berlin the tension is increasing. The firm, guiding hand is lacking. High time for a new Government to take the reins.

August 10th, 1932

The Cabinet is tired of the struggle. Its rulings are halting and colourless. The S.A. is in readiness for an alarm and is standing to. This has made the Wilhelmstrasse very nervous, but that is exactly what we want. They will only give in to severe pressure. In the meantime our nerves are having a rest. That will be of great service to us when the row begins again. The Press is full of the most blatant lies. It drivels about antagonisms in the Party, and of disagreements having taken place between the Leader and his subordinates. We have many a good laugh over all this. The Leader publishes a sharp denial, which brings the campaign of defamation to an abrupt end.

A lovely evening closes in over the Obersalzberg. Falling stars shower down the sky like golden rain.

'Phone call from Berlin from an intermediary of the Government. The Wilhelmstrasse has again come to a different decision, and will now risk a bargain with us. The Leader coldly rebuffs them. There can no longer be any question of our recantation. They seem to count on the Party's growing weary.

The S.A. are closely concentrated around Berlin. The manœuvre is carried out with imposing precision and discipline.

The Wilhelmstrasse is to decide to-day. We shall either be in Opposition or in Power. In any case this solution must be reached, or there will be none at all.

August 11th, 1932

Leave Obersalzberg. It is hard to bid farewell to this lovely time. The Leader accompanies us to Berlin. The heat is so terrific that all pleasure in the beautiful scenery of the journey is destroyed.

One more short conference is held at Prien on the Chiemsee. A number of our leading partisans have assembled there, and the Leader once more talks over the whole political situation with us. Resistance in the Opposition camp is growing daily. They do not wish to have the Leader as Prime Minister, but this is an absolutely essential condition. We shall threaten them with the Zentrum. If they do not afford us opportunity to square accounts with Marxism, our taking over power is absolutely useless. To reckon on the Leader losing his nerve is futile considering what splendid health he is in. All subordinates agree with the Leader in all questions of strategy, and in essentials. He decides to go to Berlin, but to make himself scarce there.

Drive to Munich through the sultry heat of noon. Have a short rest at the Leader's house, and then back to Berlin by night train. The Leader follows by car.

August 12th, 1932

All is quiet in Berlin. The S.A. occupy their quarters. Up till now everything has gone off without a hitch. The men are eager to be on the go.

Give instructions to the editorial staff and the political administrators. Explain our tactics.

'Phone to and fro. First no and then yes from the Wilhelmstrasse. They shelter under lame subterfuges.

Wish the Leader to come to Berlin, but don't know how things should proceed if he did. The Chief of Staff went to see Schleicher and Papen, cautiously to find out how matters stand; he reports to me for the Leader on whose arrival this evening, and to whom, I am to explain the situation. Everyone declares that he, as far as he personally is concerned, is willing, but that everyone else is not! The Nationalists practise themselves in intrigues. They declare that there is no question of the Leader being elected in a Presidential Cabinet, as he is too firmly bound to the Party. They also try to get out of it with the fine excuse that he had promised to tolerate the Papen Cabinet.

The Leader is confronted with some difficult decisions on his arrival. Without full authority he cannot become master of the situation; minus this authority, he must resign; should he resign the Movement will be deeply discouraged, also its supporters at the polls. Should he decide to run this terrific risk, it is a proof of what immense courage he is possessed. And we have only one trump in our hand.

The Chief of Staff is astonishingly fit and in indomitably good spirits. In all his deliberations he shows himself to be clever, prudent, persevering and energetic.

The Wilhelmstrasse confronts its Sedan. If it blunders now, the evil consequences cannot be predicted.

Motor out to Caputh in the evening to await the Leader there. He arrives in the dark at ten o'clock. Nobody is to know that he is on the way to Berlin. I give him a detailed account of the conferences which have been going on. He is ready at once to assume the offensive. For him it is neck or nothing now.

He paces up and down the room and the terrace the whole evening. Visibly a struggle is going on within him. The decision which has to be arrived at on the morrow is of immense importance; it must be deeply considered from all points of view. Further developments will depend on his visit to the President of the Reich. Is the fruit of ten years' work ripe at last? None of us dare hope so. One has to be prepared for anything.

Be it as it may. Now we have only quietly to wait. We have some music, enjoy our reminiscences, and separate late in the evening. The Leader stays at Caputh for the night and intends to motor to Berlin with the Chief of Staff early next morning.

All depends upon whether Fate smiles on us, now, or not.

August 13th, 1932.

The Leader confers with Schleicher and Papen at noon. They try to persuade him to be content with the position as Vice-Chancellor. There is obviously the intention to wear him and the Party out. An impossible suggestion. The Leader is lost if he gives in to it. So it is out of the question. He flatly declines. Dr. Frick ardently seconds him. These conferences therefore remain fruitless. The opponents declare that they will leave the decision to the President of the Reich himself.

At noon we are at home in the Reichskanzlerplatz to await there coming events. The Leader is firm and resolute. Come what may, it is all-important that we maintain our composure.

Secretary of State Planck 'phones from the Chancellory at three o'clock in the afternoon. "Has a decision been arrived at already?" we demand. "If so, there is no point in the Leader's coming?" "The President of the Reich," Planck answers, "wants to see him first." Vague hope! The Leader, Dr. Frick and Chief of Staff Röhm drive to the conference with the President of the Reich. Waiting is torture. The Leader is back under half an hour. So it has ended in failure. Everything has been denied him. Papen is to remain Prime Minister and the Leader has to content himself with the position of Vice-Chancellor!

A solution leading to no result! It is out of the question to accept such a proposal. No alternative offers but to decline it. The Leader did so immediately. He fully envisages the consequences, like the rest of us. It will mean a hard struggle, but we shall triumph in the end.

An official account of the decisive conference erroneously states that the Leader had demanded to be invested with entire power. In reality he had only asked for the Chancellorship and had a right to do so. As this was denied him we go into opposition again. Whilst those present at the conference draw up the minutes, I write a biting demand once more urgently claiming our right to power.

In the back room the S.A. leaders assemble at the command of the Chief of Staff. The Leader and he outline matters to them pretty fully. Their task is the most difficult. Who knows if their units will be able to hold together. Nothing is harder than to tell a troop already sure of victory that this victory has come to naught!

A deadly task but one we have to go through with. There is no other way. The idea of the Leader as Vice-Chancellor

of a *bourgeois* Cabinet is too ludicrous to be treated seriously. Rather go on struggling for ten years more than accept this offer.

The Leader's imperturbability is admirable. He stands above all vacillations, hopes, vague ideas, and conjectures; a point of rest in a world of unrest.

The first game is lost.

The fight, then, goes on! The Wilhelmstrasse will give in in the end. There is no Cromwell in the Cabinet, and in the long run strength and tenacity win in spite of everything.

Hectic time of hard work in all the rooms till late at night. Reports are being drafted, speeches composed and proclamations dictated. Typewriters are rattling on every floor. A splendid instance of good team work. The Party is the stronger the worse things look. The Wilhelmstrasse will be astonished at how well we manage to survive this crisis. All kinds of possibilities are discussed. For the moment no decision can be arrived at. At least *one* thing is certain: this Cabinet will have no majority in the Reichstag. That would not amount to much, of course, if it could rely on the support of the people, but that is not the case. A dictatorship supported by bayonets will end in chaos. This playing with fire may have serious results.

General Schleicher does his best to avoid burning his bridges. That quite fits into his character.

After the initial consternation is passed we pull ourselves together. The Leader had never for a moment lost his composure. At Caputh, the evening before, he again and again emphasized the fact that the situation was as yet not ripe. Only he was justified.

He leaves Berlin late at night and returns to Obersalzberg. He will need strong resisting power during the next few weeks. In front of the house a huge crowd has gathered who cheer him enthusiastically. Again and again the cry is heard: "Adolf, hold on!" We shall even ually unhorse the Opposition! The Chief of Staff stays with us for a long while. He is extremely worried about the S.A. He has the most disagreeable task to take in hand. But we will all assist him, and where there's a will there's a way.

At midnight all is over. The commotion has died down. I fall back on the letters of Frederick the Great.

August 14th, 1932.

Heiligendamm. The Baltic Sea stretches far in brilliant sunshine. Lovely leisure!

The events in Berlin have repercussions even here. Deep despondency besets the Party.

I hesitate to leave my room as I am at once besieged with a hundred questions. I want to abjure politics for a week, and long only to sun myself and relax in the fresh air.

August 15th, 1932.

In Berlin everything is quiet. The Leader's decision is variously estimated. I had a conversation with a prominent member of German industry. He is convinced that the Wilhelmstrasse will give in sooner than we imagine.

Wild rumours are being spread all over the country.

August 16th, 1932.

Granzow conferred with Papen, who does not wish to sever connections with the Leader. He regrets the whole development of affairs, full as it was of tragic misunderstanding. Granzow was quite open about it.

August 17th, 1932.

Go out in a motor yacht to visit the cruiser *Schlesien*, lying off the shore. We are cordially received on board. We feel assured, again, that the Navy is all right, and will always remain so. All the officers support us and are desperately sorry that we were not successful this time.

Lovely sail home in the dark. The moon is high.

August 21st, 1932,

The delightful days at Heilingendamm are over. Now back to Berlin into the turmoil once more.

August 22nd, 1932.

The district organization is made shipshape. Everything has to be prepared for the impending struggle. The preparations are ready in a week's time.

Several S.A. men had been sentenced to death for having shot a Polish insurgent. This verdict is so monstrous that it is hardly credible. Will Government dare to carry it out?

August 23rd, 1932.

A storm of protest against the Beuthen sentence throughout the country. The Leader telegraphs a message to one of the condemned men and publishes a sharp call to the

whole Party against the Government and its methods. Spirits are raised once more.

Write a cutting article under the heading "The Jews are to Blame!" which is answered by the Jewish Press with yells of rage.

I am informed by a go-between that there is much pressure being brought to bear against us by persons near General Schleicher. They accuse the Party of breach of promise and of other atrocities.

The situation is very serious, and will become insupportable if the Beuthen sentence is carried out. A decision upon it will be reached in about ten days' time. The opening of the Reichstag is drawing nearer. What will Papen do? He can only call upon bayonets. But the sharpest weapon grows blunt if it is employed too often.

August 25th, 1932.

Wednesday: News received that the sentence of Beuthen is not to be carried out. General Schleicher's opinion is divided. On the whole there is a feeling against us. It is quite impossible to see through all this intrigue. So many are pulling different ways that one cannot tell who on the other side is the betrayer or who is the betrayed.

The Wilhelmstrasse no longer knows what to do. Deep depression weighs on everyone there. They have no firm measures in view to take and live from hand to mouth.

Rumours are afloat that the Leader is to be taken into protective custody, but that is childish. We are requested to moderate our tone. That seems rather incomprehensible to me; either we govern or we are in opposition. And in the latter case we do as the Opposition generally does. The links with the Wilhelmstrasse are snapped.

The Government will present itself before the Reichstag, but with the intention of dissolving it at once. How that is to be carried out nobody has the least idea. All reasonable persons know that for the Nationalistic Government to pit itself against us means chaos and the rising of Bolshevism.

The *Angriff* banned for a week because of an attack on Herr von Papen.

The fight is going on gaily.

The Leader asks me to Berchtesgaden.

Thursday: Munich. Motor to Berchtesgaden. Arrive at noon. The Leader is already expecting me. I bring him a lot of news. The Leader is particularly clear. Either we

must form a Presidential Cabinet (which would be the most agreeable and straightforward solution), or we must look for other means of securing a majority. A third alternative is for us to put ourselves into the sharpest opposition. This latter would be extremely disagreeable, but if necessary it will have to be adopted.

We have got into touch with the Zentrum if merely by way of bringing pressure to bear upon our adversaries, otherwise the gesture amounts to very little. A certain group in the Party are strongly in favour of the Zentrum solution. The Leader is in favour of following our old course. I quite agree with him. There are objections to both alternatives, but one always has to take a certain amount of risk.

So three possibilities remain. Firstly: Presidential Cabinet; secondly: Coalition; thirdly: Opposition. These three possibilities have to be examined, and disposed of in this order.

Travel back to Berlin the same night.

Long conference with Lieutenant Schultz, who is strongly in favour of the Zentrum solution. He wants to compromise with the Trade Unions and the Deutschnationale Handlungsgehilfen Verband,[1] and has also driven Strasser in this direction. I stick to the idea that a Presidential Cabinet is the only possible solution. At least it smacks of illegality.

In Berlin I ascertain that Schleicher already knows of our feelers in the direction of the Zentrum. That is a way of bringing pressure to bear upon him. I endorse and further it. Perhaps we shall succeed thus in expediting the first of these solutions.

August 26th, 1932.

The organization of the district of Berlin is in perfect order again.

Hear through go-betweens that the Wilhelmstrasse is desperate. They are at their wits' end.

Have a conference with General Schleicher in the afternoon. Although he outwardly betrays nothing, he is, in reality, in deadly fear of a possible union of the Leader with the Zentrum. Again the Wilhelmstrasse tries to hide behind the President of the Reich. We are to wait. How long? Who knows? He will accept a coalition, but not join it himself. A Presidential Cabinet is his idea; if it comes to nothing he would resign.

I don't know if what he says is true or false.

[1] Largest German Trade Union of commercial employees.

In any case I have the impression that they want to lure us into a trap again, and try to obtain in a roundabout way the result they could not achieve on the 13th of August. They believe that the dissolution of the Reichstag will frighten us. A little Nationalist plan, this, that we shall frustrate in due time.

I 'phone to the Leader; he agrees with everything. It sickens one to do anything towards helping political prelates to come in again.

August 27th, 1932.

The new organization of the district of Berlin is settled in a large district session. Ten circuits united. The new collaborators are being bound by their oath. They consist exclusively of old partisans.

I attack the Jews, and allege their inferiority, in a London paper.

The Government is in deep trouble. The possibility of a coalition haunts it like a threatening spectre. The Reactionaries feel themselves so safely settled in power that they discard caution. They believe that they have triumphed over us, and are arrogantly presumptuous. If the Beuthen sentence is eventually carried out, there will be an insurrection of the people.

Reaction is advancing along the whole line. This lobbying has to be brushed aside. These gentlemen have done nothing towards defeating Marxism. Now the battle is won, they sit down comfortably in the places that we have conquered.

Speak at Hasenheide[1] in the evening. The spirits of the Party have visibly risen again. The heaviest depression cannot subdue this wonderful organization in the long run. The Wilhelmstrasse is apparently trying to wrest the Party out of the Leader's hand. That is not a winning card to play. Such ideas can only rise in the brains of people who have no inkling of the stuff the masses are made of and of their incorruptible loyalty.

Come what may, we shall go on fighting; and after each battle we shall bind our helmet on only the firmer.

August 28th, 1932.

We shall have to be prepared for a rough struggle against Reaction. Perhaps it is a good thing that we are forced

[1] Suburb of Berlin.

to do so shortly before coming to power. It will rob the last partisan of his last illusions. The Reaction has neither forgotten anything nor learned anything. It has the laudable intention of living on the fruits of our labour. It wants to cheat the Leader out of power, and speculates on the Party's breaking faith with him. Instead of this we shall rise as one man, follow the Leader, and make his cause our own.

Motor out to Caputh, where the Leader already arrived at midnight. Report on the latest proceedings. We must come to power! If our adversaries infringe the Constitution, our obligation to observe it also comes to an end; there will be strikes against the taxes, sabotage, and riots. Their downfall will then be a question of a few days.

The Leader invariably retains his composure, and the wildest rumours and panicking do not influence him in the least. The Reichstag elections do not worry him either. Knowing that we shall suffer grave losses, he is still decided to take everything upon himself. Papen has spoken over the Radio. A speech furnished forth from first to last out of our ideas.

The Wilhelmstrasse must be possessed of the courage of despair, to support this long nervous strain.

August 29th, 1932.

The Kaiserhof is once more converted into political Headquarters. Everybody is talking and holding conferences, but nothing much comes of it all. The Leader met Brüning, who was very humble and inclined to give in. He then spoke to Papen and Schleicher. They, as usual, made him all kinds of empty promises. At Neudeck, the home of the President of the Reich, the matter is to be decided. The decision will certainly go against us. So nothing remains but the dissolution of the Reichstag. Reaction is triumphant.

Our Party must remain firm.

It must not become a Party of " Property and Intellectualism," but remain a Party of the People.

It is always to be based on its old fighters, and must help the workmen to get bread and work. For that we have struggled and it is for that, that power is so necessary to us.

August 30th, 1932

An insignificant official turns against the Party, and has arranged a petty riot at Wedding. He had been passed over on the list of the candidates for the Reichstag. This is the revenge of one who failed to bring it off.

The Reichstag! It is settled in a conference of our section of M.P.s that Goering is to be elected President. They were all admonished to preserve the strictest discipline. Outside the Wallot Building[1] (Reichstag) the people are cheering and clamouring for Hitler, and against the Government.

The Session is overcrowded. Klara Zetkin[2] mumbles a long tedious lecture. An undignified spectacle! One feels as if one watched a puppet-play. Goering's election goes off without a hitch. He enters upon his office with dignity and assurance. News comes through from Neudeck that nothing is to be altered. So the dissolution of the Reichstag is assured.

There can be no question, of course, of a state of political emergency. The Government is in difficulties. Goering publicly and most impressively states this fact. A rather previous optimism is now often to be noted amongst our people. I am convinced that the Reichstag will be dissolved. So we shall have a hard struggle to face, although in spite of everything we shall win.

The Leader directs matters from the Kaiserhof. He is quite content with the way things are going. The House is prorogued, and the President is invested with the power to assemble it afresh. The Zentrum is very humble. The prelates would like to take a hand in affairs. I have the impression that the Wilhelmstrasse intends to outwit us.

And the Reaction seconds it. It makes one extremely indignant to remember that we have sown what they are harvesting. It is dishonest to sit at a table spread by the exertions of others.

August 31st, 1932.

Write an article on dictatorship. One cannot maintain oneself at the bayonet's point. That is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago.

There is an indescribably strong antagonistic feeling against Reaction amongst the people. It has only the apparatus of the State at its disposal, nothing else whatever; no Party and no powerful group.

In the evening we are invited by Goering to a large party. This affords one the opportunity to discuss questions of the day with all kinds of people.

At a late hour the Leader also joins us. In a secret conference in which he, Goering, Röhm, and I take part, our next objects are thoroughly discussed, and the lines of further action are laid down. All pledge absolute secrecy. We shall overthrow Reaction in the end. The Leader is very courageous. For the first time he openly speaks of the doings of the Strasser clique. Here, also, he has kept his eyes open; and if he has so far observed silence it was not because he had not noticed anything.

[1] Built in the 'eighties of the last century by P. Wallot.

[2] Communist, opened the last Session of the Reichstag, being its oldest member.

September 1st, 1932.

Our daughter Helga was born to-day.

The Leader speaks at the Sportpalast in the evening. The first time he speaks again it is to square accounts with the System and the Reaction. The Sportpalast is packed with a huge audience. People cluster on the galleries and stairs like bunches of grapes. One can hardly move. There is an unparalleled tension in the air. The Leader is greeted by an indescribable storm of ovations by the old-time fighters of the Party. He is in his best form this evening. His speech a knife; sharp indictment of the Cabinet and Reaction. For the two hours and a half of its duration nearly every sentence is answered by the masses with a storm of applause.

This speech will do wonders in the Party, the S.A., and the whole public.

We remain together till late at the Kaiserhof. Ideas are exchanged and plans discussed.

The Stahlhelm has not yet arrived at a decision. It is preparing for its great day in Berlin. It is a great pity that German Nationalists are so dreadfully disunited, since this allows the forces of Communism to draw together in their rear.

September 2nd, 1932.

Great Party conference with the Leader, Goering, Frick, Strasser, Kube, Kerrl, and I. Internal Party questions and the tactics now to be employed are under discussion. As usual, objections are raised by the Strasser clique against Hitler's point of view. It seems that Strasser's plans are somewhat put out by the line taken by the Party in general.

The Leader realizes that, too. We speak about it afterwards. All of us immediately remarked it.

The insignificant Party official who tried to make a disturbance at Wedding is being praised to the skies by the Jewish Press. But that suits us well enough, as he thereby loses all prestige in the Party. He whom the Jews praise

is done for amongst true National Socialists from the very beginning. Nevertheless we shall have to prepare a counter-attack. A lot of spies have sneaked into the Party, and are trying to shake the morale of members of long standing.

The Leader judges things clearly. The opposition against him is exclusively nurtured by Strasser. The arguments used by the group he represents are narrow-minded. His ideas lack inspiration, and have no effect on the Leader, who is a master of the stuff in which he works.

He who is fortunate enough to be often with the Leader likes him better from day to day. Not only has he the gift of rapid and correct decision, but personally he has an indescribable aura about him of kindness and hearty good-fellowship, and so captivates everybody who approaches him.

If Strasser thinks of crowning his destructive efforts in the Party by his personal defection, he will suffer the most fearful defeat ever witnessed.

In the evening deliver an address at the Kriegervereinshaus to the members of our Labour Union, and later at Schöneberg to the Party organization. Both halls are overcrowded, mostly with old partisans, who now, when it looks like a crisis, stand firmly and loyally by the Leader and his great idea.

They are entirely reliable. They will never fail.

September 3rd, 1932.

Admitted to the Leader all that was on my mind. He mistrusts Strasser very strongly. This is why he will wrest the authority he has in the Party from his hands. That is well. Strength and force of the idea centres in the Party alone.

A messenger from the Government seeks new ties with us. The Stahlhelm has clearly expressed its adherence to Papen. The asphalt Press is greatly embarrassed accordingly. They would like to belaud the Reaction, because they believe them opposed to us, but do not quite dare to take up this attitude for fear of incurring too much of our scorn.

The Leader drives out with me to the Luisenstädtischen Friedhof[1] where we convoy a murdered S.A. comrade to his grave. He speaks to the assembled Storm Troopers, who are much impressed by his address. The Leader knows better than anybody else how to impress the people in the right way. Compared with him, Strasser's words and ideas are wholly mechanical.

[1] Cemetery.

Directly after the funeral the Leader leaves for Nuremberg and Munich. At home I draw up a new scheme of organization for the Department of Propaganda and deliver an address late in the evening to the local group Grunewald. In the meantime the Stahlhelm is preparing its autumn parade, siding with the Government against us. Where will all this end ?

The Stahlhelm is on the march. One can but ask whither ?

September 4th, 1932.

I write an article sharply attacking the " Upper Ten " !

If we wish to keep the Party intact we now must again appeal to the primitive instincts of the masses.

The Stahlhelm marches through Berlin. A huge crowd, a hundred thousand men on the march. I had slightly underestimated their number. But this gesture is not to be compared to those we make. There is no go in the Stahlhelm as there is in the S.A. The masses are only to be moved by enthusiasm.

In the evening at Hermsdorf and Reinickendorf. I inveigh against the Reaction and its despotic tendencies. An attack on the Stahlhelm in the *Angriff* overshoots the mark. I must shield it, and take the matter upon myself. The entire Berlin Press is full of enthusiasm for the front-line soldiers.

Has a miracle happened ? Or is not this enthusiasm in reality unconfessed hatred of us ?

Inform the Leader by 'phone in the evening of the events of the day. His estimate of it all is clear, and much to the point.

There remains nothing for us to do, but to fight with the courage of despair. The Reich shall yet become ours-!

September 7th, 1932.

Monday: Conferences with District Leaders and editorial staff. Discussed the situation and prepared everything for the struggle. For all we are concerned let them dissolve the Reichstag if they want to.

Addressed the Amtswalter at the Tennishallen in the evening. Overcrowded ; full of the right spirit. Our slogan has it: " Down with the Grandees ! " The people's indignation reaches boiling-point over the incredible attempt made to wrest success from out of Hitler's grasp. Immediately after my speech I leave by night train for Munich.

Tuesday: My new plans are being carried out by the

Department of Propaganda of the Reich. In essentials they already resemble the structure of the Ministry that I am to build up, and direct, in the future. Large sections of the Party organization directed by Strasser are now joined to my department. The Leader agrees with my plans and gives them his consent.

Wednesday: The plans for the organization are ready. We have also prepared for the Reichstag struggle that will soon ensue. For all that I care, it might begin at once.

The whole department has been inspected. A few things have to be altered to bring it thoroughly up to the mark. Dictate an article against legacy hunting.

The Leader speaks at the Zircus Krone in the evening. His address is, if possible, even more aggressive than the one in Berlin. One is able to estimate from the stormy applause of the overcrowded house, how firmly and unswervingly the old campaigners of the Party stand by him. We all travel back to Berlin together. On the way, we come to the conclusion that the decision must now no longer be postponed. In negotiations we always get the worst of it, but in action we take the lead.

September 8th, 1932.

The Turncoat of Wedding has founded a new paper, naturally with Jewish money. Every dirty calumny he publishes is, of course, enthusiastically copied by the gutter Press. If one were to go to law about it, one would have to wait six months for sentence. The campaign of slander is always directed against partisans in prominent positions. It tries to estrange the masses from them so as better to be able to trick the people left without a leader. There will always be people who are taken in by it. But the clumsier the methods, the less dangerous they are. They would be only fatal if the many informers in the Party, who are not to be got at separately, should manage to infect whole groups of those who have long belonged to it.

Leaders' conference at the Kaiserhof.

The elections have become inevitable. The Leader has realized this and wishes for a decision to be reached, the earlier the better. He is very ready to fight and strongly opposes Strasser's proposal to make the best of Schleicher's Cabinet. It is now our express object to have the Leader appointed Chancellor. There can be no question of our giving the idea up. The Government obviously wants to keep us in suspense, but we mean to make a fight of it.

Once more the wildest rumours are current. That is just like Berlin, the most excitable city in Germany. If one does not retreat on Munich for a day or two once in a while one becomes infected by this strain.

In the palace of the President of the Reichstag, a conference is held between ourselves and the delegates of the Zentrum. The object of it is merely to put out a feeler. No result is likely to ensue, we disagree too radically.

Nevertheless, we are at one with all parties as against the Cabinet. But all parties know that when this Cabinet crashes our hour has come—or is at least at hand.

In a conference of this sort one has to go very warily. Every weakness betrayed can have terrible consequences. This is especially so with the Zentrum, a party which has always been a master of intrigue.

Tactics are more a matter of intelligence and instinct than of character. One sometimes has to go a roundabout way to attain a great goal.

In the evening new hopes crop up; but they are not worth credence. Our strength lies in fight. The position of the Party has to be fortified from within; that is the chief thing. The situation is not yet ripe enough for Hitler to be its ultimate solution. So let us make an end of everlasting bickering! Attack! Fight! That is the only way for us to come out top.

September 9th, 1932.

The President of the Reichstag presents a petition to the President of the Reich. The conference has resulted in nothing. The representative of the Nationalists[1] has insulted us on this occasion. That was only to be expected.

The conferences with the Zentrum are being continued. The leaders of the Party are to be received by the President of the Reich, next week. The Zentrum also would like to induce us to renounce our claim of the Chancellorship. We decline categorically. It is a point of honour.

A memorial stone for the murdered S.A. comrade Thielsch is being unveiled in the cemetery. I appeal to the assembled S.A., refer to the great sacrifices that have been made by all partisans for the Movement, and am convinced that the S.A. stands loyally by the Leader and the Idea.

There is a danger of the Government preparing another 13th of August for us with the President of the Reich. This

[1]Deutschnationalen.

must be prevented. The Leader remains firm and undaunted. The Chancellorship is again demanded for him. Strasser alone opposes it.

September 10th, 1932.

Conference with the Leader and Strasser at the Kaiserhof. A last effort is to be made to win over the Zentrum to our aim.[1] But the Leader also is convinced now that this is almost impossible. The conference is held in the afternoon at the palace of the President of the Reichstag with the representatives of the Zentrum. The Leader's arguments are strong and clear as usual and his statements are logically marshalled. The gentlemen of the Zentrum who meet him for the first time, are obviously impressed by the force of his personality. Nothing decisive results, but general overtures are made.

Among ourselves we are already hatching new plans.

The *Angriff* attacks the Cabinet. It is beginning to let the cat out of the bag. The Leader conceives a bold idea by way of bringing the crisis to a sudden conclusion. But it is hopeless to envisage our trying to work with any other party than the Zentrum.

The vote of censure against the Government is decisive. It will, of course, attempt a dissolution of the Reichstag before the division. That has to be prevented.

Held a detailed conference with the representatives of the Berlin party organization. Here all is prepared for the struggle.

The organization itself, including its sub-departments, is deeply depressed. One has to do all one possibly can to raise its spirits. This miracle can only be wrought by hard endeavour. Motored out to Treptow in the evening. Address the S.A. in the open. They will hold out and fight.

Late at night at the Kaiserhof the Leader sets forth his ideas as to in what nobility consists. They are, as always, original and full of novel points of view. Nobility has any real value only if its privileges are based upon greater duties towards the nation. To claim preference in society without having rendered commensurable services is inadmissible. Moreover, that man alone is noble who courageously stands by the nation and dedicates his thoughts, wishes, ideas, and efforts to the service of the people.

Have been haunted by a touch of the 'flu for the last few days, which I have now managed to shake off. But I

[1] i.e. our goal, Hitler's Chancellorship.

must pull up quickly to be thoroughly fit when the election fight begins. If there is a debate in the Reichstag, I am going to launch the attack on the Cabinet.

September 11th, 1932.

Was with Goering the whole day listening to music and hatching plans. Composed the general outlines of my address in the evening. It is to be something rather choice. Talk it over with the Leader and work out the details during the night.

September 12th, 1932.

Session of our Faction: Dr. Frick lays down the law to the organization. We shall only win the day through the observance of rigid discipline.

Gave the editorial staff a sound blowing up because of a very imprudent article against the Stahlhelm.

Full session at three o'clock. Papen appears. He gives the impression of being very sure of victory. A Communist brings it forward at once to put the motion of censure to the vote, and also that of the rejection of the emergency edict. As our side expects the Nationalists to oppose this, none of us come forward. To annoy us the Nationalists fail to protest, whereupon Dr. Frick puts a motion of half an hour's interval.

Conference with Goering. The Zentrum wishes to record a resolution to withdraw the motions brought forward by the Communist. We immediately protest. As it is, we have a double advantage: if it comes to a dissolution, Papen will not be able to speak now, and we should have the opportunity of balloting for the vote of censure. As we do not come to an agreement, we hold a short conference with the Leader at the palace of the President of the Reichstag, opposite the House. He decides on an immediate division. So the die is cast.

Full session again: The parties are dumbfounded when they hear of our decision. Papen appears on the platform with the Red Portfolio[1] under his arm. Without much ado Goering at once calls for a division. He gives Papen, who had modestly come forward, no time to get in a word edgeways. Furiously he flings his decree of dissolution on the table of the President of the Reichstag, who completely

[1] The "Red Portfolio" always contained the decree for the dissolution of the Reichstag.

ignores him, whereupon Papen and the Government leave the House. Then the Reichstag divides for the vote of censure, at which five hundred votes are collected against Papen, and a little over thirty are in his favour. The worst parliamentary defeat here ever witnessed.

The Reichstag is dissolved. An indescribable confusion reigns. Everyone is full of consternation, nobody had thought it possible we should have the courage to bring about this dénouement. Now we shall fight; we always are strongest in the offensive. The Leader awaits our report at the palace of the Reichstag President. He is quite beside himself with joy. Again his decision was clear and efficient. We discuss it all for a long time and continue our debate at the Kaiserhof. All the chiefs of the Party have assembled there, and are all in tremendous fettle. The Government plays hide and seek but that avails them no more. It is branded with a vote of censure now. We have clarified the situation and will now estimate our forces.

Confer at the Kaiserhof till late at night. The general lines of the election campaign are laid down. Now all this parliamentary nonsense is at an end. The struggle begins again. All the *bourgeois*-national papers are against us. That was only to be expected, for the step we forced upon the House was quite a National Socialist move. They will be surprised, too, how soon we will show them what's what.

The last people we have got to have it out with before taking over Power, are the Reactionaries. That is significant. When it comes to hard fighting we are always alone.

September 13th, 1932.

Committee for the preservation of the rights of the people to representation in the Reichstag; a mere waste of words. The Government refuses to appear in this committee. Goering is to retract his letter to the Prime Minister. That is utterly out of the question. Now the election campaign has begun. We address the people, not the Government. The Nationalists are impertinently arrogant and stuck up. But they will soon cease to laugh.

The Leader delivers an address to the Faction, once more assembled. Watchword: Down with the Reaction! Thus the campaign is opened.

The committee that was prorogued at noon, assembles again in the evening. But the Government still refuses to put in an appearance. The people are quiet. The masses as yet do not realize the importance of the situation; also

the date of the election has not yet been fixed. The Reichstag committee is quite useless when it comes to a question of principle. There is nothing to be done with it. Above all we are not qualified for these sham fights.

The Party's estimates of our election chances differ. I defer judgment on it. One has first to observe the course of events, to be able to prophesy more or less correctly.

The only pleasure in all this confusion is that Magda is coming home with Baby.

September 14th, 1932.

The entire *bourgeois* Press has taken sides with the Reaction. Many of us are indignant at it. I find it extremely laudable. The sooner Reaction unmasks, the better for us.

The committee is sitting again; but it is nothing but a committee! There is a lot of mere gabble. Goering is desired to retract. We refuse to have him do so. Government would like to disembarrass itself of the vote of censure. Then it would appear as a witness before the committee. We remain firm, and refuse in any way to give in. At last the committee is converted into a commission of inquiry. Now the Government must appear. It will be a fine joke.

Report to the Leader in the evening, and then he returns to Munich.

September 15th, 1932.

The *Angriff* is being enlarged. It is to appear twice daily until the election. As the *bourgeois* Press (which is also read by a good number of our partisans) attacks us sharply, nothing remains for us to do but to organize a boycott against it. We are in the midst of work for the election.

At the Sportpalast in the evening. I deliver a well-thought-out address directed against the Cabinet and its political practices and tactics. Gradually we manage to get a firm hold on the masses again. It means hard work to achieve this, and to let no chance go by of enlightening the people on the rightness of our course of action.

September 16th, 1932.

The Propaganda Department of the Reich has moved to Berlin. From here we can concentrate on the work of election better. It will be difficult this time as the Party exchequer is empty. The past elections have used up all the money at our disposal.

The good organization of our Propaganda Department tells at a time like this. Work goes well with such apparatus. Speak again at the Kriegervereinshaus and at Gesundbrunnen in the evening. Both halls are overcrowded. At Gesundbrunnen there is heavy fighting in the streets.

Now we are in for elections again! One sometimes feels this sort of thing is going on for ever. Through too much public speaking one becomes absolutely stupid; only now and then can one lash oneself up once more to make a respectable effort. Our adversaries count on our losing morale, and getting fagged out. But we know this and will not oblige them. That is what keeps us going. We would be lost, and all our work would have been in vain, if we gave in now.

We owe it to our dead to stand stubbornly on our rights, and do our duty for the sake of the cause, even if the struggle should seem hopeless.

For our adversaries are but human, too. They are also losing ground in the fight, and their nerves too are racked also by the strain. The victory will be to him who can fling troops last into the fray.

Unfortunately there will always be casualties, but one must not let oneself be upset by them.

Frederick the Great carried on a war for seven years, and lost nearly the entire Prussian army at Kunersdorf. His friends fell away and he had only himself to rely upon. Had he then lost his head and signed a cowardly peace, Prussia would never have risen to be a world power.

Politics turn far more on character than on intelligence: it is courage that conquers the world!

The Leader is great just because he follows out one sole end with dauntless tenacity, and is ready to sacrifice everything for it. It is this which especially distinguishes him from those *bourgeois* politicians who maintain that they think and aim as he does. Without Hitler, Germany would long ago have been extinguished in a maelstrom of anarchy.

Courage! even if things are difficult and the worries threaten to overwhelm one. There is no alternative but to hold out to the end.

September 19th, 1932.

In bed with bad bronchitis, in Munich.

Get up on Saturday, still very ill. Hold a few conferences and try to encourage a few very depressed sub-leaders. That is not easy when one is feeling perfectly rotten oneself.

People can carry on cheerfully enough when they are fit and well.

I take an electrical sweat bath and then board the train to Vienna. See by the evening papers that the date of the election has been fixed for November 6th. So now difficult times confront us.

Dreadful night in the sleeping-car; troubled by feverish dreams. In the early morning crowds of people assemble at the stations to wish me *bon voyage*. I am so deadly tired and exhausted that I can hardly stand!

In Vienna the whole quarter surrounding the station is blocked by a dark wall of people. Their greeting is enthusiastic. The streets all round the station are in an uproar; longing, here, for union with the Reich spontaneously bursts forth. Speak at the Engelmann-Arena, which is so packed with people that one could walk on their heads. The meeting is held in the afternoon. The sun glares straight down on my head, and I go through tortures during those two hours.

In the streets the people break through the cordons so that the car is unable to proceed an inch, either backwards or forwards. It is really perilous to drive on.

The honest Austrians stick to the Reich with unswerving loyalty. To the Opera in the evening. The building is a miracle of art. How poor we are, in comparison, in Berlin! The whole is in such perfect good taste.

The Magic Flute. I have never before heard Mozart so perfectly rendered. Absolutely correct style! Incomparable musicians. The house has good acoustics. The Leader often stood in the gallery here, as a youngster, listening to Wagner. Every time we went to the Opera elsewhere, he told us about it.

From Vienna to Munich by night. No hope of sleep in the state I am.

At Munich, where I arrive on Monday morning, I am only just able to issue a few orders at the Brown House, and then have to go straight to bed. It would be a real disaster if I were to be condemned to inactivity just at this critical time.

The Leader has gone to Vienna on a private visit. Nobody knows about it, so as to avoid demonstrations on the part of the public.

September 20th, 1932.

The election campaign costs money, and money, at

present, is very difficult to obtain. We must see how we can manage to overcome this obstacle. It is perhaps the most difficult question to solve during the next few weeks.

Our broadcasting organization is getting on first rate; we need nothing now but the use of the transmitter. For the moment, we are publishing an organ of our own in the *German Transmitter.*

We must be prepared to take over power sooner or later, or even from one day to another.

Write an article against Hugenberg. The *exposé* published by the Department of Propaganda does not suffice; it must be revised.

The upset of the Party occasioned at Wedding now begins to tell. It is nerve-racking when the struggle becomes a personal one. Some creature or other stuffs up the entire Jewish Press with insinuations against one's probity; it is useless to recriminate or defend oneself. One has to cultivate a thick skin.

Back to Berlin at night.

September 21st, 1932

Make a sharp attack on the *Vorwärts.* It has delighted in attacking me privately. Chance, however, has put into my hands some damning material as to a few prominent members of the Socialists. I tell the *Vorwärts* point-blank, that I shall publish this material if they do not cease calumniating me in their columns.

We boycott the *bourgeois* Press. Partisans are forbidden to buy this Press, to subscribe to it, or to advertise in it. What anger this will universally arouse!

Our own Press is now going to appear twice daily. During the election campaign this double edition is necessary to counteract in some degree the power of the opposition Press.

September 23rd, 1932

Thursday: A farce at the Reichstag committee; it has come to nothing again. Goering is interrogated. He gives a detailed explanation of the true facts of the last sitting of the Reichstag. The representatives of the D.N.V.P. (German Nationalist Party of the People) are intolerably impertinent and arrogant.

By train and car via Hamburg to Kiel. Delivered an address there to twenty thousand people. The people's spirits visibly improving.

Three hours' sleep at Hamburg, and then back to Berlin. The boycott of the *bourgeois* Press begins.

Spoke at Friedrichshain at an overcrowded meeting of Party members. As usual, the feeling there is good. But one must not judge of the spirits of the voting public from those of our partisans. The old fighters stand loyally by the movement. One can rely on them, absolutely. They are the guarantors of the struggle to-day, and will be the guarantors of victory to-morrow.

September 24th, 1932

Now we must get ready for the election in Berlin. My order to boycott the opposition papers appears in thick type in our Press. It will give them many a hard nut to crack. But it is always the same; a spirited attack quickly brings your enemy to his knees.

In the evening I deliver an address at the Herrenhaus to our National Socialist public officials. It needs courage to-day for anyone in this capacity to be attached to our Movement.

Afterwards to the Party at Zehlendorf and Dahlem.

Attempts are made on all sides to reconcile the Party with the Government. But the Leader, thank God, does not consent. He will negotiate as long as negotiations are possible; but once the fight is on, he is only to be found on the field of battle.

The Party has become aggressive in tone of late, but that is the only way to deal with the stubborn enemy, Reaction.

September 25th, 1932

Spoke in the afternoon to forty thousand workmen from Wedding at Schönholz. Then at Spandau to the S.S., and at Hasenheide to the S.A. All meetings overcrowded.

The opponents try to sow dissimulation among us. They allege a fictitious antagonism between the Leader and his sub-leaders. These rumours are fed by Strasser's equivocal conduct. It would be a blessing if he would conduct his mischief openly so as to permit of the Leader taking steps in the matter.

September 26th, 1932.

The entire Party organization of Berlin is working energetically to enforce the newspaper boycott. We shall

yet contrive to oblige the *bourgeois* Press to express itself more properly.

It is characteristic of the *bourgeois* to give in when his pocket is touched. Momentarily one is seized by deep depression, which can only be thrown off when one gets on one's legs again to address the people. The people constitute the sole source of our strength.

September 27th, 1932.

One of the most difficult problems is how to provide for the hundreds of our men taken prisoners. The poor fellows are kept under lock and key and have no idea when their hour of release may come. They have to be looked after, lest they lose courage. In these times of financial scarcity, this is an especially difficult work.

The committee of inquiry is sitting. First Papen himself is interrogated. He is put through an uncomfortable examination, and is attacked from all sides.

Minister of Interior von Gayl is particularly in evidence. But his interrogation brings nothing new to light.

Secretary of State Planck makes himself most ridiculous of all. And on August 13th they wanted to persuade the Leader to accept that creature as Secretary of State!

We talk over the electoral pros and cons among ourselves. Everywhere our chances are held to be poor. The behaviour of the Nationalists is very reprehensible; they insolently act the part of revolutionaries, so as to estrange the masses from us. That is just like them.

In a long catalogue of evidence the Government is absolutely exposed; but it will not trouble itself much about that. Attempts are being made in several quarters to arrange another conference between the Leader and the President of the Reich. This conference is to take place shortly. The whole situation has been thoroughly bungled; but that is entirely the fault of the other side, for everything might be clear by now, if they had drawn the only possible conclusions from the present division of power.[1] But the gentlemen in question did not wish to do so.

The Nationalists enjoy being in power and know that once it passes to us, they soon will be done for. That is why they prefer continuing to play with fire than to come to their senses. But pride goes before a fall.

[1] i.e. the National Socialists as the strongest party in the Reichstag were entitled to expect the Chancellor would be chosen from their ranks.

September 28th, 1932.

Every Monday a conference of the higher Party officials takes place in the district. There, week by week, the ever-changing tactics are discussed. Just as one has to be strict in principle, one has to be elastic in application. Most people do not understand the difference between strategy and tactics.

Motor to Breslau. A beautiful quiet ride with much time for reflection.

Good spirits at Breslau; the old partisans always stand by the Party loyally. Overcrowded meeting at the Jahrhunderthalle. The Silesian S.A. makes a splendid entry. Such are our battalions in their might.

Minor strikes flare up throughout the Reich. The Government is perfectly helpless against them. The Trade Unions are being carried away by the radicalism of the masses. In all corners of the Reich Nationalist election meetings are being broken up. We must not overdo it though, as otherwise the Government will seize on this as a welcome opportunity for calling the election off.

We must work like niggers; only thus we may hope to succeed.

September 29th, 1932.

We are in the midst of the elections again. One conference follows quick on the heels of another; hardly any breathing space remains. The *bourgeois* Press is quieting down. The boycott is doing it a lot of harm. It is already sending out emissaries begging for peace. I shall not waver unless the papers change their attitude towards us.

A large firm of publishers have taken up the cudgels about my boycott of the *bourgeois* Press. They have obtained a decree threatening to fine me three hundred thousand Reichsmark and to have me taken into custody for half a year. This constitutes the best means of enforcing the boycott all the harder! It is the stupidest thing the other side could possibly have devised.

September 30th, 1932.

The boycott is organized on a large scale. And what is more, it is being observed by the whole Party. A million handbills against the *bourgeois* Press are being distributed in Berlin. That will hit it severely.

The pen pushers in the editorial offices writhe like worms.

I write an article for the eighty-fifth birthday of the President of the Reich, in which I set out the whole situation very seriously and with all due respect.

The gentlemen in the Wilhelmstrasse are beginning to feel uncomfortable. Strikes are becoming too numerous in the country. Fury and discontent everywhere. Things are getting more dangerous than they had perhaps imagined.

Hear Wagner once more before the election campaign really begins; a wonderful performance of *Siegfried* at the Städtische Oper.[1] But one cannot truly enjoy this lovely music just now: one cannot concentrate enough; but still, it does one a world of good.

October 1st, 1932.

We move from the Hedemannstrasse, the old and cherished scene of many a struggle, to the Vosstrasse. Now we work in the heart of the Government quarter of Berlin. How long will it be before we move from here to the Wilhelmstrasse?

In any case it cannot be very agreeable for the Government to know that the enemy is drawing nearer and nearer. The Leader is staying at the Kaiserhof, just opposite the Chancellory. That must be enough to upset a man of no particular strength of mind, if he has the misfortune to be Prime Minister of this Republic!

Some changes are being made in our Press organization. The work, as done at present, does not rise to the point of efficiency which it now demands. In many cases our journalists do not understand that in election time papers have to give themselves up to propaganda almost exclusively. These writers are generally too sincere and more like scientists than propagandists.

Our propagandists are better. Day by day, and evening by evening, they are in direct contact with the masses. They are masters of their job, the *élite* of our Party. The best platform speakers that Germany has ever produced are to be found on our side.

The National Socialist Youth parades at Potsdam. A marvellous sight, this swarming, teeming crowd of boys and girls. The Stadion is overcrowded. Wonderful enthusiasm prevails. Old people say: "He who has won Youth, has won the Future." We change the sentence to: "Who has

[1] Opera at Charlottenburg.

the future before him has Youth as well." Therefore young Germany marches in our ranks.

The Leader comes late in the evening, and I take the opportunity to give him detailed information on the latest proceedings in Berlin. He speaks with enthusiasm of the boys and girls who had paraded for him. It is, above all, youth who warms to our ideals. The older a person becomes, enthusiasm tends to wane.

In the evening we are at home together. The Leader is optimistic as to the progress of affairs. He will, I suppose, be right as usual. At present he does not think of getting into touch with the Wilhelmstrasse. That would have no point at the present time. After the election is over, we can consider opening negotiations. The Leader discusses the errors committed by the Cabinet in a truly admirable manner.

Strikes and rioting are increasing all over the country. The dilettantism of the present Government must one day meet with an awful retribution.

October 2nd, 1932.

Potsdam! The old town of the Prussian kings lies bathed in bright autumn sunshine. For six hours German Youth marches past the Leader. They are our pride and our joy. Always the same boys with the same faces. The Movement has already fashioned a uniform type, not manifested merely in thoughts and actions, but also in faces and figures. It is a pleasure to watch them, and one never tires of such a display. We are filled, one and all, with a feeling of great happiness at the sight of this fine new generation. The files march on and on, as if they would never come to an end.

After these wonderful hours at Potsdam, the Leader returns home with us for a while. He has much of interest to say and his optimism is contagious. He is a never-failing source of reinvigoration.

Worked, schemed, and went on with preparations till late at night.

October 4th, 1932.

Monday: Berlin. Prepared for the Leader's meeting at Munich. Dashed off designs for seven huge placards. Things knocked off quickly and enthusiastically are always good.

It is difficult to adapt men used to editorial work to the

necessities of electioneering. They are too accurate and slow. I write a pamphlet against Scherl[1] and the Nationalists. Two million copies are to be distributed in Berlin alone. The *bourgeois* Press shall sample our quality all right.

Speak in the evening at the district meeting at the overcrowded Tennishallen. There I am glad to note that the Party itself is absolutely intact. One can rely upon it in every crisis.

Caught the night train to Munich at the last moment.

There a vulgar Press campaign against our S.A. is in full swing. We rather suspect that it is fed by unscrupulous informers in our own ranks. Discouragement is getting common, but we old Nazis protest against it, and cheer the others up.

At the Reich School for Leaders for the first time I employ a novel form of instruction in civics. Instead of making a speech, I debate with the assembled S.A. leaders, and this method meets with unforeseen success. They are splendid fellows, and join in the discussion with gusto. We discuss the furtherance of the Movement, and the best ways to bring it about.

Meet the Leader at noon. He is in good spirits, but furious with the Press campaign against the S.A.

Worked throughout the afternoon, and then to Zirkus Krone, which has been closed by the police since seven o'clock. A thick black wall of humanity still stands outside the gates. Sharp squaring of accounts with the Government, and indictment of its policy of drift in a two and a half hours' speech.

Wednesday: The District Leaders have assembled for the last decisive conference before the election. The Strasser group is sunk in pessimism.

We have to look out, to avoid disaster.

Thursday: The great leaders' meeting begins in the morning. First we despatch the technical part[2] of the election campaign. We have organized a sub-department for fighting lies, the sole task of which is to keep in check the infamous calumnies of the opponents and their Press, and to refute them. I rather think that this will soon develop into the largest department of the Brown House.

The leaders' meeting closes with an address delivered by the Leader. He is in good form, and set forth the

[1] Large publishers in Berlin.
[2] i.e. the business part, as distinguished from platform electioneering.

development and position of our Movement in bold outlines, and with far-reaching wisdom. He is great and surpasses us all. He raises the Party's spirits out of the blackest depression, and serves the Ideal which we have set ourselves with unshaken firmness. With him as Leader the Movement must succeed.

Long conversation with the S.A. leaders. They are always good fellows; soldiers, accustomed to obey and to command.

There are rumours that the courage of the Government is beginning to fail; but I cannot believe it. It is not as easy as that to bring about the downfall of a System. In any case we must not be led astray by a false optimism. A partial success is the forerunner of complete victory.

October 7th, 1932.

Receive the news from a go-between that the Government's economical programme has as yet been a failure. Consequently all branches of industry and production are seized with panic. The rats flee from the sinking ship.

Now it depends on our remaining firm, and giving way no inch. Arranged the whole campaign with the Leader. He is absolutely confident, but notes with some uneasiness the everlasting attempts of the small Strasser clique to undermine the Party.

As soon as the election is over we shall also have to make a few important changes in the organization of the Movement. We have been so fully taken up with the election propaganda for nearly a year that no time was left over to see to these matters. The System kept our hands full; but the *raison d'être* of the Party is, after all, to fight.

Quickly dictate an aggressive article against Papen's Conservatism, and go back to Berlin by night train.

October 8th, 1932.

We are now definitely settled in the Vosstrasse. The house is beautiful, simple and dignified. Heaps of work are already piled on the writing-table.

October 9th, 1932.

Hear from presumably well-informed people that the broadcasting reform by the Minister of the Interior has been a complete failure. The Government wanted to free itself from the Provinces, but now it has made itself all the

more dependent upon them. We have already begun to draw up a list of candidates for the Staff of the Broadcasting Stations in case of our taking over the power at any moment.

I challenge the Nationalists to a public discussion; as they complain of the Storm Troopers forcibly dissolving their meetings. This gives them a good opportunity openly to discuss the matter with us. I suggest conditions that really ought to make it very easy for them to take up my challenge. But who knows, they are not, generally, remarkable for courage.

At the Bülow Platz an S.A. evening takes place. Our S.A. in the workmen's quarters is splendid. It puts up with underhand tricks, persecution, and acts of terrorism with equanimity, without turning a hair. These boys deserve to be inscribed in the roll of honour of our Party, and, if possible, in that of our whole nation.

Fly to Chemnitz in an open 'plane on Sunday. A delightful trip! It is so icy cold that one loses sensation in one's face after an hour. Addressed the Saxonian department officials there, and manage to pull them together again. Back to Berlin at once by 'plane, and in the evening to a magnificent performance of *Tristan* at the Linden Opera House.[1] What sweet and captivating music! One can hardly imagine anything more beautiful. The voices are like velvet and sound like 'cellos. One leaves the theatre deeply moved and affected.

October 10th, 1932.

An editor, who was involved in the *Sklarek scandal*,[2] has infamously attacked the honour of my wife in a boulevard newspaper. An S.S. man sends in his name to him, and gives him such a sound flogging with a horse-whip that he collapses bleeding profusely; the S.S. man then places his visiting card on the table and leaves the editorial office without interference from any of the creatures present. This is the only way to treat these reputation murderers. They do not hesitate even to defame a helpless woman, and therefore have to be flogged till they learn the A B C of behaviour.

A messenger from the Government puts out a feeler to me. I give him a bit of my mind! Now the Wilhelmstrasse tries to get out of the impasse by declaring that the Leader could perhaps be elected President of the Reich later on. How gracious and generous! These overtures

[1] Opera of the State.

[2] Three brothers of this name who were engaged in a gigantic swindle.

are only to stop us and to enervate us. The Leader is to renounce his claim, so as to leave the Wilhelmstrasse in peace. A nice little plan these gentlemen have hatched! Unfortunately there is not much love lost between us.

Long conference with Count Helldorf. The Berlin S.A. is splendidly in form again. Also in Pomerania and Mecklenburg the organization is in good working order. We shall get the campaign going full steam ahead once more.

The Nationalists have declined my invitation to a debate at the Sportpalast. I am to appear as guest at their meeting instead, and am to be graciously allowed half an hour in which to speak. Of course I immediately accept. Even if the conditions under which the discussion is to take place are the worst possible, we shall try our luck. I return a sarcastic reply, in which I cannot help making a few allusions to their political legacy hunting.[1]

October 11th, 1932.

Sportpalast meeting prohibited. A good opportunity to make a few Press attacks on the Government. We must show clearly, even to the lower classes, that it is carrying on a war of suppression against us. We shall be able all the better to make clear to the people in what the essential differences of opinion between them and ourselves consist.

The discussion with the Nationalists is going to take place at the "Neue Welt" on October 19th. We shall prepare for this meeting so carefully that as far as it is humanly possible we may carry off the palm. Besides, we can beat our opponents at this sort of game. We have more experience.

To read nothing but papers crammed with misrepresentations and calumnies for weeks, makes one sick of the entire Press. The Cabinet is cracking. When will it go?

October 12th, 1932.

The Reichswehr has already fallen away from the Cabinet. Upon what will it base itself now?

Deliver an address in the evening at the overcrowded "Neue Welt" to public officials. The prohibition to speak in the Sportpalast has not been cancelled up till now.

[1] The Conservatives were not ashamed to seize posts which should rightfully belong to the National Socialists.

October 13th, 1932.

Am at Severin once more, this time late in autumn. The leaves are golden-brown and the whole place is bewitchingly beautiful.

The libellous editor, who was flogged a few days ago by an S.S. man, has held his tongue since. I should delight to take the responsibility for it upon myself before the Court.

Spoke at Rostock ; two halls crowded.

On my way home a funny thing happened. We took an unknown gentleman along in our car, as his own car had got stuck, in pouring rain. He started a violent discussion, insulted the Party and spread the most irresponsible falsities about me. On getting out, though, he recognized me, grew visibly pale, and remained standing petrified, in the middle of the road like Lot's wife, while we drove on.

It was pouring with rain outside. Grey autumn draws near.

Poor German people ! When will your hour strike ?

October 14th, 1932.

We are working at a programme for taking over the whole Radio.

Dr. Nobbe from Schwerin is coming to Severin in order to discuss these matters with me.

Speak at Schwerin and Pritzwalk in the evening. Back in Berlin at three o'clock in the morning. On my desk mountains of work are awaiting despatch.

October 15th, 1932.

Everyday worries and pleasures. During the election campaign one gets so nervous, through overwork, that the most ridiculous details can make one lose one's temper. Questions of mandates, propaganda, money, problems of atmosphere, trouble in the Party, all this has to be attended to as well as the regular work. You wade through these increasing difficulties as well as you can. Apart from this, the organization has naturally become a bit on edge through these everlasting elections. It is as jaded as a battalion which has been too long in the front trenches, and just as nervy. The numerous difficulties are wearing me out. The only thing which restores me, time after time, is the struggle itself, which is being waged relentlessly.

Our chances improve day by day ; even if the outlook is still somewhat gloomy, it cannot be compared with the desolate outlook of a few weeks ago.

Making a tour through the new quarters we have acquired in the Vosstrasse, I find that everything is well arranged. It will be nice to work here even if work lasts a little longer. I think we are better off here than the Government in the Welhelmstrasse.

We receive daily hundreds of good or well-meant advice from the country, and proposals for propaganda, which goes to prove how actively the whole Movement is co-operating in the contest.

Money is extraordinarily difficult to obtain. All gentlemen of " Property and Education " are standing by the Government. Furthermore, our Press has committed several fatal tactical mistakes, for which we suffer now.

Rust has written a brilliant pamphlet for the election, of which several millions of copies will be distributed amongst the people.

Worked until dawn. The election campaign is really beginning now. Motored to Leipzig through rain and cold. Thirty thousand people packed together in the exhibition halls. Wonderful to look down over these crowds. Preceding me, dignified old General Litzmann,[1] over eighty, makes the speech of a young man. He sharply attacks the System ; his ideas are fierce and aggressive. He is a white-haired youth, who, with all his service for the people and the nation, clearly declares himself for the Leader.

Following him, I speak for more than two hours. We re-establish ourselves in Leipzig.

A long and melancholy drive home. In Berlin the evening papers announce five casualties in Vienna, two in Dortmund. Brave S.A. men have again lost their lives for the cause of the Reich. The *bourgeois* parties make the pace for Bolshevism. They must be done away with, if Germany is to settle down. We drive home weary and depressed through the rainy night. The desolation of the time overwhelms us. We have to hold on, and go on fighting.

October 17th, 1932.

Our Adolf-Hitler House in the Vosstrasse is being dedicated. A solemn and affecting act. The whole staff is assembled, about 150 people. Our old district band plays the " Horst-Wessel-Lied." Make a short speech to my most

[1] Closely associated to-day with the Leader of the Reich.

intimate colleagues. What a long way we have come in six years! From the basement in the Potsdamerstrasse to the new district house in the Vosstrasse! Now we shall probably succeed also in crossing the last four hundred yards to the Wilhelmstrasse. The house is in perfect order. Dignified quarters for the work of a great movement. I outline the political situation to the District Leaders and then we set to work immediately.

The struggle against the Nationalists has blazed up in fury. Their methods are more contemptible than we could have imagined.

After the meeting I held in Leipzig one man was killed and quite a lot of others were severely wounded.

The Nationalists are attacking us in the most insolent way on the hoardings. I am embarking on a counter-attack to-day. One must never allow oneself to fall back on mere defence.

October 18th, 1932.

Work is engulfing me.

October 19th, 1932.

Holding a conference at midday with the leaders of the S.A. and S.S. about the coming dispute with the Nationalists. We must be clever if we want to succeed. The way we are preparing things will, I hope, lead to success.

October 20th, 1932.

Our picture placards are especially good this time. They will have a good effect, especially in Berlin.

In the afternoon work on a little while longer, and then wait in some anxiety for the great duel in the "Neue Welt."

At 6.30 the telephone rings for the first time. Outside Berlin, at Neu-Kölln, the crowd outside the place of assembly is in disorder. The Nationalists are not equal to the situation. They cannot manage crowds in the least.

Our people have come in thousands. That is exactly how I wanted things to shape themselves.

In front of the building masses of people, exclusively Nazis, are waiting Hundreds of our people have succeeded in getting into the hall. The Lord only knows how they did it. Anyhow, there they are, according to the old saw: "First come, first served." The Nationalists are waiting

outside with their genuine unfalsified entrance tickets, but are not able to get in. Everybody is talking at once. Our partisans are on the look-out and will not be caught napping. Those responsible for the management of the meeting have completely lost their heads. When, with a few companions, I arrive on the scene the cheering can be heard far beyond the Hermann Platz. The National Socialists have captured the imagination of the crowd. The Nationalists expected no such thing. Probably they estimated that no more Nazis would be present than those accounted for by the tickets sold to us. They were completely wrong.

Before the meeting properly opens the triumphant S.A. men hoist me to their shoulders and bear me into the hall, with shouts and cheers. Our followers give way to a burst of wild enthusiasm. It captures the meeting. The green guards of the Nationalists creep out along the walls and completely disappear. I myself am surrounded by a ring of S.A. men, stout as oaks. It will be no pleasure surely for the Nationalists to make a speech against the Nazi party in this hall.

Their first orator modestly attempts it, though, but quite inadequately. His speech is lukewarm and rouses not the slightest enthusiasm. It consists of quotations which have no bearing on anything, it is not adapted to the audience, takes no particular line, and worst of all it is deadly dull.

After that comes my turn. The Chairman treats me to a little exordium and accords me half an hour in which to make my speech. I go ahead; nobody, of course, dares to interrupt. I open with an attack on the adversary so heavy and so sharp that after a short time three-quarters of the audience are won over to my side. My most telling arguments I save for the end.

The second Nationalist orator commits such serious errors right at the outset that the whole audience indignantly protests. The Chairman has no option but to request me to do my best to pacify the audience. Thereby he loses, of course, the last shreds of reputation even with his own people. The Nationalist speaker is perspiring with nervousness and helplessness. He is so completely howled and shouted down by our followers that he fails to deliver a single sentence.

I have the last word and I go full speed ahead. I belabour our opponent so mightily that his head swims. The audience is frantic with enthusiasm. I carry it with me victoriously. The Nationalists have to beat a retreat, and

are visibly losing ground more and more. Once again their first speaker attempts to save whatever may be saved, but gets nervous and gives up. His speech is drowned in the yells and laughter and the interpellations of the audience, which are full of typical Berlin wit, inimitable, and of mental agility so that everybody rocks with amusement. The S.A. keep up their accompaniment to it all, in the background. At last I am compelled to take my stand beside the Nationalist speaker, if he is to have a chance to continue. By so doing I can instantly correct any disloyal statement. The Chairman sits helplessly presiding. We have won !

News of the upshot of the meeting has already spread into the streets. Processions for the demonstrations are already forming up outside. The "Horst-Wessel-Lied" rings out into the rainy night. We all are enthused by success.

I hasten to the office and notify the Press of the proceedings. A million extra-editions are to be rushed out in order to forestall any danger of the Nationalists falsifying the affair into a victory. The best thing to do is to publish the speeches just as they were delivered.

At three o'clock in the morning we are ready with the rush edition. At six o'clock the papers are already being sold at the Underground stations.

Thursday: In the district offices everybody is delighted with our victory. Even the Jewish Press cannot help printing the great dispute in the "Neue Welt." Everywhere it is admitted without reservation that we have carried the day.

Speak at Osnabrück in the evening in a huge tent, to an audience of twelve thousand people.

Motor to Münster, where the great Münsterländer Hall is overcrowded.

Back to Berlin by night train. Three hours' rest and I am at work again.

The Leader has arrived at the Kaiserhof. He is calm, and is confident for the future. He has written a wonderful open letter to the Government. Things are looking bad for them in the Wilhelmstrasse.

In a few hours he leaves Berlin again by 'plane. It is pouring with rain.

October 21st, 1932.

Our affair at the "Neue Welt" roused enthusiasm everywhere. It was high time the Party should score a success

once more. Now we all put our shoulders to the wheel again. Spoke five times in the evening (in Moabit the Communists tried to stir up trouble, but were downed); twice in Weissensee, then Niederschönhausen, and finally in the overcrowded hall of the "Neue Welt."

October 22nd, 1932.

Wonderful trip by air in brilliant sunshine to Stuttgart.

The large festival hall is overcrowded with fifteen thousand people.

To Schwenningen by car, where I make a speech in two packed halls. From there to Trossingen, and then, tired, hoarse, and worn out, via Offenburg back to Berlin.

The Leader's letter to the Government is being published in the Press. Like everything he writes, it is clear and brilliant.

The Nationalist Press is furious at the defeat of their party in the "Neue Welt." They try to exhibit me in an inferior light, but it is too late for that now.

Just at this moment, Strasser makes a speech in the Sportpalast, in which he makes conspicuous overtures of friendship to the Nationalists. Unlimited indignation in our whole Party.

October 23rd, 1932.

Work, work, work ! Speeches at Halensee, Mariendorf and Spandau. My voice is beginning to fail, especially since I have also to talk so much during the day. Otherwise, everything is going according to plan.

October 24th, 1932.

At the Sportpalast the old members of the Party are assembled. I make them a long, earnest speech. The situation is quite clear now. The Sportpalast has made up for everything.

Bohemian Brewery, Märchenbrunnen, and ex-Soldiers' Home ; all packed with people. We are visibly gaining new territory. We shall succeed in bringing the whole Movement to the fore again.

The Leader has paid a short visit to Berlin during his electioneering trip. I meet him at my home, and seize the occasion to talk over the whole situation with him. He is indignant with the inopportune advances of Strasser.

October 25th, 1932.

The use of the Sportpalast is having a lasting effect on public life. Its platform is truly the platform of the people.

In the afternoon motor out quickly to Görlitz and Liegnitz. I speak in spite of the 'flu and sore throat.

At Liegnitz I have to speak three times because the hall is too small to hold the audience all at once. Back to Berlin immediately after. We all arrive worn out.

The Government's foothold is precarious.

October 28th, 1932.

Wednesday: Make a speech at Frankfurt (Oder) and Küstrin.

Back through cold and rain. At home I meet the Leader. We discuss many questions. He is certain of success, and our chances are evidently growing every hour.

Thursday: At Hamburg, where I speak, the depression noticeable at the beginning of the meeting is completely overcome. We have recovered in the big cities, and the country will soon follow.

At Leipzig, a High Court of Justice gives a crazy ruling by which the "red King of Prussia," Braun, remains in office. Thus we have three Governments in Berlin at the present moment. A sight for the gods !

The Nationalists adopt a tone towards us which badly fits in with all their twaddle about fairness. But we owe them nothing. Only one longs for the election campaign to come to an end, so that one could sleep for three days on end. I speak, speak, speak, and am quite unable to say, where, when, and how.

October 29th, 1932.

To-day is my thirty-fifth birthday. I hope to celebrate the thirty-sixth in the new Reich.

My life has not been void and empty. It was filled with struggle and effort and also with happiness and fulfilment. We must persevere and not grow weary.

Only so will the great End be attained.

In Berlin another S.A. comrade has been murdered. This is the Communist's reply to *bourgeois* provocation.

In Prussia there is frightful confusion after the Leipzig judgment ; one Cabinet opposes the other. The Government is at its wits' end. On the night of my birthday I make four speeches. Everywhere our Party comrades offer me their touching congratulations.

Late at night I speak at Spandau. There the brave S.A. guards have assembled. They offer me a perfect chorus of good wishes. Here it was we made our beginning ; here we put up our first fight ; here is the core and kernel of our Movement ; here it stands loyally and firmly by the Leader and the Party.

I allow myself a full night's rest by way of a birthday gift !

October 30th, 1932.

At the Neukölln Stadion and at Schönholz big S.A. parades are being held. Altogether about thirty thousand men. In pouring rain. The boys are splendidly fit. One can rely on them perfectly. Motor home through Wedding. A dismal drive through rain and melancholy greyness.

Late at night the old S.A. guard of Wilmersdorf has assembled in the Victoria Garden. Here are to be found those pioneers of the Party who founded it and built it up with us. As long as one has their confidence, one can rest assured. They are the very best we have, and must never be forgotten.

October 31st, 1932.

In an open 'plane to Dresden. A trip through storm and rain. The small sporting monoplane leaps and tosses. Sometimes one has the impression of dropping like an arrow. Finally, we land all right in Dresden. Addressed thirty thousand people at the Stadion.

Back to Berlin in this dismal margarine box of a 'plane. The Capital is covered by bluish grey storm clouds. We land just before the beginning of the storm.

Thank the Lord we did not fly on to Mecklenburg, for at Neustrelitz we should have broken our necks landing on the soaked ground at the aerodrome. So on we go by car. At Neustrelitz ten thousand people have been waiting for us since four o'clock in the afternoon. It is nine in the evening when we arrive.

On to Stettin immediately after my speech. Very bad roads. There I do not begin to speak till after midnight.

Excellent spirits everywhere. We make a hefty impression ; if things go on like this, November 6th will not result so very badly. Back in Berlin at four in the morning. To bed, thoroughly spent.

November 1st, 1932.

We have invited the Nationalists to another great debate at the Sportpalast, but they seem to have had enough of being publicly laughed at. They decline our offer. The more the pity, for they would have suffered a worse defeat than before even on the historical platform of the Sportpalast, where we are so much at home.

I speak at Braunschweig and Schöneberg instead. The evenings are getting very drawn out since more time is necessary for explaining involved political affairs, and the last assembly generally closes after midnight. Feeling, generally, is visibly improving. The Party itself stands quite firm. But the question remains whether we can succeed in carrying with us the greater part of the electors on election day.

On the other hand it will not be too serious a matter even if we do lose a few million votes; for what actually counts is not the outcome of this or that particular contest, but which Party has the last battalion to throw into the fray.

It is the eternal repetition that tires and wears one out, together with the overburden of work and the minimum of rest, and finally the fact that during this year we have never been quite free from electioneering.

If one had nothing to do but address meetings it would not be so bad; but one has in addition daily to deal with the worries of the organization, with questions of finance, with personal bothers, and so on and so forth.

I long indescribably for the 6th of November and the end of the election campaign.

November 2nd, 1932.

Funeral of S.A. man, Harwick, who was killed by the "Red" murderers. His children weep heartrendingly at the grave. It is terrible to have to witness this kind of thing.

One reads mountains of newspapers every day. The contradiction of opinion is indescribable. Germany is in a state of mental anarchy, which would end in absolute chaos if a strong hand did not soon intervene.

In the evening the Sportpalast is overcrowded. The Leader is speaking in the Capital for the election campaign. Enthusiastic ovations greet him from the partisans. His courage, and the consistency of his attitude, everywhere win him ever more and more respect. Slowly the people begin to understand him, and to follow him in his widest scope.

In the evening after the assembly at the Kaiserhof, the Leader is extremely satisfied. He is convinced that, even if we lose a number of votes, this election will constitute success for us in a psychological sense.

The workmen of the Berlin Transport Company are on strike. We have proclaimed a sympathetic strike in the Party.

The entire Press is furious with us and calls it Bolshevism; but as a matter of fact we had no option.

If we had held ourselves aloof from this strike, which means that the 'bus and tramway workers are out for the elementary rights of existence, our position amongst the working classes, so far firm, would have been shaken. Here a great occasion offers once again of demonstrating to the public before the election, that the line we have taken up in politics is dictated by a true sympathy with the people, and for this reason the National Socialist Party purposely eschews the old *bourgeois* methods.

The strike is disastrous in its consequences. There is no possibility of going by tramway or Underground in Berlin. The public is solidly with the strikers, and the "Red" Press can bring forward no arguments at all against us. The Socialist Press is making capital out of the supposed fact that we only pretended to approve the strike, and would in reality work to break it; but the fiction serves no purpose.

A General Strike is a formidable weapon, and cannot be countered with machine-guns or bayonets. Therefore it is all the more despicable if organizations of other workmen themselves attack their brethren in the rear. This is what the Socialist Trade Unions are doing, disgracefully spiking their colleagues' guns. But the workmen brush these venal gentry aside, and act on their own responsibility.

The strike is growing every hour. The Trade Unions hysterically try to down it by means of sabotage. We National Socialists are not in a very enviable position. Middle-class people are being scared away from us on account of our participating in it. But this is only temporary. They are easily to be regained; but once the worker is lost, he is lost for ever.

Scarcity of money has become chronic in this campaign. Prime necessities are wanting for carrying it through efficiently.

The strike is grist for the mill of the *bourgeois* Press. They are exploiting it against us unconscionably. Many of our staunch partisans, even, are beginning to have their

doubts. But in spite of that we must hold firm. If we do a *volte-face* now, as some advise, we should lose everything.

I have a few speeches to make in the evening, in Gesundbrunnen, in Tempelhof, Manendorf, and Südende. The meetings are all overfilled. If the voting corresponds to the promise here, we have nothing to fear.

The consequences of the strike are daily putting us into new predicaments. Up to late at night we are working to solve the difficulties. The strikers are terrorizing the black-leggers. The tram-lines are being torn up and some of the trams have been bombarded with stones. There are numbers of casualties, and wounded. The majority of the public sympathizes with the strikers, but the minority is afraid and intimidated. A desolate spirit of resignation reigns in Berlin. Every day may bring an explosion.

During the night a Storm Trooper in Schöneberg, who was on picket duty for the strikers, was shot by a policeman. That is the policy of the Reaction.

The Trade Unions have undermined the workers. If this strike fails of its object they, and the profiteers behind them, will be accountable for it.

An amazing incident: In the night a group of Storm Troopers, disguised as street workers, barricade a section of the Chaussee Strasse, erecting all sorts of hoardings and obstructions, and begin tearing up the tram-rails with spades and pickaxes. The police, in good faith, take them for genuine street workers. A detail of this platoon is stationed on the pavements and rounds out the farce by insulting and jeering at the supposed workers, calling them strike breakers. In the interests of order the police have no option but to protect the troopers, who are wrecking the roadway, from the supposed strikers. Next morning everyone is amazed to find that the tram-line in the Chaussee Strasse is out of action. The police, however, are dumbfounded to discover that they had been protecting the strikers themselves against their comrades.

November 4th, 1932.

Big placards on the hoardings once more set out our attitude towards the strike.

The Trade Unions have issued a notice whereby it is proclaimed that every man who fails to reappear punctually at work will be dismissed within twenty-four hours. Nobody turns up. At Wedding and in Neukölln there is wild

fighting in the streets. Traffic is at a standstill. Berlin is the picture of a dead city.

Our people naturally have led the strike throughout Berlin; this was the best thing to do. Every hour frightful fresh acts of terrorism are taking place. There are already four dead; in Berlin the air is filled with revolution.

The organization of our Party is working admirably. We have organized a committee to see to the interests of the strikers, and to secure that they shall not suffer reprisals for this piece of work. Everything is going smoothly. Our reputation amongst the working classes has greatly enhanced itself during these last few days. Even if this should not immediately tell in the election, the credit we have won with the workers is of an immeasurable importance for the future. One must take rather longer views for, in the final resort, it is Berlin we want to conquer. It does not really count if we lose some ten thousand votes at a more or less insignificant election, as these are of little importance to the revolutionary struggle itself.

The streets are crowded with people. They move in grey masses through the thoroughfares. An indescribable state of apprehension is everywhere apparent. The wildest rumours are spreading.

The *bourgeois* Press has invented the lie that it is I who personally brought about this strike, without the knowledge and consent of the Leader, in order more or less to precipitate the Party into Bolshevism. As a matter of fact I am in hourly telephonic communication with the Leader, who entirely approves of my attitude. If we had not acted as we have done we would no longer constitute either a Socialist or a Worker's Party.

Our Press stands by us pluckily and staunchly throughout the crisis. Besides our speeches, and the success of our propaganda, the Press is our only weapon.

Once more I speak to the utmost of my ability in the working districts of Berlin. It is not difficult when face to face with the masses to explain our point of view on the question of this strike.

My slogan, "The Blackleg is no Patriot," catches on throughout the city. Had we only another week to exploit this all over the country we need have no doubts as to the result of the election.

Finally I speak at the overcrowded Tennishallen.

The reactionary Press is more furious than the "Red" one; but I hope the people will not misunderstand us.

They show their sympathy for the strikers openly; although the strike entails much inconvenience to the Berliners, they sympathize with the workman fighting for his daily bread.

This election will divide the sheep from the goats. It is an election on conviction as never before.

The strike goes on unweakened.

November 5th, 1932.

Last attack. Desperate drive of the Party against defeat. The Press campaign is being brought to naught by very unworthy measures. We succeed in obtaining ten thousand marks at the very last moment. These are to be thrown into the campaign on Saturday afternoon. We have done all possible. Now let Fate decide!

The management of the Berlin Transport Company (the Social Democrats) have placards posted up at the eleventh hour, grossly insulting the strikers. We cannot do anything about it because the Berlin Advertising Company refuses to publish our reply. Nothing is left for us to do but to station a group of young men beside the hoardings to contradict them to the public. But time is too short to ensure this being really useful. In the working quarters of the city the placards are being torn down by our men; but we cannot entirely remedy the harm effected.

This business has reflected adversely upon us to some extent, but I have confidence in the common sense of the Berlin population, and thank goodness the election campaign is at an end.

Write the last few words for it. It has been the most difficult campaign, but will prove, I hope, the most glorious one for us. The people we keep now will remain staunch adherents.

The Government forces[1] us to publish a special edition of the last number of the *Angriff* which appeared just prior to the election. This creates a very precarious situation. Before we agree to comply we decide on a desperate step. The entire issue of the *Angriff,* with this special appeal required by the Government, is secretly flung into the canal at night. Let it sink!

In the evening I make a tour of inspection through the city. Everything is quiet, but a gloomy and sultry atmosphere broods over Berlin. I stay for the night at the Hedemannstrasse, in order to be immediately on hand in case of

[1] *Zwangsauflage.* The Government forced the *Angriff* to publish on the day before the election an appeal with an anti-Nazi tendency.

necessity. I 'phone the Leader very late. We are all glad that the contest is over.

November 6th, 1932.

Contrary to all expectations, the voting is very heavy in this election. It is taking place under entirely new circumstances. Vehicular traffic is wholly paralysed, and the people flood the streets. The day passes in a state of extraordinary tension.

In the evening we await the results at home, with some guests. The results are not as bad as the pessimists had predicted, but it is pretty bad hearing over the Radio. Every new announcement is that of a new defeat. The results show that we have lost thirty-four mandates. The Zentrum must also record some losses; the Nationalists have increased somewhat, and the Socialists have lost a little. People have not voted so generally as was expected. The Communists have strongly increased. That was to be expected. A Reactionary Government will always force the pace towards Bolshevism.

We have suffered a defeat. August 13th accounts for it. The masses of the population have as yet not quite grasped the signification of the happenings on that date. The slight contact we have made with the Zentrum has also been unscrupulously exploited in the Nationalist propaganda. We are to blame for neither circumstance. We have no occasion to reproach ourselves for either.

We are now on the eve of desperate effort, calling for much sacrifice. The chief thing is to maintain the Party. Its organization must be strengthened and its spirit raised. Various incidental mistakes and deficiencies must be redressed.

We must not forget, however, that scarcely 10 per cent of the people are backing the Government. Such support cannot suffice it. Some alteration must be brought about.

In an article, "A Chancellor without a People," I expound our views and indict the Government. This article will help to stem discouragement in the Party.

It is admirable how cheerfully and firmly the whole leadership of the Party behaves. There are no signs of weakness and pessimism. We have gone through worse crises than this.

In consequence of our electoral defeat, the likelihood of the strike being successful has greatly waned.

The Socialists have betrayed it. As a cat will ever be a

mouser, so Marxism will ever shoot from the rear. Although the profiteers have the laugh of us to-day, they will soon fall silent.

That which is popular to-day will be unpopular to-morrow. We have only to remain firm, and hold fast to our ideas, and never give in.

November 7th, 1932.

The Berlin District is much discouraged, but nevertheless I succeed in pulling my collaborators together. I speak to them at length and at last everyone goes back to work in a fresh spirit of duty.

The Leader publishes an appeal to the Party in which he throws down the gauntlet to the Government.

The *bourgeois* Press chortles over us so insolently that it sets my blood boiling. We do not envy profiteers their cheap triumphs. But we intend to go on working and struggling until we have made good this reverse.

The strike is breaking, because it has become hopeless. The chief thing now is to find a way to wind it up. The sacrifices entailed in going on with it are out of proportion to any result that could be obtained.

The attitude of the Storm Troopers and the Amtswalter is most admirable. The electorate is pretty desperate.

The evening Press is publishing hypocritical articles against us. Both sides, "Right" and "Left," gloat over our defeat. We have to struggle hard against our own depression; we dare not risk any self-deception.

I leave for Munich at night.

November 8th, 1932.

We have ended the strike. There was no more likelihood of its being successful after the Communists attacked in the rear. We were quite alone, and merely risked all workmen belonging to the National Socialist Party losing their jobs.

This collapse of the strike is not without its tragic side. If the workmen only recognized what strength unity gives them, none would be able to withhold from them their rights.

The working classes always lose through their own weakness.

Long discussion with the Leader. He is quite decided on unyielding perseverance, and will hear nothing of reconciliation. Even if they forced us to another campaign, we would set our teeth and carry it through! The Government must go whatever the price may be. We cannot even think of compromise.

The Reaction will be astonished to find that we are taking up the struggle again. It is not our way to do a thing by halves. From Berlin the news comes through that the Wilhelmstrasse is ready to compromise. But we do not make peace after defeat, only after victory.

When I am alone with the Leader he speaks openly about Strasser and his eternal undermining of the Party. Our defeat is largely due to the unfair attitude of his clique. I even think this defeat was not unwelcome to him; for now it looks as if he had been in the right of it, and he can take his stand before the Party and reproach us for our radical bent, while he himself plays the radicalist as much as he likes. This is to display a dazzling variety of character. Strasser is the chameleon of National Socialism.

The southern German countries are preparing for an attack on the Government. We must keep clear of this for it is backed by Social Democracy in Prussia.

We are already planning the next propaganda, and must bring much concentration to bear. All side-tracking must be rejected.

In the evening we are with the Leader, who envisages the future as clearly as though we had already taken over power.

November 9th, 1932.

Meet General Litzmann at the hotel. He is stout and sound as ever. Many a young weakling could take this stalwart old man as a model.

In the Brown House a short commemoration is held of November 9th.[1] We silently salute the blood flag, and the red banners. The moment is a solemn one and we all feel its influence.

Energetically inspect the propaganda of the Reich. The next steps to take are being sketched out. For the time being we cannot do anything, since the Government has proclaimed a fairly long armistice ("Burgfrieden").

Nevertheless we shall smash them.

The Wilhelmstrasse has sent an emissary to the Leader. The same conditions are proposed as those suggested on August 13th, but he remains inexorable. If no one takes upon himself to act on his own responsibility, but all pull together, we shall win the game.

[1] The anniversary of the *coup d'état* in Munich which misfired in 1923.

The attitude towards Strasser is aggressive and hostile throughout the whole leadership of the Party. Nobody trusts him any longer. We all are convinced that he will go his own way at a critical moment.

We must pay great heed lest we be taken by surprise.

November 10th, 1932.

Back to Berlin. The good spirits of the Party have given way to tepidity and depression. Everywhere we find trouble, conflicts and dissensions.

It is always the same. After a defeat all that is wobbly and unsound in the Movement comes to the fore, and one has to pit oneself against it for weeks and weeks.

I hear the Wilhelmstrasse is completely at a loss. The situation is so complicated that one can hardly see any way out of it. If things go on like this the Government will ruin the nation.

The *bourgeois* Press busies itself with riddles. Reasonable journalism seems to begin to understand that the situation is not so rosy for the Reaction as it thought during the contest.

Now the great, and probably final, test of our endurance will begin. If we hold out we shall obtain power.

November 11th, 1932.

Receive a report on the financial situation of the Berlin organization. It is hopeless. Nothing but debts and obligations, together with the complete impossibility of obtaining any reasonable sum of money after this defeat.

At Schöneberg (suburb of Berlin) we bury Reppich, the Storm Trooper who was killed during the strike. Forty thousand people are present at the funeral. He is being laid to rest like a prince. Over the cemetery aeroplanes are circling with Swastika flags swathed in black as a last greeting to the dead. The Storm Troopers present are much moved.

Through an intermediary between us and the Government I learn that things are beginning to crash in the Cabinet. The resistance to Von Papen has grown very strong. We are advised to stick to our guns and to open no negotiations. The advice is superfluous, as we had not intended to do so for a minute.

Our attacks against the Communists must be pressed with greater force. During the strike we more nearly approached

them than we intended. Now we must place them at arm's-length again. It is important also that we should have no illusions, and under no circumstances whatever find ourselves inveigled into an August 13th again. There must not be any more oral discussions. Everything must be in black and white. But the Leader is so circumspect in what he does that nobody need fear.

I write an article daily against the Cabinet. Dripping water hollows the stone. Although the success of these daily attacks is not immediately obvious, in the long run they will not remain without effect.

November 12th, 1932.

I am making an advisable change on the staff of the *Angriff* in order to keep our paper up to date.

On November 20th the armistice is to come to an end; we shall at once start our attacks again.

It is also important that we should bring out a morning paper in Berlin. With one single evening paper we cannot combat the hostile Press of the whole world.

Our Press is a constant worry; especially just now it will be very difficult to steer the National Socialist papers. Only through the exercise of great care and under many difficulties can the *Angriff* itself stick to its colours. One has to be very cautious; especially after the finish of the election campaign, when we are still in its boiling atmosphere.

My hope that after the late contest work would be lessened has been disappointed. In consequence of the defeat we had to set to again immediately. We can't make up so much as a single night's loss of sleep.

The Leader is keeping away from Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse waits for him in vain; and that is well. We must not give in as we did on August 13th.

The Reich Government is involving itself with a heavy conflict with the State Governments. What a bull in a china shop! We must keep out of it all.

Should we open negotiations it would only be on the understanding that Hitler should become Chancellor! There is no way out of that. He will certainly attain the post if we do not give in. We must make quite sure that Strasser does not counteract us.

In thought I am already busy with the next election campaign. It will be frightfully difficult. Please Heaven we shan't have to go through with it.

November 13th, 1932

It is wonderful to have a whole Sunday in which to doze, to listen to music and to read! It invigorates one for the whole week's work.

November 14th, 1932

So much work over from the last campaign it requires weeks to clear it off.

As work progresses, courage reasserts itself. The Party must always be kept with the steam up. The moment such a vast organization has nothing to do, even the staunchest men in it begin to flag, and the headstrong begin to make trouble.

At a Comrades' Evening I speak to the Berlin District Leaders. I succeed in pulling them together, and in raising their spirits. The old guard is the backbone of the Party.

November 15th, 1932

Government intermediary brings us interesting items of news. The Wilhelmstrasse is hatching bad eggs. Fantastic plans are being made with the unexpressed intention of getting us into difficulties. We listen in silence and think all the more. It is a pity (for them) that the Wilhelmstrasse chose their intermediaries so ill-advisedly.

One cannot resolve often enough to stand fast. Precarious situations in politics are solved through character and not by intellect.

I am being warned on all sides about Strasser. It is said that he has already entered into relationships with the Government. That would really constitute a great danger. Otherwise all are divided against each other in the Wilhelmstrasse. Each one tries to get the better of the other. It is only natural that this should be so in such desperate case.

If we now proceed with care we shall crown the next phase of our struggle with victory. If we do not succeed this time it may come to a military dictatorship. That would be unfortunate even if such an experiment were to last only a short time. I am shaping the new course of our Press. It is to be directed against Communism, but to maintain otherwise " splendid isolation."

On January 1st, the *Völkische Beobachter* will appear as a morning paper in Berlin. That solves one of our most urgent party questions. With one morning paper and one evening paper we can manage to defend ourselves.

From my legal adviser I learn that in Leipzig they are raking up that old high treason business against me which has been pending for the last three years. I hope the judges will not be too late ; otherwise I shall already be a Minister when the summons is served.

Feeling, generally, in the Party is a little better ; but things must be brought to a head. Decisive action can only be reached by an understanding between Hindenburg and Hitler. I am writing a loyal article headed: " What comes next?"

Papen will not be able to hold out much longer. The opposition in his own Cabinet is too strong. In the Wilhelmstrasse everything is in a state of dissolution. The Socialists, too, have sharply challenged the Government. No possibility remains for the Chancellor to negotiate with the parties.

To-day is Day of Repentance (" Busstag ").[1] Exactly at the same hour, six years ago, I founded the Party in Berlin as a young District Leader with only three hundred followers. How much success and defeat has followed since! Nevertheless we have kept going somehow, and will contrive to do so in future.

November 16th, 1932.

The prospects of the Wilhelmstrasse are dwindling. All parties have proclaimed themselves against Von Papen. I 'phone the Leader until late at night, informing him as to the course of affairs there. He has emphatically declined a discussion with Von Papen by letter. They say that Von Papen and Schleicher are going to resign to-day. That would mean the end of this Cabinet. The Government has not arrived at any conclusions. We are preparing for another struggle ; to be ready in any case.

In the evening the Cabinet goes to the President of the Reich. They hand in their common resignation. The Leader is summoned to Hindenburg by telegram. I 'phone him immediately. He is very calm and quiet. He will come to Berlin by 'plane. One must impress it on oneself not to be over optimistic.

From an intermediary of the Government I learn that the Leader may receive the order to constitute a new Government. We are advised to stick to a " Presidential Cabinet " and not to try to obtain a majority. Intrigues are going on. We must keep our head and stick to our principles.

[1]A solemn day celebrated by the Protestant Church in Germany.

The situation has to be estimated coolly and quietly. We have not yet reached the goal. If we fail this time we must continue the struggle.

November 18th, 1932.

The Leader arrives at Tempelhof at one o'clock. Frick and Strasser are with him. Goering is expected back from Rome, where he had great political and personal success.

The Leader goes home with us, and I give him a résumé as to the situation. His discussion with the President of the Reich will probably be of decisive importance. If these two men once shake hands, the German Revolution is safe. They must come face to face in order to gain confidence in each other.

Discussions follow fast one after the other, but we refuse to be flustered.

At midnight the Leader returns. We talk, and listen to music. That is the best recreation after hard nerve-racking effort.

The Government has extended the armistice to January 2nd. Whereby our campaign of propaganda is wrecked for the moment. The Leader is in good-humour. His only doubt is of Strasser. We must keep an eye on him.

August 13th must not be repeated. Anything but that!

November 19th, 1932.

Cheered by crowds of people, the Leader drives to the Wilhelmstrasse, where he holds a discussion for one hour and a half with the President of the Reich. Wild cheers greet him on his way back. He tells me all about it; the upshot of the interview is that we must remain firm and admit of no compromise.

The alternative before the Wilhelmstrasse is either a repetition of August 13th with the object of forming a new interim Cabinet, or to make a serious attempt to come to peaceful terms with the Leader and the Party. The news from the Wilhelmstrasse is so contradictory one is not able to make much of it. For the time being it is impossible to estimate it at its proper value. The Leader has laid down his programme with great seriousness and takes entire responsibility for it. The discussion was held between the two men in privacy and that was greatly to his advantage.

News and rumours fly about.

In the evening the Leader comes to us at home. We avoid over-confidence. If we are successful, well and good, if we are not, we must not lose heart.

At midnight I deliver a short address to the Storm Troop leaders. All are extremely anxious as to how the situation will shape itself. The city is greatly excited, but somehow I have the feeling that nothing final and decisive will yet be attained.

November 20th, 1932.

One cannot get rid of the impression that General Schleicher only makes use of these discussions definitely to exclude us. They want the Leader to sound the parties before his appointment, in the hope that the Nationalists will protest so that it will be impossible to secure a majority.

The Leader talks it over with us for a long time, and finally determines to have no more personal interviews, but to carry on negotiations in writing, as it is of first importance to avoid a repetition of the arrangement reached on August 13th.

Rumours upon rumours are spread abroad. Most of them are untrue, but the air is full of them.

All sub-leaders toe the lines laid down, only Strasser seems obliged to deviate.

In the afternoon I swear-in the District Leaders from the east of Berlin. Amongst the people, unfortunately, hope runs too high. Are they again to be deceived by defeat?

Many discussions are held in the Kaiserhof. From thence the Leader will make his bid for power. In this nerve-racking struggle one is keyed up by the excitement of the Party which knows that it is now "all or nothing." We have to be very circumspect, and avoid all blunders.

Goering is again getting in touch with the parties. The Catholics support the Leader's Chancellorship. The Nationalists decline our invitation to a discussion. They are still riding the high horse.

The Leader has written a long reply to the desire enunciated by the President that he should attempt to obtain a majority. It is couched in brilliant style with irrefutable arguments. He refutes the suggestion that the situation could be handled by ordinary parliamentary means, and emphasizes the maintenance of the idea of a Presidential Cabinet.

November 21st, 1932.

The Leader has again seen the President of the Reich. He has received the order to try for a majority. So the

others are stiffening upon their parliamentary tack. But this is unfeasible as it lends itself to reservations on the part of the Cabinet. Whilst we are discussing the character of this commission, the crowd is standing in front of the Kaiserhof, continuously hailing Hitler.

They believe he has already been appointed Chancellor. What a dreadful pity that this is only an illusion!

Only with difficulty I succeed in quieting the people in front of the Kaiserhof and getting them to move on.

The discussions go on all day. We must gain time and hold firm. In the afternoon the Leader dictates his reply, which ends on the question should he decide on parliamentary procedure, or should he support the suggestion of a Presidential Cabinet? This question must be solved before it is possible to proceed further.

In a discussion with Dr. Schact I ascertain that his views coincide with ours. He is one of the few who stand firmly by the Leader.

Strasser suggests negotiating with the Nationalists. The Leader unconditionally declines. This may come later, but for the time being it is impossible. At present the only possible solution is that of a Presidential Cabinet. Will the question be settled this time?

November 22nd, 1932.

The reply of the Wilhelmstrasse to the Leader's letter has arrived. The terms offered cannot be accepted. A mixture of presidential and parliamentary provisos is impossible. The Leader will again reply by letter, and decline the President's invitation as impracticable, but he will not fail to offer new and incisive proposals.

The Leader remains cool and imperturbable during all these discussions. He has admirable nerves.

In the evening we go to the Opera for refreshment. We listen to a wonderful production of the *Meistersinger*. The orchestra is more beautiful than ever. Wagner's immortal music reinvigorates us wonderfully. At the great "Awake" our hearts leap up afresh.

November 23rd, 1932.

The Berlin Jewish Press writes that serious differences among the sub-leaders of the Party have broken out at the Kaiserhof, and that Hitler, out of sheer anger and disgust, had betaken himself to the theatre. Meanwhile Frick and

I are supposed to have had a serious disagreement. But the fight had finally calmed down, and when Hitler came back, I was sitting at his desk composing a reply to the Wilhelmstrasse.

As a matter of fact we were all peacefully at the Opera, listening to the *Meistersinger*.

The Leader is just about to dictate his reply to the Wilhelmstrasse as I arrive at the Kaiserhof. At four o'clock he has finished it. We talk it over once more. It is a good piece of clear thinking. In the first part he sets it out plainly how impossible it would be to carry out the President's recommendation. In the second part he offers a solution of his own for the problem in three days' time, provided that a free hand be given to him. The whole letter is a masterpiece.

In view of the continued efforts of the Press to separate the Leader from us, we publish a vote of confidence in him and decline to offer any further refutation of these stupid lies. This pronouncement works wonders in public. The Press is much excited; wild rumours figure in its headlines.

The Leader has a discussion with General Schleicher. The situation has not altered in the least. A section of the Cabinet is making trouble in the Press. The Conti-Press Agency is wrongly representing the whole situation.

In the evening we remain at home enjoying a respite in chat and music.

November 24th, 1932.

The reply from the Wilhelmstrasse has not yet arrived. The Leader, however, and the rest of us, are taking matters quietly and in good part, since we are quite sure the Leader's proposals will be turned down. At three o'clock the answer arrives exactly as we expected: they decline! The Leader winds the matter up in a short and final letter. Negotiations are broken off. The revolution knocks at the closed gates. The Leader's reply is a dignified document.

In order to make certain that the August 13th muddle is not repeated, the Director of the Press, Dr. Dietrich, immediately calls the Berlin Press together and hands the official correspondence to the journalists. Good Julius Schaub[1] has already carefully copied the whole the day before. He knows how things should be done, and steals a march on the enemy. Thus we gain one whole hour over the Wilhelmstrasse, and thereby an irretrievable advantage.

[1] Hitler's personal adjutant.

All the documents are being published and now the public will have an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the merits of the case.

Now that the discussions are over, the Leader is holding a conference with Hugenberg. But it remains without obvious result.

In the meanwhile I publish an extensive report on the whole affair in our Press. The Leader makes a consistent appeal to the whole Party. The time for talk is at an end, the struggle begins afresh.

Our ranks once more relax a little, and take some rest. The coming test will find us firm. The powers that be will have to fall back on us, as any other solution of the problem than our solution is impossible.

November 25th, 1932.

We return to our daily work, after a few parting shots in the Press.

The Leader has held a conference with a few leaders of the other parties, but it is quite hopeless. The Wilhelmstrasse has once again triumphed. For how long ?

Some people in the Party hold that we ought to take over the power in Prussia. We are entirely against this. We should subside into an untenable situation, and last, but not least, the Government could appoint a Commissary above us. The consequences would be frightful. The Leader, of course, thinks so, too.

We must by no means be hasty. It is desirable that we should all leave Berlin, in order to avoid the direct influence of the overstrained political atmosphere here.

In the evening I speak to the Amtswalter at the Tennishallen. I take the opportunity to explain the whole situation. This time the people understood us. A second August 13th has happily been avoided. The Party stands unshaken. They say that Von Papen will come back in order to constitute an emergency Government. But this attempt could only be a very short-lived one.

November 27th, 1932.

Wanted: a Chancellor !

Everyone declines to be the last in office against the N.S.D.A.P.

Motor to Weimar with the Leader. A wonderful trip : we much enjoy the fresh air and the wind. In the evening

the Leader and I speak at the overcrowded Weimar Hall. This time the audience, contrasted with August 13th, is indescribably enthusiastic.

If no rupture occurs within the Party we shall certainly win the game !

In the evening we saunter through this wonderful town of Goethe's, and are spellbound by its indescribable charm.

At night, the Leader motors on to Munich, and we return to Berlin.

Match: Papen *v.* Schleicher. Which will be Chancellor ? An idle question in the long run. Neither of the two ? It is best for us to keep out of it until a more favourable moment.

November 28th, 1932.

Papen is fighting a rearguard action. Schleicher leads. He is looking for a majority of moderates. He need not look our way. They speak of a winter-time armistice, but that would merely bridge over matters to no ultimate result. It would suit the Wilhelmstrasse, and enable them to press us hard later on.

November 30th, 1932.

Back to Weimar to the Thuringian election campaign. Spoke in the evening at Eisenach and Apolda. In this campaign we shall again be put to the test.

Late at night a telegram arrives from the Leader. They have called him to Berlin. But he is not going, and keeps General Schleicher waiting. He intends to come to Weimar first in order to take an active part in the Thuringian contest. Negotiations in high quarters have come to an end. We have to do now with the people.

December 1st, 1932.

The Berlin Press is quite beside itself. Up to now, Schleicher has obtained no results. He is trying to win our toleration. But that is out of the question.

The Leader arrived at Jena at night, and has immediately gone on to Weimar. At midday, Goering, Frick, and Strasser are coming. The five of us are going to hold a conference. Strasser's point of view is that we should put up with the Schleicher Cabinet. In order to prove his point he paints a very gloomy picture of the Party. He describes a state of discouragement which we should never have thought

possible. The Leader inveighs sharply against making the worst of things. He means to persevere to the very end, and we second him as best we can. The Leader correctly estimates the situation. Anyone with common sense can see that the System is breathing its last, and that it would be a crime to form an alliance with it at the present moment.

The Wilhelmstrasse is making every attempt to get into connection with the Leader. But he categorically declines to come to Berlin. He has offered his terms. To labour the point is wholly vain. We are not in the least inclined to let ourselves in for a second August 13th. The Leader is not going to Berlin, but is staying at Weimar.

Thus Schleicher's meditated attack on the Party is parried, and the Wilhelmstrasse will soon have to give in. Goering asks General Schleicher to send an officer as mediator. He immediately accepts this proposal.

Great confusion reigns in Berlin. If we keep our heads we shall have won. Things are coming to a crisis with uncanny speed. All the usual rumours are flying about. But this time the lever is ours. The Press is full of sensations.

In the evening we speak at assemblies, and spend much time afterwards making plans together. The Leader's insight into the whole situation is quite clear.

The Press is spreading reports of the most impossible combinations. In Berlin, as yet, no resolution has been arrived at. Everyone is waiting for the Leader's decision.

Our terms are: Postponement of the Reichstag until January; amnesty; streets free, and the right of self-defence. If these terms are not accepted, we shall re-engage. It is for General Schleicher to choose.

The Leader's hour will come. There must be no mistaking our attitude. No reconciliation with the Government. The crisis can only thus magnify our chances.

The Leader once more proves himself a good strategist.

It is perfectly absurd, the falsities and fictions invented by the Berlin Press. For instance, that the Leader had really intended to come to Berlin, but at Jena, Goering had dragged him out of the sleeping-car by force, and compelled him to go to Weimar instead. There, Goering and I had strictly forbidden him to go to Berlin, in order to support Party irreconcilables.

We read all this rubbish in the evening and are, both, much amused at it.

The Leader has an interview of three hours with the envoy sent to him at Weimar from General von Schleicher, in which he recapitulates the arguments against General von Schleicher becoming Chancellor. He points out all risks arising from such an undertaking.

The political importance of the Reichswehr would be completely worn out thereby. The attempt would end in a fiasco. The impression made by these representations is a deep one.

Von Schleicher's intermediary telephones to Berlin, but there is no retreat for the General. He only begs us to bear with him, but that is absolutely out of the question.

Meanwhile we must leave for our manifold meetings. Speak at Arnstadt and Blankenburg. Both halls are overcrowded. Public feeling is improving.

On our way back we get lost in the mist, and only arrive at Weimar past midnight, where the rest are already waiting for us.

December 2nd, 1932.

General von Schleicher has been appointed Chancellor. That is the final choice left. When he is overthrown, our turn comes. We can but quietly wait. This experiment will only last a short time. For the rest it is just as well when men who have kept in the background for a long time, and who therefore enjoy a certain reputation, appear at length before the footlights. There are two reasons why a man should keep silent, one, when he has something to hide; and two, when he has nothing to say.

Goering returns to Berlin. He is commissioned to go into details with Von Schleicher.

In the evening, after we get back from our meetings, the Leader relates something about the very first beginnings of the Party. How difficult it has been for him to work his way up! To many people this may seem paradoxical to-day, but still, it has its deeper meaning. Just because he had to go through everything, nothing in human experience is strange to him.

December 3rd, 1932.

From Weimar back to Berlin, a journey which hardly took us four hours. I repair to the office immediately, where I find a lot of work. Politically there is nothing new at the present moment. The city is quiet.

General von Schleicher is looking for ministers. How long will this splendour last?

The *Völkische Beobachter* is going to appear in fine style as a morning paper in Berlin on January 1st. By this step we shall furnish ourselves with a hefty weapon in our struggle for the conquest of the Capital of the Reich.

December 4th, 1932.

General von Schleicher has completed the formation of his Cabinet. There is not a single outstanding man in it. I am giving this Cabinet not more than two months to live.

Address the Amtswalter at Karlshorst. Excellent spirits prevail among them.

The Leader has arrived in Berlin. At midday we meet him at the Kaiserhof. He has a discussion with Dr. Schacht, who, as always, is quite on our side.

In Thuringia we suffered losses again in the election. It must be mentioned however, that we did not do all we could for this action. Strasser, for instance, made no speech at all. This defeat is very unwelcome at the present moment. In future there must be no election at which we lost a single vote.

December 5th, 1932.

I am trying to pull together the department officials of the Party. I hold small conferences with them, take pains to go into every detail, and explain the present situation to them. In the long run I hope this will help to attain my object.

I am writing an aggressive article against General von Schleicher. What is doing him most harm in the eyes of the public is that the Jewish papers sing his praise. That always goes against a man in a public position.

At the Kaiserhof we hold a long conference with the Leader. We discuss our attitude to the Von Schleicher Cabinet. Strasser's standpoint is that we ought to tolerate Von Schleicher. The Leader retorts upon him in the sharpest possible way. Strasser, as usual with him lately, paints a black picture of the situation in the Party, and takes a gloomy view of everything. But even if he were right, we must never capitulate because of the apathy of the masses.

Quite by chance we learn the true reason for Strasser's private willingness to scuttle the Party. On Saturday he met General von Schleicher, who offered him the Vice-Chancellorship. Strasser has not only not rejected this offer, but has also declared his intention to draw up a list

of his own at a new election. That is the worst bit of treachery the Leader and the Party have yet experienced. It did not surprise me, for I never expected anything else of Strasser.

We are now only waiting the moment in which he will proclaim his treacherous attitude in public.

A man shows what he is made of in a crisis. He who fails now, proves he is not made for great things. Everything depends, at a crisis, more on character than on intelligence. Strasser is doing everything in his power to get those present at an assembly of Party Leaders over to his side, but all stand by the Leader so firmly that nothing comes of it. By way of a last throw he brings forward Von Schleicher's threat to the Leader that if we cannot and will not bear with his Cabinet, he would again dissolve the Reichstag. We reiterate terms on which we would be prepared to grant him his opportunity, i.e. an amnesty; various social improvements; the right of self-defence; the right of holding demonstrations, and a prorogation of the Reichstag for the time being. Faction session: the Leader castigates the growing inclination to compromise. There can be no idea of it. It is not he, but the honour of the Party which is concerned. He who would do anything treasonable now only shows that he has never conceived the greatness of the Movement.

Strasser's face turns stony. The Faction itself unanimously agrees to a continuation of the struggle. A dissolution of the Reichstag is to be avoided if possible, since we have no good jumping-off place at the present moment.

A long time we sit drawing up the terms to be proposed to Von Schleicher. Goering and Frick are submitting them.

We spend the evening at home with a few artists by way of relaxation from the heavy strain of the last few days. Music lifts us out of the humdrum of every day, and makes us feel, afresh, the higher inspiration of our work.

December 6th, 1932.

Another session at one o'clock. Frick imparts instructions to the members. The Reichstag will probably be prorogued until the middle of January.

It is very hard work for the organization at present because one never knows what will happen next. The Reichstag is being opened. General Litzmann makes a good speaker. The Communists are ill-regulated enough to

insult him. I hope there soon will be a chance to pay them back in their own coin.

The election of Goering as President again passes without trouble. At the election of the Vice-President, Loebe and a member of the Volkspartei share an equal vote. Whilst the lot[1] decides in favour of the members of the Volkspartei, a final calculation proves that Loebe has had more votes.

Goering makes an incisive inaugural speech, placing himself enthusiastically at the Leader's disposition. This makes a very good impression on the public.

Excited debates follow.

The situation in the Reich is disastrous. In Thuringia, for instance, we have a loss of nearly 40 per cent since July 31st. We must work more and negotiate less.

In the evening the Leader comes to see us. Quietly we discuss the situation. At heart the Leader is a sensitive artistic man. His instinct quickly grasps any situation, and his decisions are always clear and logical. He sees through tricks of tactic, for this reason the Von Schleicher Cabinet will have no chance against him.

December 7th, 1932.

Am in the Reichstag the whole day. Faction- and Full-Sessions, trivial speeches, and voting. In between, for a change, a real row breaks out in the lobby between some of our deputies and some of the Communists. One of our members is badly hurt.

The likelihood of our taking over power in Prussia is still under discussion. I consider this entirely wrong; either we must attain to power in its entirety, or go on in sharp opposition.

December 8th, 1932.

Deep depression throughout the organization. Lack of money is making it impossible to do things thoroughly well.

There are rumours that Strasser is planning a revolt. I have not as yet been able to find out details about it.

One feels so worn out one longs for nothing but a few weeks' escape from the whole business.

At midday the bomb explodes: Strasser has written a

[1] i.e. Loebe and an M.P. of the Volkspartei got the same number of votes. Then the President took the slips of paper: on the one he wrote "yes," on the other "no." The slips were folded, and each candidate had his choice to make as between them.

letter to the Leader informing him that he resigns all his posts in the Party, but gives very poor reasons for doing so. The moment, he considered, had arrived to lead the Party to the State, to give in; the Party was ruining itself by useless opposition. He could not any longer approve of this course, and was obliged to decline responsibility.

These reasons, of course, were not sound. But they prove that with Strasser the ambition to be a Minister is stronger than his loyalty to the Leader and the Party.

It is not difficult to recognize Von Schleicher in this letter. All the leaders of the Party are with the Leader. They all look gloomy; their rage and indignation is vented against Strasser and his adjutant, Lieutenant Schultz.

In the evening the Leader comes to us. It is difficult to be cheerful. We are all rather downcast, especially in view of the danger of the whole Party's falling to pieces, and of all our work being in vain. We are confronted with the great test. Every Movement which desires power must be proved, and this proving generally comes shortly before the victory, which decides everything. This testing-point is a question of nerve-endurance.

We must not be downhearted now; we shall surely find a way out of this desperate situation. The essential thing is not to give ourselves up.

'Phone call from Dr. Ley: The situation in the Party is getting worse from hour to hour. The Leader must immediately return to the Kaiserhof.

At two o'clock in the morning I am called up from the Kaiserhof. I go down at once and meet Chief of Staff Röhm, and Himmler. The morning edition of the *Tägliche Rundschau* is publishing an article about Strasser's hitherto secret resignation. This can only be Strasser's own doing. Here he is proclaimed as the great man of the Party, who alone is in a position to steer the Movement through its disastrous confusion. The article, of course, ends by claiming that Strasser ought to be appointed Head of the Party, instead of Hitler. Strasser publicly announces that he has gone away on leave. His letter to the Leader is a masterpiece of rhetorical pettifoggery. We are all dumbfounded at such baseness.

Treachery, treachery, treachery!

We discuss the situation: First Strasser's organization within the Party must be broken up. The Leader himself is to take over this organization, and he appoints Dr. Ley his Head of the Staff. The departments of "Education of

the People" and of Agriculture are being made independent. The first one is given over to me, the other one falls to Darré.

For hours the Leader paces up and down the room in the hotel. It is obvious that he is thinking very hard. He is embittered and deeply wounded by this unfaithfulness. Suddenly he stops and says: "If the Party once falls to pieces, I shall shoot myself without more ado."

A dreadful threat, and most depressing.

I was not surprised at Strasser's step. Both of us, the Leader and I, have foreseen this development. It is a real dagger thrust; all the worse as it is made in a moment in which the Party is struggling its hardest against the world.

Strasser is prepared to enter the Von Schleicher Cabinet. He thinks they will ask him to come. He even thinks that a large section of the Movement will possibly follow him. But we shall take good care that none of his dreams are realized. We shall work like the devil, in order to make up the loss.

We talk it all over until six in the morning and decide never to give in; to clench our fists and carry on at any price with the full force of the whole Party.

It is daybreak when I get home dog-tired, with glassy eyes and feverish hands. There can be no idea of sleep. I take a cold shower, change, and leave for the Reichstag immediately.

December 9th, 1932.

The Press is full of the events. The Jewish papers can hardly hide their satisfaction at Strasser's step. The Leader and the Party are given up by all. "Hitler's star has faded," is the refrain of Jewish jubilation. One is almost ashamed to meet acquaintances in the street, and would like to hide one's diminished head.

Wild excitement in the Reichstag. Everywhere the rats flee from the sinking ship. Among them are the hyaenas of the battlefield, who come to wolf up the scraps that remain.

Wild rumours are afloat. Strasser's defection is the talk of the day. He has a good Jewish Press, and deserves it, too.

Struggle in Full-Session about emergency-edicts and the amnesty. In our Faction everyone is deeply depressed. The few who are well informed about the affair again and again assemble small groups of the others to explain it a bit and put fresh heart into them. A few pessimists disappear in

the mass of those who remain firm. Strasser is gradually losing ground. The praise of the Jewish Press especially is doing him harm. He himself remains invisible. They say he has left Berlin.

Go to the Leader in the Kaiserhof to report. He is quite firm, and ready for battle. There can be no question of Strasser's collecting a following of any importance. His experiment has failed, and he has failed along the whole line. This reshuffle of the cards will advantage us in the long run.

Meanwhile, in the Reichstag, too, spirits have improved. The amnesty is accepted, while the anti-social part of the emergency edict is refused. The Reichstag is being prorogued. This is very good, since it gives us a chance to reorganize the Party.

Kaiserhof. The wildest rumours are diminishing. The revolt has failed. Instead it has brought us quite a lot of advantages.

Strasser's great apparatus in the Party has been dissolved, its ballast thrown overboard, and the Movement is again equipped for the struggle. In the palace of the President of the Reichstag the District Leaders and Inspectors, together with the deputies, are assembled. The Leader first addresses the District Leaders on such a self-confident and strong personal note, it goes straight to the heart. He strongly arraigns Strasser and the sabotage he has worked in the Party. Old Nazis, who have fought for years in the Party, have tears in their eyes, tears of anger, pain and shame. The evening is a great success for the unity of the Movement. At the end, the District Leaders and deputies present burst into spontaneous ovations for the Leader. All shake hands with him, promising to carry on until the very end and not to renounce the great Idea, come what might.

Strasser now is completely isolated, a dead man.

A small circle of us remain with the Leader, who is quite cheerful and elated again. The feeling that the whole Party is standing by him with a loyalty never hitherto so displayed, has raised his spirits and invigorated him.

He has now, personally, done with Strasser. We learn, only now, how heavily he has suffered from all this during the past years.

December 10th, 1932.

The Opposition Press is suddenly assuming a more modest tone again. The abrupt cessation of the trouble in our

midst has done away with the likelihood of a dissolution of the Party. The outbreak of this revolt within has done us more good than its constant threatening from without. The blow has failed. We are no "German Nationalists," and have no Treviranus.[1]

The Press is still spreading the wildest rumours, but the crisis is already beyond its climax. The *Angriff* has sharply commented on Strasser's step, and thereby caused a certain confusion for the moment, but on the whole it is entirely right.

The financial situation of the district of Berlin is hopeless. We must institute strict measures of economy, and make it contrive to become self-supporting.

The feeling in the Party is still divided. All are waiting for something to happen. Strasser's step has led to great public uneasiness, especially because it is impossible to come out with the whole truth to everyone.

I freely discuss the whole matter before the District Leaders. The district of Berlin adheres firmly to the Party and the Leader. All once more pledge me their oath of fidelity and obedience to the Leader. Berlin will remain firm!

The Italian Minister of Aircraft, Balbo, is at present staying with Goering. He makes an admirable impression. Very friendly toasts are exchanged.

The Strasser conflict is laid at my door by all those who do not like me; although I have had nothing whatever to do with this piece of disloyalty.

December 12th, 1932.

Speak at the District Day of Brandenburg. In a two-hours' speech I succeed in raising the spirits of all the District Leaders, and to bind them once more to the Party. There is enormous applause.

In Berlin I visit each small district, solemnly binding all leaders. The Berlin organization is internally sound.

Leave for Munich in the evening, together with Chief of Staff, Röhm. Whilst I am reading papers in my compartment, I hear a whispered discussion in the corridor. I open the door, and there is the Leader, standing in front of me. He is on his way back from a round-trip through Saxony. He has spoken three times a day and has been received with incredible enthusiasm. Later the same day, he delivered yet

[1] Former Minister of Traffic.

another address in Breslau. He has settled accounts with the *saboteurs* in a summary fashion. Strasser has lost along the whole line.

Everyone at the Brown House in Munich is glad that the Strasser affair has been settled so quickly.

I quickly set to work, taking over part of Strasser's organization into my department. One-third of it will be dissolved. We have an excellent opportunity now to get rid of the whole over-organization. The estate of the bankrupt is shared out.

In the evening we are together with the Leader. We once again discuss the whole Prussian question, arriving at the conclusion that we shall only take over Prussia, if we move into the Wilhelmstrasse at the same time.

The Wilhelmstrasse really supposes that we should accept Strasser as Minister President for Prussia. They will be dreadfully disillusioned.

December 13th, 1932.

The *Angriff* has had a profit of 60,000 Reichsmark—within one year. Thus we get rid of a part of the district's political debt, and can re-establish our activities.

Goering was with the President of the Reich. The Press again is spreading rumours. Nothing has been decided.

Everywhere in the Brown House the vestiges of Strasser's administration are being done away with. Away with the long memoranda! Let us set to work again.

December 14th, 1932.

Back in Berlin, and at work. Write an article on the situation called "Latent Crisis," sharply repudiating any readiness to meet and treat with the enemy.

They are clearing up now also in the Berlin district. Over-organization must be stopped. The Party has nothing to think of but the furtherance of the struggle.

The rest of the day passes in discussions. In the streets they are already selling Christmas trees.

December 15th, 1932.

It is very difficult to hold the Storm Troopers and the department officials on a straight course. It is high time we attained to power although for the moment there is not the slightest chance of it.

A clever financial deal enables us to decrease our money troubles. Things are not quite so bad now as we were afraid they would be.

The Prussian question is hung up again. But this is as well, for if we had Prussia probably we would not know what to do with her.

In the evening General von Schleicher delivers an address over the Radio. His speech is very slight, flat, intentionally unconventional, and without programme. He promises so much that it will only take a few weeks for all these promises to come to nothing.

No Chancellor before him ever had so few positive things to say. In the evening I speak again at an assembly of department officials, and pull the Party together. That is now the most important thing. If we succeed in holding the Movement, we shall also succeed in saving the situation.

December 16th, 1932.

Otto Strasser, Gregor's brother, has written an unworthy article against the District Leaders and the deputies of the Party. He reproaches them with having given in to Hitler out of fear and cowardice. This does no harm in the Movement, for it destroys the last remnants of sympathy for Strasser. His attacks on me are all so vulgar that one can answer them only with disgust and silence. It is the wrath of the unsuccessful man.

The Leader is thoroughly indignant at this article. When Lieutenant Schultz comes to make some sort of a running for Strasser he is shown the cold shoulder and sent home.

In the evening the Leader is in reminiscent vein and speaks of bygone times in the Party. How often things like those we have lately witnessed have already happened in the Movement. It is always the same, and in the decisive hour a Segestes will always turn up.

We decide to overhaul the Party organization ourselves by all means in our power. Every Saturday and Sunday we are going to address the District Leaders in all parts of the Reich. We shall then find out whether it will not be possible to lift the organization up again in spite of everything.

December 18th, 1932.

To-day the Leader is speaking in Halle. I leave for Hagen, and on my way I get an opportunity to explain the situation to some of our deputies. They are disgusted to learn the details. In Hagen I address three thousand department officials, and when I have finished, they present a united front once more ready for the attack. I describe the situation clearly to the whole party. We must not stand upon the order of our going—but go !

Late at night I go to Münster, where again I speak to four thousand department officials on Sunday morning. I am again successful in pulling them together.

From there to Essen by car with Dr. Ley. Here people are strongly against Strasser. We both speak in an overcrowded circus to eight thousand department officials, and the same success follows as before.

In the evening we both speak at Düsseldorf in the overcrowded Tonhallensäle. There ten thousand department officials have assembled. Indignation with Strasser is giving us great advantages. The whole day was an immense success. We have succeeded in enlightening twenty thousand department officials in twenty-four hours.

At night we return to Berlin.

December 19th, 1932.

A generous benefactor gives me two thousand marks, out of which I am giving Christmas presents to the honorary co-operators of the district.

Senior council in the Reichstag. Amnesty still uncertain. If the Reichsrat declines it, the Sull-session must again assemble on Thursday.

Von Schleicher's star is already beginning to decline. It is now easy to estimate when it will fall.

A Jew has written a book called *The Rise of Von Schleicher,* of which a huge edition is being published. A great pity, since when it appears in the shop windows Von Schleicher will have disappeared from the political stage.

December 20th, 1932.

We must summon all our forces once more to hold the organization together ; but we shall be successful.

The Senior Council of the Reichstag has declined a Full-session. Instead, the Senior Council is to assemble again directly after Christmas. Then the decision on Schleicher's fate will probably be reached. We must never, and under no circumstances, tolerate him in this position.

I am writing another article called: "Programme without Programme," directed against the Government.

In the City the Christmas spirit is predominant.

December 21st, 1932.

Troubles and worries call for attention in the Party. This sort of thing always follows an internal crisis; but one has to keep cool.

Our money difficulties continue, but we are fighting them stoutly.

The number of the unemployed has increased by two hundred and fifty thousand. This is Von Schleicher's economical success.

I am making use of the Christmas festivities in the Party to strengthen its internal unity. These seasonable occasions offer our only chance to speak to the Party itself, since the political interregnum prohibits every public assembly.

December 22nd, 1932.

We must cut down the salaries of our District Leaders, as otherwise we cannot manage to make shift with our finances. All the employees are showing an admirable sense of sacrifice. No one enters a protest.

And just before Christmas, too! It would be an injustice on the part of Fate were this Movement not permitted to attain to power.

In the Pharussäle and in the Kriegervereinshaus the workmen from Wedding have assembled to spend their Christmas Eve. What poverty there is among these outcasts. I am surrounded by the children the whole evening, eternally writing autographs for them.

The feast of Divine Love is drawing nearer. I am tired of all the work it entails.

In politics we have a battle behind us and one still to face.

December 23rd, 1932.

I have to do my inconsiderable Christmas shopping, to send away parcels and to distribute gifts. One would so like to cheer everybody up a little.

The Leader 'phones that the Strassers are conspiring with Von Schleicher in Berlin. I immediately open an investigation, which leads to little result for the time being.

Our collaborators assemble in the festival hall of the Vosstrasse for a simple but solemn Christmas. How very decently and with what dignity these simple men of the people manage such a festival. All of us feel like the members of one great family. I deliver an address, thanking them for their courage and loyalty throughout the year, and offer them the hope that the New Year will bring us victory.

The same night I have to take my wife to hospital owing to a sudden attack of severe illness. All the others have received their Christmas gifts now, and our Christmas begins.

The year 1932 has brought us eternal ill-luck. Outside the peace of Christmas reigns in the streets. I am at home alone, pondering over my life. The past was sad, and the future looks dark and gloomy; all chances and hopes have quite disappeared.

The house is like the dead. I am overwhelmed by a feeling of dreadful solitude, and morose desolation.

I have no other resource but to try to banish it by work. My collaborators have all taken leave. But one must not give in to sentiment. How many thousand people are without a roof over their heads; without bread; and yet they do not despair!

December 24th, 1932.

A sad Christmas! My heart is full of grief. The only consolation is that little Harald is with me. His mother is ill in hospital. All the manifold Christmas gifts, Christmas greetings, and flowers, coming from the faithful members of the Party only embitter me. A few comrades of the Storm Troopers are preparing the Christmas tree. Little Helga is sitting there, smiling in childlike innocence.

In the hospital I hear that they have not yet diagnosed my wife's case. The whole city is radiant with Christmas joy. I should best like to be alone somewhere up in the mountains to get away from everything.

If there were not the Party, and I had no hope or belief that it would ever be victorious, my life would have nothing in it. Visit the hospital with little Harald. In the corridor we light up a Christmas tree, and have a sad little Christmas by ourselves.

I afterwards visit my comrades the S.S. Guards. Throughout the year they have been my faithful companions, and have never left me. So we must be together to-night.

The Leader has sent a very kind telegram to the hospital. He, too, will be quite alone on Christmas Eve.

I am really longing for work to begin again. So looks our Christmas Eve!

December 25th, 1932.

On Christmas Day I outline a scheme for the electoral campaign in Lippe. That is the easiest way to pass these desolate days. From the hospital I have news of a visible improvement in my wife's condition; please God it is maintained.

December 28th, 1932.

Packing. A short visit to the hospital, where everything is rosy, and then leave for Munich with my little companion. I meet Mutschmann[1] at the hotel. He has had a talk with Strasser, who is riding the high horse, and is intending to enter the Von Schleicher Cabinet. This is the vilest piece of treachery I have ever heard of, but we must stiffen up all the more in consequence.

Mutschmann comes along with me to Berchtesgaden to report to the Leader.

We drive up the mountain in a sledge. The Leader already expects us.

Mutschmann makes us report. The Leader is very quiet and calm. We must not give in, but stand up to the next testing time.

One only has to look up Roman, British and Prussian history, to find examples of how we should comport ourselves now. In the meanwhile we must give our nerves a rest in order to be fit for January 2nd.

December 29th, 1932.

The Leader dictates his New Year's proclamation. He appeals to the Party's fighting spirit. The Jewish Press produces a new sensation: they have invented a Feme-murder in Dresden. Now these people have something to live on for some weeks.

News comes from the hospital that things are all right. At New Year my wife will join me at Berchtesgaden.

In the evening the Leader talks quite openly and angrily about the Strasser affair. The two brothers Strasser have done us great harm. Especially Otto Strasser. There is a

[1] Mutschmann is now the Reichstatthalter of Saxony.

chance of the Leader having a discussion with Von Papen in a few days' time. That would offer us a new opportunity.

December 30th, 1932.

In Berlin, everything is at its best.

I am reading and writing, and resting in the sun.

In the evening the Leader shows us his appeal to the Party. He has some sharp sallies against the defeatists, declines any reconciliation and proclaims that the struggle will go on until the final decision is reached.

Only this deeply rooted purposefulness will lead us to victory. Only thus can we win. We must learn from the experience of the year 1918, and nothing must be further from our thoughts than a false intelligence which tries to avoid danger.

December 31st, 1932.

The year is drawing towards its end. What a year it has been! Away with it!

In the little house on the Obersalzberg everything is prepared for a festival. To-day we are awaiting the New Year high up above the valley.

Midnight approaches. Down in the valley we hear the fireworks and bombs; a terrific din like that of battle. Then up on the mountain-top the New Year's bonfires are lighting. Over there is Austria!

The bells are ringing. Away with the Old Year! We are going to fight and to win!

I shake hands with the Leader and say nothing but: "I wish you Power!" We remain together a long time talking of the future.

Suddenly news comes from the hospital that quite unexpectedly and all of a sudden my wife has had a relapse and is in danger of death. It is impossible to telephone owing to the fact that the bombing overnight has destroyed almost all the telephone connections. We are quite at a loss. I am in despair. Berlin is so far away, and no means exist for me to get there. The night goes by in an agony of restlessness.

January 1st, 1933.

The early morning of the first day of the year is brilliantly sunny. The mountains lie in front of us in the clear light. I wish the whole year would be as light and radiant.

But it does not look like it. I at once go down to Berchtesgaden, and learn from Berlin that things are looking very bad at the hospital. I immediately leave by train for Munich, with Harald. The Leader follows us by car.

Six dreadful hours at the hotel. There is no train, no 'plane to be had. 'Phone to Berlin every ten minutes. Each report is more disquieting than the next.

The Leader, full of sympathy, endeavours to get a 'plane, but in vain. This dreadful waiting is unbearable. Only at 9 o'clock p.m. can I get a train. What a sad journey! Is this the beginning of 1933? We shall have to stand up and make a fight for it in order to hold our own.

Nothing is going to get us down!

The six hundred kilometres from Munich to Berlin are horrible. During the whole night one sits in the prison cell of a sleeper!

Arrive in Berlin at dawn.

January 2nd, 1933.

Things are even worse than they had told me. Now I must set my teeth if I am to keep going. If an operation should prove necessary the situation is hopeless.

But the work has to begin again, and one has to go back to it without letting others detect one's trouble.

In the night a boy of the Hitler-youth has been murdered. The red fist of Communism is again threatening the Capital. Now and then one is overcome by momentary weakness, but one must pull oneself together, and not give way.

The only consolation is work. I write a sharp article against the Communist Party, and prepare a report for our first assembly at the Sportpalast. Afterwards I listen to a report from the year 1932 over the Radio. Brüning, Von Papen, and Schleicher are speaking.

Who are going to be the speakers in 1933?

January 3rd, 1933.

All conferences and discussions are like a dream to me. I state that the organization has gradually been restored to order, but that the mood of the Party is still very depressed. Issue new orders to the Head of the Press and outline our plans. Our Press in Berlin has developed wonderfully. It is at least up to the level of the others (the *bourgeois*) papers. In a conference with the District Leaders I once again manage to raise their spirits. I am firmly convinced that

once this time of testing is over, we have the victory in our pocket. Again and again historical experience is proving true. Only a few people are on fire, the others merely seem to burn. In reality they merely reflect the light of the others.

The Berlin Press has found a new subject; Strasser is to enter the Von Schleicher Cabinet in order to save it from complete failure. They say that he has already held several conferences with the General, in which the conditions have been made on which he will enter it. We have already proof that these discussions are a fact. This is a treachery which has never yet been committed against the Party! We must be thankful that Fate has preserved us from taking this man over with us to power.

The struggle for Berlin, too, must be carried through by new methods. I have already worked out another system of canvassing. In the hospital, things are looking a little better, but the danger is still acute.

I am plunging into work in order to forget. Speak at Schonholz and before the group Barkum in the evening. Far away in the Wedding district we hold an assembly in an empty shed. It is overcrowded—I am not quite up to the mark. In the Party, spirits are gradually rising again.

A go-between informs me that things are pretty bad with Von Schleicher. He is giving himself up. How long will it be before the public will also give him up? The crisis is continually increasing. We must wait for our decisive moment.

The electoral contest in Lippe is beginning. We have succeeded in getting the necessary money for it. We shall concentrate all our energy on this small country in order to obtain the prestige of a success. The Party must again show that it can still be victorious.

January 4th, 1933.

I do some urgent work in Berlin, and after paying a short visit to the hospital, I have to leave in a sad and anxious mood for the Lippe contest. Via Hannover to Salzuflen. There a gigantic assembly has gathered to which I deliver an address at the top of my form. It is to be anticipated that the contest will result well. Anyhow, we are doing our best.

At night to Herford by car, and from there immediately back to Berlin. We shall make life hell for the Government!

Gregor Strasser has arrived in Berlin. Will he enter the Cabinet? The Press is praising him up to the skies. What a shame!

January 5th, 1933.

The financial situation of the district Berlin is a little better, but not good enough to carry through a new electoral campaign. We must save money, and yet agitate. If necessary, we shall stake everything on one throw.

How willingly would I go on with the struggle in public by all means possible if only Fate would leave my private life undisturbed. But this blow about my wife is all but too much for me, and life is becoming unbearable.

The Storm Troopers march through Berlin. Ten thousand have assembled at the Wittenbergplatz. An amazing sight!

The Sportpalast is overcrowded in the evening. A very touching funeral for the murdered Hitler-youth Wagnitz takes place; and then I square accounts with the Von Schleicher Cabinet. I demand entire power for the Leader, decline any compromise and declare that the Party will also weather this crisis. We never have had such a wonderful night. Berlin is to the fore again, and the Strasser question no longer exists.

The conference between the Leader and Herr von Papen has taken place in Cologne. It was meant to be kept secret, but through indiscretion, news of it got abroad and Von Schleicher is making use of it. The Cabinet seems to feel that something is up. The Press is full of misrepresentations.

But there is one thing; the present Government knows that this is the end of them. If we are successful, we cannot be far from power.

January 6th, 1933.

Considering the gratifying development in politics, I scarcely feel inclined to bother about the bad financial situation of the organization. Once we strike, all this will be over.

In the hospital, my wife still hovers between life and death.

The Berlin Press is unable to calm down after the Cologne conference. One feels that the Government is stricken with neurotic anxiety. Their game is nearly up.

In Lippe, we are going ahead. The Leader has actively taken part in the struggle, consequently things are going right from the first. All prominent party members are agitating. It absolutely must be successful!

January 7th, 1933.

The Berlin Jewish papers have discovered a new trick. They have trumped up a story that I had been up to some fishy financial business. But this calumny is too stupid to need a reply; it is almost comical that just before the end they should invent things like this.

The Hitler-youth Wagnitz is being buried. The whole population of Berlin accompanies him to the grave as if he were a king. At midday we receive the corpse at the mortuary, and then an endless funeral procession winds its way through the drizzling rain of the Berlin suburbs. We march behind the coffin of this murdered boy through eternal walls of men for two and a half hours. The whole S.A., S.S., and Hitler-youth follows. Hundreds of thousands of people are in the streets. We reach the cemetery at dusk and lay him back into the motherly bosom of the earth. Deeply affected, the crowds remain standing near the cemetery until midnight. Ten thousands are bidding their last good-bye to the sixteen-years-old Hitler-youth!

This proud and wonderful Party!

In the Lustgarten 200,000 people have assembled. A sight in the grey night-mist of the great city! The old song, "The good comrade," is sung, and afterwards we fling our declaration of war into the face of the System. The crowds are frantic. Feeling in Berlin is highly explosive. After a visit to the hospital, I go home much depressed.

The Press is still full of the Leader's conference with Herr von Papen. They already had an idea, but now they know what is on the carpet.

January 8th, 1933.

Speak at Spandau and Lichterfelde. The old Party guard of Spandau have paraded. They maintain splendid order and discipline. At Lichterfelde the Party has a more middle-class tone about it, but here also it is in excellent fighting spirits. I feel the whole Party is in good condition again. This is very necessary, for we have hard struggles and strains to undergo in front of us.

At the hospital, things are unchanged. One can but hope and wait.

Berlin is veiled in rain and mist. You feel that either a catastrophe or a solution is at hand.

January 9th, 1933.

I left for Lippe very downhearted. By train to Minden, and then through rain and dirt on to the district where the election is to be held. In the evening I speak three times running, partly in very small peasant villages; all meetings are packed. The Berlin Press sneers at our going to the villages. But all this is so satisfactory nothing better could be desired. Once again one gets into close contact with people. One speaks simply again, and without complications, and above all, one is convincing.

At Bielefeld I take a rest, and at night meet the Leader. He gives me a minute report on the discussion with Herr von Papen. Things are looking well. If nothing extraordinary happens we may this time be successful. Our previous claims are maintained, of course; the Leader must take over the Wilhelmstrasse as Chancellor. Anyhow, the present Government has received no order to dissolve the Reichstag. That gives us at least time to recover.

Everything now depends on the result of the Lippe contest. If we are successful, the Cabinet will fall. So that is where we have to concentrate our efforts.

The Leader is a genuine friend; not only in political, but also in private life, he is an extremely generous and benevolent man. We must be grateful to him.

Return to Berlin. Put in three hours' work there and then promptly return to the Lippe contest.

January 10th, 1933.

In Berlin, the Leader has a discussion with Goering and myself. We are resolved to clear the Party of Strasser's last few dangerous men. This purgation is necessary in order to get the movement in a fighting condition again.

So we hear Strasser has conceived the idea of drawing up a list of his own for a new Reichstag Election. But he will probably make a big mistake; before a new contest comes on, we shall perhaps have the power.

Speak twice the same night in the Lippe country, in small villages and before very simple peasants.

At midnight in Detmold, where our Headquarters are. In all circles of the Party here, people are immeasurably

embittered against Strasser. If we do not succeed in coming to power this time it will be due to him.

We spend the night in a wonderful and lonely water-castle,[1] surrounded by beautiful country; here we can really get a good night's rest.

January 12th, 1933.

Wednesday: My collaborators of the Propaganda Department come to see me, and we discuss plans of agitation all through the afternoon. We must not only face the possibility of a downfall of the Cabinet, but we must also have several strings to our bow. If one way does not work, we must try another.

We have set up new Headquarters of the Party at Schloss Vinsebeck. It is wonderful to work here, since neither telephone nor telegrams can disturb us. The only trouble here is that Berlin is so far away, and we do not know how things are there. My personal and other sorrows are such that one cannot forget them even for a minute.

The Leader is still in Berlin. He has paid a visit to the hospital, and has thus shown to the whole family once more how good a comrade and friend he is to us all.

Speak twice in the evening. The assemblies are overcrowded everywhere. After this I leave for Lemgo, where the Leader has just arrived from Berlin to address the multitude. I wait outside the door, listening to him for half an hour. The loud-speaker enables me to hear him where I am.

By the applause we know when he has ended. There he comes through the gate, accompanied by Storm Troopers, bare-headed, rather pale and worn. Among the numerous cars he at once recognizes mine. He comes up and contents himself with merely telling me: "I have been to the hospital; your wife is over the crisis; her life is no longer in danger; politically, things are all right. See you later."

Then we leave a long queue of cars, through rain and mist for Headquarters. I am quite speechless with relief.

The Leader is staying with Baron von Oeynhausen in a very old castle, where we are received with magnificent hospitality. During the evening the Leader tells me of all that has happened in Berlin, and I am now horrified to hear what I had not hitherto dared to think about, i.e. that at one time the doctors had given my wife up.

[1] A mediæval tower surrounded by water.

Politically everything is still in suspension. The Strasser clique is still agitating. Everything depends on the result of the Lippe contest. So we must work harder still. None must spare himself. At three o'clock in the morning we get back to Vinsebeck. Thursday: Things are looking more rosy. I have the courage to telephone to Berlin once more. The fever has completely gone, and my wife is improving.

If fortune should come to us now, half so plentifully as misfortune has hitherto come, we cannot be very far from success.

In the afternoon we motor together to the Hermannsdenkmal, which stands shrouded in mist, through which it looms mystical and ghostly. Massive, threatening, and grand, this gigantic monument rises to the sky, its upper outlines disappearing in the mist.

In the evening speak three times. The rush begins at seven o'clock, and mostly lasts until past midnight.

Dr. Ley has arrived at our quarters. We talk to late at night.

The Berlin Press is laughing scornfully at the Leader having been in Berlin. Once they spoke of him as of a fallen star, but if he appear in Berlin, they raise an outcry as if a star had veritably fallen from the sky, as the Leader himself puts it.

January 13th, 1933.

The Leader comes to see us at Vinsebeck. We sit by the fireside, making plans for the future.

Speak twice at Detmold in the evening, and afterwards in a small village nearby.

At midnight Goering also comes to Vinsebeck. Strasser is the eternal subject of our discussion. If he succeeds in entering the Von Schleicher Cabinet, our victory will be postponed at least for two months; but even he will not be able to withhold it in the long run.

The Berlin Press says that he is going to be appointed Vice-Chancellor next week. The Jewish Press is proclaiming him a great political genius. I should be ashamed to be praised in such a way by our enemies. The whole is a mean conspiracy against the Leader and the Party, and is merely despicable.

January 14th, 1933.

Last day in Lippe.

Spent the afternoon with Goering and Kerrl at the fireside discussing our worries. We have definite news that

Strasser is prepared to enter the Cabinet as Vice-Chancellor. Only a great success in the Lippe contest can get us out of this dangerous situation.

Von Schleicher has caused a conflict with the Landbund (Farmers' Federation). The peasants are furious with him. That is good for us just now. The Berlin Press is glorying in a drive against us. They seem to scent the break of a new day.

In the evening we bid Vinsebeck farewell. We have spent beautiful days here.

Speak in three villages, and that terminates my part on the Lippe contest.

Motor back to Bielefeld at breakneck speed. From there by sleeping-car immediately to Berlin.

January 15th, 1933.

At Neukölln the S.A. parades in the Stadion in a severe frost. I deliver an address in which I lay special stress on the principles of faithfulness and endurance. They understand me and everybody knows that we have come to the eleventh hour.

In the hospital everything as well as can be. Danger has been fully overcome.

Strasser's undermining makes a lot of trouble. The damage is almost irreparable.

At night the Lippe result comes through; we have increased 20 per cent, the Nationalists have lost nearly 50 per cent, the Communists have enormous losses, only the Socialists have increased a little. The Party is on the march again. Our hearts feel lighter. Our work here, and for so long, and the fact that we did not give in without a struggle, has been repaid. Now we must put our shoulder to the wheel. The defeatists are being ruthlessly cleared out of the Party. There must be no more mercy. The Leader above all! And to Power without compromise!

Write an article called "Signal Lippe," the parole for the Berlin organization. I exhort to a continuous struggle, showing by the Lippe result that everything succeeds if we hold together and do not give in.

January 16th, 1933.

District Leaders meeting at Weimar. The Strasser affair is debated. At last we call a spade a spade. All District Leaders are deeply shocked. Serious complaints against

Strasser turn up. He has well understood how to leave his friends in uncertainty. Now the matter has been cleared up, the Party has survived it. It need no longer be mentioned.

Finally the Leader addresses the District Leaders for three hours. He develops the principles of our strategy and tactics. His next points were extremely important. This, he said, can be the only way for us to be successful. There can no longer be any suggestion of compromise. He ends by giving a full description of the Strasser affair. Spontaneous and enthusiastic applause greets him. The Party stands as firm as ever.

Through a long discussion in the afternoon with minor organizations, I prepare to bring our programme before the peasants and the workmen. We intend to march against the System in close formation.

In the evening I leave again for Berlin.

The papers are clearly dropping Strasser. He has lost his game. Our victory at Lippe has torn the finely spun web of intrigue. His shares are not quoted any longer. It was a short excursion, his, into the limelight. Now he subsides into the NOTHING from which he came.

The situation of the Party has fundamentally changed overnight. Our prestige is much enhanced. All sensible folk have already given up the Von Schleicher Cabinet.

January 17th, 1933.

Now we must be prudent. I give out daily exact instructions to our Press as to its handling of the political situation. There must be no mistake now, otherwise our great plan will again miscarry.

Through a conference with the District Leaders I ascertain that the Party's morale is excellent again. Also the financial situation has improved all of a sudden. Our keen economies have put things on a sure footing again. The enemy Press is upside down; it cannot account for anything, is completely at a loss, and is resigned to its Fate.

The Leader has arrived at the Kaiserhof. He has had a discussion with Hugenberg without immediate result. We must arm ourselves with patience and perseverance.

January 18th, 1933.

In an article called "Von Schleicher's Balance," I give a preliminary account of the present Cabinet. The Press is abandoning Von Schleicher. This is an obvious sign that things are bad with him. We must institute a system of wearing them down. The Wilhelmstrasse must be allowed no peace.

In the evening we go to see the film "Rebel," by Luis Trencker. A first-class production of an artistic film. Thus I could imagine the film of the future, revolutionary in character, with grand mass-scenes, composed with enormous vital energy. In one scene, in which a gigantic crucifix is carried out of a small church by the revolutionaries, the audience is deeply moved. Here you really see what can be done with the film as an artistic medium, when it is really understood. We are all much impressed.

Political affairs are slightly stagnant. Things are still going badly for Von Schleicher's Cabinet. The only question is whether it will be dissolved or not. Our Lippe success cannot be too highly estimated.

January 19th, 1933.

If we gain time, we shall gain everything. The Leader is staying in Berlin, and will take an active part in the affairs at the right moment.

We go again to see the film *Rebel* together. We are as much impressed as before. What an artistic cast!

In the evening we go to see Goering and talk over our new line of action.

Once we gain time, everything is ours. That is the way to defeat Von Schleicher.

Strasser has asked for a conference with the Leader. But he will not succeed in rehabilitating himself.

January 20th, 1933.

Have lunch with some members of the "Herrenclub." They are concocting obscure plans without substance in them, and are enthusing about a political body which, as a matter of course, would be constituted by them. But nothing practical comes of all this.

We are planning a great S.A. Parade in the Bülow Platz for the dedication of a memorial to Horst Wessel.

The S.A. is to parade in front of the Karl Liebknecht House. The Wilhelmstrasse is irresolute about it, and wishes to avoid further unfortunate complications, but in view of their own dangerous position, they omit to prohibit this demonstration. Our Press is doing very well and is

throwing its whole weight into the fray. We shall stake everything on one throw to win back the streets of Berlin for Germany as a nation, Germany as a whole.

In the evening the Sportpalast is overcrowded with department officials. I open the meeting shortly, but with an earnest address, and in public take the oath of fidelity to the Leader.

The Leader is received with indescribable enthusiasm. He is in excellent form, and for the first time in public, denounces Strasser. His resolution to "break the neck of every defeatist in the Party" is answered by a frenzy of applause. This speech of his will work miracles in the whole Party.

Late at night we discuss the details of our parade on the Bülow Platz. It would be very awkward, though, if the police should prohibit our demonstration at the last moment.

January 21st, 1933.

The whole day goes by making plans for our demonstration on the Bülow Platz. The Communist Press has sounded the alarm, and overnight the parade in consequence has developed into a matter of significance. The Wilhelmstrasse is still undecided whether to prohibit it or not. Finally they decide that counter-demonstrations by the Communists are to be prohibited. We do not give way, but keep up our intention to bring off this demonstration. The Jewish Press is instigating the people against us in a shameless way. The demonstration is permitted, anyhow, which fact now exemplifies our strength.

Over-anxious people are desiring the Leader to desist from his intention of appearing at this demonstration. But, of course, he will go! There can be no question of a retreat now. Fortune favours the brave!

The work in anticipation of the downfall of the Von Schleicher Cabinet is well in hand. Even the form in which the Leader is to take over power is seriously discussed. We do not count upon success too confidently, in order to avoid a disappointment. It is as well always to bear in mind that we must struggle.

January 22nd, 1933.

Berlin has got the wind-up.

Our marching in the Bülow Platz has caused great commotion. The police are patrolling the slums with machine-

guns and armed motor cars. In spite of the prohibition, the Communists have proclaimed a huge demonstration. If it fails, they will suffer an irreparable loss of prestige.

We only hope the police will not thwart our plans, for as things stand, the Karl Liebknecht House could be conquered in one single assault.

In the morning the Leader speaks at Frankfurt on the Oder, and at once returns in haste to Berlin, motoring over frozen roads.

Meanwhile, we assemble on the Bülow Platz. One really risks one's life to get through. But everything goes well. The square looks like a military camp. The Communists are making an uproar in the side-streets. Armed motor cars and machine-guns are everywhere to be seen. The police have posted themselves on the roofs and at the windows facing the Platz, waiting the course of events.

Punctually at two o'clock the Leader arrives. The S.A. marches to the Karl Liebknecht House. A bold thing to do; it makes one's heart beat quicker. The Leader speaks in the cemetery. He points out the symbolical significance for the Party of the figure of Horst-Wessel. Outside the Karl Liebknecht House the S.A. is posted, and in the side-streets the Communists are shouting with impotent rage.

The S.A. is on the march and overawes the Reds on their open ground, Berlin. The Bülow Platz is ours. The Communists have suffered a great defeat.

In the evening the Leader addresses the Storm Troopers at the Sportpalast. The memory of Horst-Wessel is again conjured up in its entire devotion. This day really is a proud and heroic victory for the S.A. and for the Party. The Communists have not succeeded in causing serious riots. We have won the battle.

At night I leave for Munich.

January 23rd, 1933

The Propaganda Department for the Reich is again overhauled. A few changes guarantee the effectiveness of the new organization. But in Munich one cannot rest as the drive in Berlin is incessant.

January 24th, 1933.

I am writing an article called "The General without Backbone," in which I again attack the Von Schleicher Cabinet.

The Leader gives me the latest news. Several discussions with the men, who in future will be of importance, have cleared the ground. Generally speaking there is conformity among them, but as yet we need to do a bit of weeding out before we definitely reach our goal. One thing is certain; feeling in general is everywhere against the present Cabinet. In the new Cabinet, which the Leader will take over, Herr von Papen will become Vice-Chancellor. Von Schleicher's position is much endangered now, although he does not seem to suspect anything for the moment. His downfall will come overnight. He will fall himself just as he has brought about the downfall of so many others.

Return to Berlin at night. There is so much work to do, every minute must be utilized: I work until late at night.

January 25th, 1933.

Short trip to Upper Silesia with speeches at Gleiwitz and Beuthen. In the open car through biting frost, from one place to the other, including an hour's breakdown. The Upper Silesians are much excited, full of interest as to the future course of events.

After two hours' sleep, back to Berlin.

It looks pretty bad for Von Schleicher. His downfall is expected on Saturday. He is defending himself desperately, but to no purpose any more. Even the Nationalists now are against him. He is absolutely isolated. All his grand plans have gone awry. The idea of the Harzburg front crops up again.

January 26th, 1933.

The Leader is in Berlin once more. He has very difficult decisions before him to make. Von Schleicher's position is definitely shaken. The last word lies with the President of the Reich.

We must beware of over-confidence. The favourable way things are going puts fresh heart and energy into us all.

January 27th, 1933.

Conference with the gentlemen of the Reichslandbund (Farmers' Federation). All of these have taken up their stand against Von Schleicher. There is only one way out. Hitler must become Chancellor of the Reich.

The Von Schleicher clique makes a hopeless attempt to get the Leader to decline to accept the Chancellorship. What do these people really think!

The Leader himself awaits further development. There is still the likelihood of Von Papen's being appointed again, but this would be a short and foredoomed move.

The Senior Council resolves on convoking the Reichstag for Tuesday.

In a conference which the Leader holds with Goering, Frick and myself, we discuss our course of action.

The Leader has a conference with Hugenberg. Many difficulties still remain to tackle, especially those of staff personnel. For the most part the claims of the German National Party cannot be met.

January 28th, 1933.

Hurried trip to Rostock. Deliver an address to the students, who are about to hold an election.

No further election must upshot in a failure.

During my speech the news comes that Von Schleicher has just resigned. So that's that! This great tactician has also been forced to bow to necessity.

Herr von Papen has received instructions to approach cautiously the other parties, with a view to exploring possibilities.

I return to Berlin immediately. The Press is in a hopeless muddle, and in a state of helpless ignorance.

In the Kaiserhof the Leader posts me as to the latest. Von Schleicher is definitely done for. Now nobody is left but the Leader. All of us are sceptical, however, and refrain from rejoicing too soon.

The tug-of-war between the parties must not last too long. The crisis must be brought to an end in the shortest possible time.

The Leader is very quiet; he will not let himself be caught unawares. An intermediate solution is quite out of the question. If the Leader is summoned by the President of the Reich it can only be in order to appoint him Chancellor of the Reich. The Leader's assurance is marvellous. Once again he has proved right.

January 29th, 1933.

The Leader is in the midst of everlasting conferences. I make a final sally in an article: "The Road clear at last"!

In the afternoon, whilst we are having coffee with the

Leader, Goering suddenly comes and reports everything to be A 1. To-morrow, the Leader is to be appointed Chancellor. One of our principal conditions is the dissolution of the Reichstag, as the Leader is unable to go on working with it as at present constituted. The Nationalists resist this with might and main. Their motives are more than obvious. This is surely Goering's happiest hour. And he is right. He has diplomatically and cleverly prepared the ground for the Leader in nerve-racking negotiations for months, or even years. His prudence, endurance, and above all, his firmness of character and loyalty to the Leader were genuine, strong and admirable. His face was turned to stone when, in the very thick of the fight, his beloved wife was torn from his side by death. But he did not flinch a second. Seriously and firmly he went on his way, a steadfast and devout shield-bearer to the Leader.

How often have he and I been together during the past years, and revived each other's courage! How often have our spirits been raised and fortified by our love of the Leader, and by the untiring work for the common cause! Although our spheres of action were often wide apart we have each grown to respect and esteem the other's personality and accomplishments as loyal comrades whom neither distress nor crisis could sever.

This upright soldier with the heart of a child has always remained true to himself; and now he confronts the Leader and brings him the greatest piece of news of his life! We are quite unable to speak for some minutes; then we rise and solemnly shake hands.

A wordless vow to our Leader! As it has been, so it shall remain! The world will witness in us and through us a splendid example of loyalty to the Leader, and an instance of the most beautiful companionship that *can* bind men together.

So be it!

In a talk with the Leader it is settled that I am to remain free of office till the end of the election campaign, so as to be able freely to carry on the election work. I have therefore a good opportunity to offer a last great proof of my ardour in this cause.

We are at home and are just about to leave for the Ausstellungshallen, to see the great exhibition (riding) there, when news is brought to us of a last dangerous move planned by our adversaries. We must keep our heads. One does not know if it is merely a threat, or something really serious,

or just childishness. I inform the Leader at once, also Goering, both of whom are waiting in the next room. Goering at once informs Herr von Papen. Nothing is left undone to safeguard the following day.

We sit up till five o'clock in the morning, are ready for everything, and have considered the thing from all angles. The Leader paces up and down the room. A few hours' sleep and the decisive hour will strike.

The great hour has struck!

January 30th, 1933.

It seems like a dream. The Wilhelmstrasse is ours. The Leader is already working in Chancellory. We stand in the window upstairs, watching hundreds and thousands of people march past the aged President of the Reich and the young Chancellor in the flaming torchlight, shouting their joy and gratitude.

At noon we are all at the Kaiserhof, waiting. The Leader is with the President of the Reich. The inward excitement almost takes our breath away. In the street the crowd stands silently waiting between the Kaiserhof and the Chancellory. What is happening there? We are torn between doubt, hope, joy and despair. We have been deceived too often to be able whole-heartedly to believe in the great miracle.

Chief-of-Staff Röhm stands at the window the whole time, watching the door of the Chancellory from which the Leader must emerge. We shall be able to judge by his face if the interview was happy.

Torturing hours of waiting! At last a car draws up in front of the entrance. The crowd cheers. They seem to feel that a great change is taking place or has already begun.

The Leader is coming.

A few moments later he is with us. He says nothing, and we all remain silent also. His eyes are full of tears. It has come! The Leader is appointed Chancellor. He has already been sworn in by the President of the Reich. The final decision has been made. Germany is at a turning-point in her history.

All of us are dumb with emotion. Everyone clasps the Leader's hand; it would seem as if our old pact of loyalty were renewed at this moment.

Wonderful, how simple the Leader is in his greatness, and how great in his simplicity.

Outside the Kaiserhof the masses are in a wild uproar. In the meantime Hitler's appointment has become public.

The thousands soon become tens of thousands. An endless stream of people floods the Wilhelmstrasse.

We set to work again at once. The Reichstag is dissolved. It was difficult to persuade our colleagues in the Cabinet to agree to it. The re-election is to take place in a month's time. The Cabinet will appeal to the German people in a proclamation to-day.

Drive to the district office, and in the midst of a solemn silence I announce the news. All are much affected and deeply moved. In this hall, in which we have had to endure so much, silence reigns as in a church.

The struggle for power now lies behind us, but we must go on working to retain it.

At the Kaiserhof the Leader is already conferring with the new Minister of the Reichswehr, Von Blomberg. The Government already sets its hand to the task.

The day passes like a dream. Everything is like a fairy tale. Slowly the evening closes in over the Capital of the Reich. At seven o'clock Berlin resembles a swarming bee-hive. And then the torchlight procession begins. Endlessly, endlessly, from seven o'clock in the evening until one o'clock in the morning crowds march by the Chancellory. Storm Troopers, Hitler-youths, civilians, men, women, fathers with their children held up high to see the Leader's window. Indescribable enthusiasm fills the streets. A few yards from the Chancellory, the President of the Reich stands at his window, a towering, dignified, heroic figure, invested with a touch of old-time marvel. Now and then with his cane he beats time to the military marches. Hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands march past our windows in never-ending, uniform rhythm.

The rising of a nation !

Germany has awakened !

In a spontaneous explosion of joy the people espouse the German Revolution.

What goes on within our hearts is indescribable. One feels like crying and laughing at the same time.

The everlasting stream of cheering people flows on and on and on. The tree-tops at the Wilhelmplatz in front of the Chancellory are swarming with boys who cheer the Leader in shrill ear-splitting chorus.

His people acclaim him !

For the first time the German people in demonstration is being broadcast. We speak for the first time over all German transmitters. I can say nothing, but that we are happy beyond words, and that we shall go on working.

When the jubilating defiles at last show some sign of coming to an end, long after midnight, ten thousand people still stand in front of the Chancellory and sing the "Horst-Wessel-Lied." I deliver a short address to the masses and close with three cheers for Hindenburg and the Leader. This miraculous night ends in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

At length the square is empty. We close the windows and are surrounded by absolute silence. The Leader lays his hands on my shoulders in silence.

Arrive home at three o'clock.

S.A. Leader Hahn from Charlottenburg brings me the dreadful news that our comrade Hanne Maikowski, who had marched past the Leader, head held high, the evening before, has been shot by the Communists. The police-sergeant Zauritz fell at his side. This is a drop of bitterness in the foaming cup of joy. But now we shall set to work cleaning public life. In two or three months, peace and quiet will once more reign in Germany.

The new Reich has risen, sanctified with blood. Fourteen years of work have been crowned by victory. We have reached our goal.

The German Revolution has begun !

January 31st, 1933.

We set to work at once. The great and decisive election campaign is being prepared. And we shall reap a signal victory.

Shortly and practically we discuss new measures. In a conference with the Leader we arrange measures for combating the "Red" terror. For the present we shall abstain from direct action. First the Bolshevist attempt at a revolution must burst into flame. At the given moment we shall strike.

Together with the Reichstag most of the diets and communal-parliaments are being dissolved. We are making a clean sweep of it.

There can no longer be any suggestion of negotiations with the Zentrum. We will deal with them again after the election.

The Leader discusses the dissolution of the Reichstag with the Cabinet. This will, of course, be proceeded with, as it is an absolute necessity.

The Jewish Press fires a few parting shots. We retaliate in no way. We are biding our time, letting them lull themselves in security, only to catch them all the better when the right moment comes.

The Leader is pale with overwork and want of sleep.

The harmony in the Party is now complete.

The first work-day of the new régime is over.

February 1st, 1933.

I am already up to my ears in work for the new election. We shall still have a hard struggle to endure. The situation throughout the country is not so clearly defined as to allow one to call our position absolutely secure. Yesterday we counted four dead in a single day. So there still remains much to do.

The Leader already holds the decree of dissolution. The re-election is to take place on the fifth of March. This time we are going definitely to attack Marxism from top to bottom.

The cup of happiness is full. My wife came home from the nursing-home to-day. We listen to the Leader's proclamation to the German people broadcast. It is very convincing and full of fine argument. The "leitmotiv" is: "Because of November, 1918!" It pervades the whole.

Late in the evening we assemble for the first time at home again. The Leader is in excellent spirits. He brings General von Epp along with him, and for the first time after a long period of black despondency, joy and sunshine reign here once more.

February 2nd, 1933.

The preparations for the election campaign are getting on well. This time it will be cut and thrust. We shall show no mercy and employ all means to achieve our object.

The District Leaders have assembled in Berlin. I speak to them as to the tactics to be employed at the beginning of the struggle. It must be our aim to obtain, together with the other parties co-operating in Government, an absolute majority. Everything else will come right.

Late in the evening the Leader addresses the District Leaders; he speaks of the tenacity with which triumphs are to be guaranteed, the firmness with which we shall consolidate our victory. All his hearers are moved and all silent with emotion. What a change since we all met last time! The same uplifting demonstration of loyalty, but this time the Party is in possession of power!

Canvassing for the election has already begun. I speak at Potsdam in the evening to overcrowded meetings. Now we have something to talk about again, and the crowds form up in a queue early in the afternoon so as to manage to squeeze into our assemblies.

Late at midnight all old District Leaders of the Party meet at President of the Diet Kerrl's house. The Leader is in their midst and he sits and relates the difficulties of his early years, and how he has had to fight and struggle to attain his present eminence. We shall remain until death, just as we are now, and never part; only thus will the victory remain ours for ever.

February 3rd, 1933.

I talk over the beginning election campaign in detail with the Leader. The struggle is a light one now, since we are able to employ all means of the State. Radio and Press are at our disposal. We shall achieve a masterpiece of propaganda. Even money is not lacking this time.

The only difficulty lies in the organization of the contest. We decide that the Leader is to speak in all towns having their own broadcasting station. We transmit the broadcast to the entire people, and give listeners-in a clear idea of all that occurs at our meetings.

I am going to introduce the Leader's address, in which I shall try to convey to the hearers the magical atmosphere of our huge demonstrations.

Late at night the Leader flies to Munich to attend some urgent conferences.

The Radio causes me some trouble. All the important positions are still held by the same old-System profiteers. They have to be got rid of as soon as possible, that is before the fifth of March, lest they endanger the election.

The Propaganda Department of the Reich is moving to Berlin, in order to be able to direct the contest with all its forces concentrated.

The agitation in rough outline is ready. So we can set to work immediately. We have not much time to lose.

Deliver an address to the Hitler-youths at Ulap in the evening. It is wonderful to be among these boys, and able to speak to them in their own fashion.

February 4th, 1933.

The election campaign is already drawing near. The adversaries have only just begun to recover from their surprise, and in the meantime we have already gained a huge advance. Our preparations are slightly delayed by the 'flu which is raging like an epidemic in the ranks of our colleagues.

One conference follows on the heels of the other. One has not a moment's rest. The Leader is back in Berlin. I talk over the questions of Radio and propaganda with him. We must take a stronger line with the Jewish gutter Press, whose tone is getting more and more insolent. We shall scarcely be able to avoid having to ban it.

Now it is everything or nothing ! We cannot show consideration any longer. Why should we treat our adversaries better to-day than they treated us yesterday ?

Our taking over power has at present made no unfortunate impression in foreign countries. Italy is enthusiastic.

The old Prussian Courts of Justice have refused to dissolve the Diet ; but that will not stop us doing so. It must be decreed by an emergency measure.

Someone says in a film: "We Germans may not know how to live, but we know wonderfully well how to die." How many Storm Troopers have verified these words !

February 5th, 1933.

Fetch the Leader from the Kaiserhof to the funeral of our S.A. comrade Maikowski. In the grey drizzle of the rainy Sunday, the Berlin S.A. has formed up in front of the Cathedral. Maikowski and police-sergeant Zauritz are being affectingly buried with State honours.

The Leader has to fly to Munich immediately after the service in the Cathedral. We set out on the long march in the pouring rain, through dense masses of people, from the Cathedral to the Invaliden cemetery. Nearly six hundred thousand spectators line the streets. For the first time the Police Force and the S.A. appear working in unison.

Goering and I speak in the cemetery. We briefly sketch the life and death of our dead comrade.

The funeral procession filing past the grave seems as if it would never end. It rains incessantly. Berlin is shrouded in grey mist.

At home once more I talk over the structure of our new Ministry for Enlightenment of the People and Propaganda, which is to be formed immediately after the election, with Chief of the Press Funk. It is to be built up on exactly the same lines as the Propaganda Department of our Party, and is to be absolutely modern, and unique, and novel. We gain an advantage over other countries owing to the opportunities offered by this Ministry of attaining an important position in the world.

But there is no time for theories now ; this is the time for practical work.

February 9th, 1933.

Vast preparations for the election campaign. Instruct District Leaders and members of the editorial staff of Berlin. The Diet has been dissolved. Braun is definitely removed from his post. It is no longer a joking matter. The Jews in editorial offices have become quite humble.

The terror though has as yet not been checked. A new wave of blood is flowing over the country.

Speak in the evening at the overcrowded Tennishallen to the Party functionaries of the Berlin organization. I spend my last reserves of strength on this address, and am then laid up with the 'flu, which falls due every time a campaign of this sort opens. To bed with high fever.

Impossible to move a limb during the whole day. Towards evening I have my men summoned to my bedside to attend to the most urgent matters. I pay for it with 40 degrees of fever in the night.

My new Ministry is already fully prepared. The Leader himself is urging us on, and wishes the Ministry to be initiated immediately after the election.

All Wednesday I am still unable to work. The whole house is infected and resembles a hospital. I do things through with my men as much as possible. There is a good deal of worry, aggravated by bodily weakness.

On Thursday I am really able to get to work again. My men sit at my bedside for hours at a time discussing details of the campaign with me. At present we are still a little worried by finances ; but we shall, I hope, find a way out of the tight corner. And now out of bed and back to work !

Dictate placards and articles right through the night, and go on with it until Friday midday. I turn to at once vigorously lest the temptation to be slack should gain the upper hand.

Work, and devotion to a great cause, enable one to get over everything.

February 10th, 1933.

Hold my first conference in the district again, surrounded by the entire propaganda apparatus of the Reich and Berlin district management. Our good old campaigners have done splendid preparatory work. We shall manage it this time.

The Sportpalast is already packed by six o'clock in the evening. All the squares in the city swarm with people waiting to hear the Leader's speech. In the whole Reich twenty to thirty millions more are listening in to it.

Drag myself to the Sportpalast, still weak with the illness from which I have not yet fully recovered. On the platform first I address the Press, and then for twenty minutes at the microphone speak to the audience in the Sportpalast. It goes better than I had thought. It is a strange experience suddenly to be faced with an inanimate microphone when one is used to addressing a living crowd, to be uplifted by the atmosphere of it, and to read the effect of one's speech in the expression on the faces of one's hearers.

The Leader is greeted by frantic cheering. He delivers a fine address containing an outspoken declaration of war against Marxism. Towards the end he strikes a wonderful, incredibly solemn note, and closes with the word " Amen " ! It is uttered so naturally that all are deeply moved and affected by it. It is filled with so much strength and belief, is so novel and courageous, that it is not to be compared to anything that has gone beforehand.

This address will be received with enthusiasm throughout Germany. The nation will be ours almost without a struggle.

The masses at the Sportpalast are beside themselves with delight. Now the German Revolution has truly begun.

'Phone calls from different parts of the country report on the fine effect the speech has made even over the Radio. As an instrument for propaganda on a large scale the efficacy of the Radio has not yet been sufficiently appreciated. In any case our adversaries did not recognize its value. All the better, we shall have to explore its possibilities.

A number of " Red " profiteers have been removed from their posts by Goering. What trumpery figures in political life these are whom destiny has given us as adversaries by way of a joke. They offer no resistance, put up no sort of a fight, but merely beg to have the cost of their removal refunded.

What ideal labour leaders !

February 11th, 1933.

The Press foams with rage at the Leader's speech. It is easy to judge from that how deeply the thrust went home.

One can read between the lines that the Marxist democratic Jews are really eating humble pie.

The Leader opens the Automobile Exhibition and for the first time publicly makes known in general outlines his ideas for the organic promotion of German industry. They have a revolutionary effect on employers and employed. We shall yet manage to set production going again. We only require sufficient courage to work with new methods. The old ones are exhausted and effete.

I express fully what I have to say in a series of placards, and in leading articles against Social Democracy. Now at last, just freed from the oppression that weighed on us whilst we were in opposition, and not as yet handicapped by being a Minister in office, one is able to draw one's sword, and in speaking publicly one need not mince one's words.

Hugenberg, Von Papen and Seldte speak over the Radio. They have founded a militant unit called the " Black, White and Red " ; but it will not be a long-lived institution.

The entire material of propaganda to be distributed wholesale, must be looked through and revised. This time we dare not commit any errors in tactics. It is very difficult to steer the Party from a state of white-hot opposition into being the instrument, itself, of the State.

February 12th, 1933.

The chief thing is to regain my health, so as to be fit to put in good work again.

I listen to the Leader's Sportpalast speech on a record. It has a splendid psychological effect. It is propaganda in the best meaning of the word.

Speak Sunday, midday, in biting frost, snow and ice, in the Castle-yard of Potsdam. Had I not just got over the 'flu, I should have surely caught it now.

After a short address at Steglitz I have the Sunday free for work at the writing-table.

February 13th, 1933.

The conferences of our Propaganda Department follow each other in uninterrupted succession. Our election finances are also in order again now.

Goering is setting things to rights in Prussia with splendid energy. He is the sort of man who does a thing radically, and his nerves are made to stand a hard fight.

I have now nearly completed the writing preparations for the election campaign ; then comes agitation.

February 15th, 1933.

Our publishers (Eher) advance us a large sum of money for the contest, which enables us to set to work on a large scale.

Goering is cleaning out the Augean stables. One lord-lieutenant after the other is removed. Names of great importance yesterday fade away to-day to nothing.

Admiral Levetzow is appointed Police-President of Berlin, Lutze Police-President of Hannover, and Scheppmann of Dortmund. We are slowly getting into the administration. One thing follows another. The revolution must not be speeded up, lest we lose the reins of Government.

We can now bring a new weapon against the Press into play, and at present one ban follows another very quickly. *Vorwärts* and *Acht-Uhr Abendblatt,* and all those Jewish papers which have caused us so much worry and trouble, suddenly disappear from the face of the Berlin streets. That is a comfort and a real blessing.

Fly with the Leader to Stuttgart in the afternoon. Introduce his address. He indicts the President of State Boltz still in office, and the intrigues of the Zentrum. A part of the speech cannot be broadcasted, because owing to the slackness of the official preparations, a cable has been destroyed by Communists.

As we cannot fly back by night I summon the responsible gentlemen to the hotel and give them a piece of my mind, and make them tremble in their socks. The very next day two of them are to be removed from their posts by telegraph. The rest will not be tempted further to acts of sabotage in order to frustrate our work.

Moreover, the other parts of Germany apparently still ignore the fact that a revolution is taking place. They have interpreted our tolerance in the beginning as weakness, and think they can lead us by the nose. They will be thoroughly disappointed. One fine day we shall fall on the offenders like a sword of wrath and strike them and their arrogant insolence to the ground.

Am with the Leader till late at night, talking over the details of my future Ministry. We are going to found it immediately after the election. The sphere of my work is already defined. It will be very difficult for me, as I shall have to make entirely new arrangements, but on the other

hand this is easy about it, that I need not stick to any already established order of things and can begin from the beginning.

Two hours' sleep, and up again at six in the morning. Motor to the aerodrome, and the 'plane rises at once to six thousand metres on account of a thick snowstorm. We can only breathe by means of inhaling oxygen. Most of our fellow travellers are green in the face with breathlessness, the Leader alone remains unperturbed and is not for a moment dependent upon help.

It is a marvel to us all how he puts up with hardships, body and soul. One feels they do not affect him. He neither smokes not drinks, is a vegetarian, lives as simply as one of the people, knows no other pleasures and recreations than his work and his task. Once the German people recognize his greatness, millions will unconditionally follow him.

Fly from Stuttgart to Berlin in three hours. To the offices and to work at once. The organization of the election campaign is ready. We are up to our necks in work. But if we can only achieve a huge success, this is neither here nor there.

February 16th, 1933.

The Leader visits us in the evening, in search of a little recreation after much hard work. He speaks enthusiastically of his altered sphere of activity, but he has got used to his new surroundings with surprising celerity and will master all that is new to him here, as well as he has up to this point mastered everything else.

February 17th, 1933.

Get through the most urgent work at breakneck speed, and then fly to the west of Germany with the Leader, at three o'clock. It is snowing thickly. Above the clouds the weather is beautiful. We see nothing of all that lies beneath us. Only as we cross the Ruhr country towns and villages appear. The sun is just going down blood-red. Below us the vast mass of factory chimneys, mines, and industries of this wonderful province extends beyond our range of sight. A marvellous view. One is captivated by it, and is happy and proud to participate in the leadership of this people.

From Essen, where we land, we drive into Dortmund by car. The large Westfalenhalle is, of course, packed. I broadcast an opening speech for Western Germany, and then the

Leader delivers his address, an appeal to the workman which will go straight to the "Kumpel's"[1] heart.

Travel by night from Dortmund via Bochum to my native town. We have brought our baby daughter along in a basket in the car from Berlin. A risky trip, but, luckily, all goes well.

The Leader has gone on to Munich by aeroplane. Everyone is taken by surprise in my old home as I had not announced our coming. On my ringing the bell first one appears and then another, and I am haled into the house with the warmest welcome. My mother is quite touched by this visit at midnight. What a pleasure after so many storms and stresses! How wonderfully well one sleeps at home! Far away from the worries of work for a few hours, unmolested and untroubled. Nobody knows where you are, what you are doing, and you belong entirely to yourself and to your own people.

February 18th, 1933.

What delightful hours one has had at home! The beautiful time of childhood recurs vividly to one's mind. Much one had believed forgotten comes to life again. A horde of children romp about the house, so that the past fifteen years might have been no more than a single day.

It has not been possible to keep our arrival secret, and now the whole little town from which, only a few months ago, I had been driven out with curses and a hail of stones, is in a state of incredible commotion. Local patriotism flares up and clamours for the wherewithal to spend itself upon. It comes true here that "a town is standing on its head."

Leave by a détour in the evening, and speak at Essen in the overcrowded Exhibition halls.

February 19th, 1933.

A bright Sunday. We motor to Cologne, where I meet the Leader again.

It is hard to say good-bye to my mother; one never knows if one will see her again, and one is so seldom able to be with her.

The three huge halls in the Cologne Exhibition grounds are filled with a hundred thousand people. An indescribably great demonstration of the masses. I can barely manage to make my introductory remarks as the Leader is greeted

[1] *Kumpel*—familiar word for comrade, fellow-workman.

by such uproarious cheering, every word of explanation is rendered superfluous.

In his speech he attacks the Zentrum sharply and arraigns the political prelates. That is good, and necessary for Western Germany. It will surely not fail of its effect.

Immediately after the meeting we drive to the aerodrome together and start on a wild night flight through fog and snowstorms back to Berlin. A romantic adventure! The Ruhr country seethes beneath us, then the lights of Hannover appear, and in three hours' time we cross the vast panorama of the capital about to betake itself to rest.

The Leader is brisk and vivacious as ever. He treats the whole campaign as a game.

Worked through the piles of written matter awaiting me at home, until four in the morning; then fell into bed dead-tired.

February 20th, 1933.

Deep snow outside.

I see the films of the Leader making his speech at the Sportpalast. They are very good. They will be indespensable to us for propaganda purposes. In every town, in which the Leader is unable to speak, these films must be shown. Their effect lies principally in the uniformity of presentation, and in the good synchronization.

Speak at the overcrowded Tennishallen again in the evening. Now it is a real pleasure to hold meetings. You have a subject again, you are full of enthusiasm, of inspiration; and heart and soul you love the cause. You have an audience that follows what you say, and you are able to speak your mind, and need not spare the adversary.

We collect a large sum of money, which completely frees us from all financial difficulties. I immediately notify the whole apparatus of propaganda and scarcely an hour elapses before the rotary presses are set going. Now we shall start off full speed!

If no unforeseen difficulty crops up we have already won all along the line.

February 21st, 1933.

We decide to call up the German people on March 4th for a "Day of the Awakening Nation." The Leader is going to deliver an address to the whole Reich in the evening from Königsberg. In an unprecedented concentration

of all the possibilities of propaganda, the campaign is to be brought to its culminating point. That will bring the last wobblers over to our side. Our propaganda is acknowledged not only by the German, but also the international Press, to be a model, and unique. We have gained such extensive experience in this matter during the past election campaign that we are able to win a victory over our adversaries without difficulty by our better methods. As it is, the other side is so intimidated that it hardly utters a sound. We will now show them what one can do with the Apparatus of the State, if one understands how to use it.

The rotary presses are thundering and vomiting forth our election material by the million. A wonderful song of political force and activity.

In the evening we go to the Opera with the Leader, for recreation, and for the first time hear Wagner's *Liebesverbot*. This work already contains much of what came later in Wagner's work. Although the composition is as yet primitive, the music on the whole is bold, and handled in a masterly manner.

At home the Leader tells us about the Kapp-Putsch, and all the other unsuccessful enterprises in which he somehow always took part. He was always for direct action; and if he was unable to undertake action of his own, on principle he took part in the actions of others.

One could listen to the Leader for hours.

February 23rd, 1933.

Delivered an address at Hannover in a tent temporarily erected for the purpose, to fifty thousand people. The difference between this election campaign and the previous one is indescribable.

Victor Lutze has already assembled his officers as newly appointed President of the Police. Now the wind sets in a very different direction. Formerly we were beaten with clubs, and now we are masters of the land!

Back to Berlin the same night, and from there at once o the aerodrome to fly to Frankfurt with the Leader.

The machine winds its way up through the clouds to radiant luminous heights. In two hours' time we arrive at Frankfurt.

Superfluous to say that the Festhalle is packed. The Leader is in great form in this campaign and surpasses himself every time.

A few English journalists have flown with us and are dumbfounded at the sight of the gigantic demonstration. They have come to Germany for the purpose of ascertaining whether the reports of horrors, which are being spread abroad, are really based on facts. They are astounded by what they see.[1]

After the meeting the Leader flies to Munich. We go back to Berlin by night train.

February 24th, 1933.

Beautiful winter weather with snow and sunshine. One leaves the night train after a good night's rest and sets briskly to work again.

Make my attack on the Socialists at the Sportpalast in the evening. I always like speaking there best. The Sportpalast is the great platform of National Socialism, and nowhere is the enthusiasm of the audience so easily kindled as in Berlin.

February 25th, 1933.

Everyone now concentrates on the campaign. If we win, everything else will straighten out by itself. We only have to take care not to press the pace at the beginning; for one must speed up more and more right up to the end.

February 26th, 1933.

A Sunday's rest. Read, write, and listen to music at home. We hear the *Götterdämmerung* at the Charlottenburg Opera in the evening, and are moved by Wagner's eternal genius. This reinvigorates one for a whole week's work.

February 27th, 1933.

The vast propaganda action for the "Day of the Awakening Nation" has been settled in every detail. It will be a wonderful spectacle throughout Germany.

The Leader is back from Munich. His speeches there and at Nuremberg have been a huge success. He is delighted with the result of our campaign.

Give instructions to the Press for the preparation of the "Day of the Awakening Nation"! We now are concentrat-

[1] i.e. to the contrary.

ing the entire public interest on this sole point. We shall succeed in making this day an unheard-of success.

Work at home in the evening. The Leader comes to dine at nine o'clock. We have some music and talk. Suddenly a 'phone call from Dr. Hanfstaengl: "The Reichstag is on fire!" I take this for a bit of wild fantasy and refuse to report it to the Leader. I ask for news wherever possible and at last obtain the dreadful confirmation: it is true! The great dome is all ablaze. Incendiarism! I immediately inform the Leader, and we hasten at top speed down the Charlottenburg road to the Reichstag. The whole building is aflame. Clambering over thick fire-hoses we reach the great lobby by gateway number two. Goering meets us on the way, and soon von Papen also arrives. That this is the work of incendiaries has been ascertained to be the fact at various spots. There is no doubt but that Communism has made a last attempt to cause disorder by means of fire and terror, in order to grasp the power during the general panic.

The decisive moment arrives. Goering is amazingly active. Not for a moment does the Leader lose his composure; wonderful to watch him giving his orders here, the same man who sat at table with us, chatting cheerfully, half an hour ago.

The Hall of Full-session presents a desolate spectacle of devastation. The flames have reached the ceiling, which threatens to crash every moment.

Now we have to act.

Goering at once suppresses the entire Communist and Social Democrat Press. Officials of the Communist Party are arrested during the night. The S.A. is warned to stand by for every contingency.

Dash to the district, to inform everybody, and to prepare for all eventualities. The Leader confers with a hurriedly summoned Cabinet council. We meet again shortly after at the Kaiserhof and discuss the situation. One culprit has already been caught, a young Dutch Communist called van der Lubbe.

Drive with the Leader to the editorial office of the *Völkische Beobachter*. We both set to work there at once, writing leading articles and proclamations. I retire to the district hall, to be able to dictate without being interrupted. In the middle of the night Councillor of State Diels, of the Prussian Ministry of Interior, comes to give me a detailed report as to all the steps that have hitherto been taken. The arrests have been effected without difficulty. The entire

Communist and Democratic Press is already suppressed. If resistance is offered, it will be "line clear" for the S.A.

It is already morning when I meet the Leader again at the Kaiserhof. The Press is in order. The direction of our action has been set by events themselves. Now we can set to work with a vengeance. The Communists will have been very much mistaken. They have proposed our downfall, but have dealt themselves the mortal blow.

Two S.A. men shot in Berlin during the night. They will not go unrevenged.

Spent, and fagged out, I get home at eight in the morning. One hour's sleep and then it is "shoulder to the wheel" again at once.

February 28th, 1933.

Compose an effective placard against the Socialists and Communists. No Marxist papers are published in the whole Reich any more. Goering has initiated energetic measures in Prussia against the "Red" parties; it will end with their complete destruction.

The Cabinet has issued a sharp decree against the Communist Party. This decree provides for capital punishment. This is necessary. The people demand it.

Arrests upon arrests. Now the "Red" pest is being thoroughly rooted out. No sign of resistance anywhere. The opponents seem to be so overwhelmed by our energetic action that they dare no longer offer resistance.

Inspect the effects of the fire in the Reichstag. The Hall of Full-session is a sad picture of devastation. Wreckage upon wreckage. The Communist Party will have to pay for it dearly. Indescribable indignation at this cowardly *attentat* is universally expressed.

Now work proceeds smoothly. The worst is over. We hope that the last breakdown is happily overcome. Only a few days more and we shall be able to celebrate our great triumph.

To live is again a joy.

March 1st, 1933.

I am just about to take over the vast sphere of the Radio. I shall have to get rid of many of the inefficient members of the staff. Essential reconstruction must be carried out, especially in the personnel of the management. Final decisions will be taken about this matter once the elections are over.

We start on a beautiful flight to Breslau. The Leader is

greeted by the cheering multitude in the aerodrome, and drives to the hotel, when the Silesians line the road all the way.

The meeting in the overcrowded Jahrhunderthalle is a real event again. Every one of these meetings draws an entire province into its magic circle. It is my task to enable listeners over the Radio to enter heart and soul into the spirit of these meetings, by means of an apt introduction. Then the Leader speaks, and has a receptive audience from the very beginning.

At Breslau in particular he arraigns the Communist Party, and denounces their terrorist plans, declaring that he will break them to pieces without the slightest consideration.

Glide back to Berlin in a lovely night flight, and the Leader and I sit up at home a long while. Fearfully exaggerated rumours of murderous attacks on us are being set afloat in Berlin. Everyone is glad that the Leader has safely arrived at our home again. News had been spread that his life had been attempted at Breslau.

Nerve-racking and alarming news like this always comes in times of stress. I have never known but that some dreadful calamity during an assembly had not been prophesied to someone in a dream. One must take care not to let oneself be disturbed by that sort of thing. A certain amount of fatalism is sometimes quite helpful.

March 2nd, 1933.

We are deep in preparations for the " Day of the Awakening Nation " ; the Department of Propaganda will outdo itself in preparation for this event. The whole German people will participate.

Goering is cleansing Prussia with zest and courage. It is necessary in such an Augean stable. The " Reds " have left us an inheritance defying description. If we had not taken over power everything would have ended in a terrible catastrophe.

In the evening the Sportpalast and Tennishallen are packed. The Leader speaks and is in splendid form. The old Berlin members of the Party greet him with tumultuous acclamation.

Music at home afterwards.

March 4th, 1933.

The S.A. marches through Berlin in endless columns. Last preparations for the election. The struggle has reached

its climax. The whole line to Hamburg is shrouded in fog ; so we cannot start by 'plane, but have to go by train. Work, and confer, on the way. Things at Hamburg hang by a hair. Directly after the election we shall take energetic measures there. The meeting is excellently prepared, and the Leader delivers by far the best address of this campaign. He rises to marvellous heights of oratory. The audience is greatly enthused.

Fly back to Berlin early next morning ; effect an intermediate landing, and start again at once, after having got through the most urgent work, on a lovely trip to Königsberg. The great " Day of the Awakening Nation " has come. Land at two o'clock in the coronation town of Königsberg.

The last preparations made for the meeting in the evening. All will go off splendidly.

I outline the day's events, and describe the anticipated effect the celebration will have. The Leader speaks with utmost fervour and devotion. When at the end he mentions that the President of the Reich and he had clasped hands—the one having released Prussia from the enemy as a Field-Marshal, the ther having done his duty in the West as simple soldier—solemn silence reigns and deep emotion holds the whole assembly. The Netherland Hymn of Thanksgiving, the last verse of which is drowned in the clamour of the bells from the Königsberg Cathedral, forms a mighty chorus to crown his speech. This hymn goes throbbing on the ethereal waves of the Radio over the whole of Germany. Forty million people are now standing in the squares and in the streets, or are sitting in the Bierhallen and their homes by the Radio, and become conscious that the new era has dawned. At this moment hundreds of thousands will decide to follow Hitler, and fight in his spirit for the revival of the nation.

We hear at the aerodrome it is impossible to fly to-night. The route is shrouded in dense fog, and therefore a landing at Berlin is out of the question. We have to return to the hotel, where we find a pile of telegrams from all parts of the Reich. Indescribable enthusiasm reigns in Berlin. The whole city has risen. Throngs of people are marching through the streets singing. The S.A. has marched to the strains of the band through the Brandenburger Tor. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands are on foot in the city, as well as the suburbs. All over the country the fires of freedom are blazing on the hill-tops.

The whole of Germany resembles a great, luminous beacon. All has come true as we hoped for, the "Day of the Awakening Nation." A rising of the people!

March 5th, 1933.

Before leaving Königsberg we go to a small polling booth and record our votes. The Returning Officer is highly astonished to see the Leader suddenly step into his office and cast his voting paper into the ballot-box like everybody else.

Beneath us lie the fog-banks and rain-clouds, the motors thunder their jubilant song. The sun burns down on us. At one o'clock we break through the fog and shoot down on to the Berlin aerodrome. The whole city is one mass of flags.

It will be a splendid victory.

In the afternoon we are assembled at the Chancellory, anxiously waiting for the first results to come through. The Leader is as quiet and composed as ever; this time things can hardly go wrong.

Hear the *Walküre* in the evening at the State Opera. Wagner's sublime music is mingled with the sound of marching of the Stahlhelm who have celebrated their great day in Berlin, and are now passing the Opera House.

Then the first results come through. Success upon success, fantastic and incredible.

When we get back to the Chancellory after the performance the victory is ours. It is far greater than any of us had dared to hope. But what do figures signify any longer? We are masters of the Reich and of Prussia; all other parties have been definitely beaten.

Long work crowned by success at last!

Germany has awakened!

South Germany has specially taken the lead in the entire electoral success. That is all the more gratifying since it enables us to take radical measures against a policy of Separatist Federalism.

Berlin alone records over a million votes. Incredible figures! We are all intoxicated with success. New and quite unforeseen surprises turn up every hour. The Leader is overjoyed.

Down in the Wilhelmplatz huge motley crowds of people congratulate the Leader. So there we are! Now the constructive part of the German Revolution can begin.

Drop into bed at four in the morning dead-tired but thoroughly happy. Now we have achieved our aim!

March 6th, 1933.

Final setting to rights in the district. Distributed the mandates and attended to financial questions. All colleagues are in wonderful spirits.

In an article with the title, "The People Wish It," I strike the final balance.

I despatch my work quickly and easily. Few difficulties remain. What seemed insoluble only yesterday is easily resolved to-day.

In the afternoon I have an opportunity to discuss the whole structure of my Ministry in a long conference with the Leader. As the election is now over, we can begin on it, without loss of time. The Ministry is to unite Press, Radio, Film, Theatre, and Propaganda in one vast organization. I have chosen Chief of the Press Funk as Secretary of State, and already take him with me to look at my house in the Wilhelmplatz, where we are going to install ourselves. A beautiful building by the great architect Schinkel, but so old-fashioned, we shall have to have it adapted to our requirements.

The old Party members assemble at the Sportpalast in the evening. I speak to them straight from my overfull heart, and all these brave partisans, who have struggled with me for more than six years, are deeply moved at the realization of their dreams.

Swastika flags are hoisted all over Germany. The nation has a new appearance.

March 7th, 1933.

Settled everything at last in the district. Its finances are in splendid order, in spite of the many campaigns. Görlitzer takes over the leadership of the district as my substitute. There still remains much urgent work to be got through, and then I can set about my new task.

Meet the gentleman from Munich at the Chancellory in the evening. The situation in Bavaria is mature now. A Commissioner of the Reich was already appointed at Hamburg on the eve of the election. Why should this not be possible everywhere else also? Whilst the enemy is prostrate, we must seize the auspicious moment. The next country we must "cleanse" and bring into line is Baden.

We must not be squeamish. A revolution is a revolution.

Even when it takes over the power legally its task is to form new laws. And above all it is essential to seize the right moment. What seems easy to-day may be already made impossible by to-morrow. So let us seize the occasion without hesitation!

March 8th, 1933.

The Reichstag election campaign is already liquidated. We have not only suffered no loss of money, but we balance with a huge surplus. How different to the struggle in November; it is because we did not give in then that we now reap the fruit of our labours. It is always thus in life. From nothing, nothing comes; and he who sows not, reaps not.

Completed the outlines of my Ministry. It is to be divided into five large departments, comprising the domains of Press, Film, Radio, Propaganda, and Theatre. Each one of them is a sphere which interests me personally very much, so that I shall dedicate myself to them, if for that reason alone, with zeal and devotion.

The Hitler-youths are marching up Unter den Linden. One would like to stand and watch them for hours. The German Revolution goes on uninterruptedly and stops at nothing. Swastika flags are already hoisted on all public buildings. Here and there an official offers resistance, but slight pressure suffices to bring him to his knees.

Off and on a group of the Nationalist fighting organization turns up somewhere, and hoists its flag where none of us have yet been. These are typical camp-followers, always to be found when the danger is over.

National Socialist commissioners have been appointed in Baden, Saxonia, and Württemberg. Everything goes without a hitch; resistance is offered nowhere.

We all meet the Leader in the evening and decide that Bavaria's turn is to come. Although a few timid souls outside the Party still make some reservations, and suggest the resistance of the "Bavarian Party of the People" and other nonsense, we are convinced Herr Held will be no hero.

In carrying through the revolution we must have no consideration, for we have the power and must use it! We need not fear resistance. Our enemy is so thoroughly defeated, they dare not raise a finger.

Bavaria's destiny hangs on a silken thread. No other Government would be able to accomplish what the Leader

now intends to do. He can afford it because he has the Bavarian people on his side.

March 9th, 1933.

In Bavaria things have been decided. Epp has taken over the power as Commissioner of the Reich. Old, reliable National Socialists are given him as Ministers. The clerical, federalistic clique tries to resist, but is defeated perforce by events.

News from Munich comes through continually. The population is overjoyed. The old Government asked for a few hours' time for reflection, and then broke down pitifully. Shortly beforehand, the now retiring Minister of the Interior had mobilized the police. At this very moment a huge demonstration is being broadcasted of the Munich population in the Odeon Square.

The revolution proceeds throughout the Reich. We are living in a great and stupendous epoch. By the favour of Destiny I am allowed to take part in it.

A young, new Germany is issuing out of the pangs of child-birth.

March 10th, 1933.

In Bavaria everything has gone off quietly. Now we have the whole Reich in our hands. So we can begin its reconstruction.

Final clearing up of the work attending the management of the district, so as to hand over a well-arranged and finished organization. I am not fond of passing on a half-accomplished task.

March 11th, 1933.

The sun is high and shines with springtime warmth upon this wonderful Germany. It is a joy once more to be able to work and achieve.

A survey of my new house in the Wilhelmplatz to see if I can begin work there turns out very unsatisfactorily. First the bricklayers and cleaners will have to tackle the rooms, whose walls are to be stripped of stucco, and will have to pull down the heavy stuffy and moth-eaten plush curtains, so as to let the sunshine in at the windows. I cannot work in twilight. I need brightness and cleanliness around me, and detest gloom. Just as the house needs reconditioning

so do the men. Those of yesterday cannot be pioneers of to-morrow.

Am with the Leader at noon. The President of the Reich has just signed an edict proclaiming the Black-White-Red and the Swastika flags official for the Reich. What an incredible triumph! Our outlawed, laughed-at flag is hoisted by the Reich! The flag of the German Revolution!

A hundred and fifty thousand workmen have paraded in the Lustgarten. It is an intoxicating experience to address this immense crowd. The whole palace is bathed in the crimson rays of the setting sun. Drive to the Exhibition halls through endless masses of people. The streets are filled with multitudes upon multitudes for a long way on the Charlottenburg Road.

Introduce the Leader's speech by a comprehensive report. He speaks once more on the municipal elections taking place everywhere to-morrow, and is acclaimed spontaneously by the audience with huge ovations. Now this election business is definitely over.

Plan the future of my new Ministry with the Leader at home. I feel somewhat nervous when I consider that I am only just over thirty-five and am now burdened with such a heavy responsibility. Thank the Leader for having so great a confidence in me.

March 12th, 1933.

Commemoration of those fallen in the Great War at the Linden Opera. The President of the Reich appears in the State box. He produces the effect of a monument out of some mythical epoch. Hitler and Hindenburg, symbols of youth and age clasping hands, in these two men. Outside Reichswehr, S.A., and Stahlhelm march past Hindenburg in the brilliant sunshine. It is a colourful picture of a splendid parade.

Drive back to the Chancellory with the Leader and stand next to him, whilst he, trembling with emotion and the solemnity of it all, reads out the proclamation to the German people, by which the new flags are to be flown over the nation. Is it not as if the wings of History touched us!

The Leader flies to Munich personally to talk over the most urgent Bavarian questions with the competent departments of the Party.

In the evening the results of the municipal elections come through. We have defeated the "Red" majorities in all the towns, even in Berlin. That is an unparalleled triumph.

Now the slogan, "Berlin stays red"! becomes ridiculous. Even in the "blackest" centres (Catholics) we are advancing along the whole line. One can hardly grasp the fact, it is so incredible.

Have a 'phone call put through to my mother late at night. She can hardly speak for emotion.

In the editorial office of the *Angriff* till dawn, discussing the future of Berlin. I delegate Dr. Lippert as provisory mandatory. We shall regenerate this city. It will be our ambition to make it German again, and to give it a thoroughly German appearance. We shall work like slaves. None of us will spare himself. We will wholly surrender ourselves to our great task.

March 13th, 1933.

Have finished my work in the Berlin district. To-day the President of the Reich has signed my letter of appointment. The rush of correspondence and visitors begins at once. One has not much time to spare for these congratulations.

I at once assemble my colleagues in the district, and speak to them. Thank them for having shared struggles and troubles with me, shake hands with each of them, and promise to never leave them. May the great work carry on!

In the Ministry everything is being renovated. It will take some time before I am ready and shall have effected my purpose there. The bureaucrats try to make difficulties, but without avail. These bureaucrats would best like to see me turn up on an occasional visit only; but I shall manage them all right.

As difficulties crop up from all sides about the renovations, and even the furnishing of my own room, I simply take a few bricklayers from the S.A. and have the stucco and wainscotting knocked off during the night; newspapers and documents as old as the hills are taken down from the shelves, where they have lain musty and dusty for years, and are flung downstairs pell-mell. Only clouds of dust attest the bygone splendours of bureaucracy!

The worthy gentlemen who come next to be evacuated are much astonished by what they find next morning. One of them, horror-stricken, stammers: "Minister Goebbels, do you know you may be put into prison for this?"

"You clear out, old boy! If you shouldn't have heard it yet, let me solemnly inform you once again that Germany

is in the middle of a revolution. This revolution is not held up by ancient documents."

Dr. Lippert has been appointed Commissioner of Berlin.

March 14th, 1933.

Am sworn in by the President of the Reich. A great and solemn moment for me! What a happiness for all of us to have this venerable and remarkable man yet over us; and what a change has come about in that we now are united with him!

The renovation of the Ministry is now proceeding apace. Resistance is broken; in the corners the dying phantoms of bureaucracy bewail their fate in hardly audible whispers.

March 15th, 1933.

Speak for the first time at the Press Conference. Outline a new and modern policy for the newspaper. Here, also, one has to make all things new. Many of those assembled here entrusted with the formation of public opinion, are thoroughly unfit to do so. I shall soon do away with them.

At noon the Leader tells us the latest news from Munich. The whole town is wakening as from a bad dream. The Leader was acclaimed with indescribable enthusiasm. Resistance is shown nowhere at all. Goering and Frick are there also. We discuss the law of authorization to be carried in the Reichstag. There is no question of *plein pouvoir* not being given us.

The delimitation of my new province as against the already existing Ministries as yet causes some difficulties. But we Nazis quickly come to an understanding, as we solve these questions by common sense.

Take part in the Cabinet council for the first time. Now work is assuming the proportions of mountains again. Where on earth do all the letters come from?

March 16th, 1933.

The President of the Bank of the Reich, Luther, has requested permission to retire, and Dr. Schacht has been appointed President of the Reich Bank in his stead.

We have outlined a vast plan for the solemn inauguration of the new Reichstag at Potsdam. There the new State will present itself symbolically before the world.

The estimates for my new Ministry are being apportioned.

March 17th, 1933.

A few sly foxes of the Christian Trade Unions pay me a visit to negotiate as to the participation of their followers in the new State. I cold shoulder them. They will not be able to speak of "followers" much longer.

It is astonishing how many put themselves at the disposal of the new State.

But caution is commendable everywhere. Those who have only recently assumed the Swastika, who proceed thereupon to attack humanity at large, are very dangerous.

The Potsdam ceremony is to be held for the first time after the National Socialist style. The Radio will be relayed over the whole of Germany. The nation must participate. I work out the plan in every detail till late at night, then in a short proclamation, summon the nation to participate, and do all I possibly can to imprint this solemn Act of State indelibly in the memory of the present generation.

In the Radio we have amalgamated the various departments dealing with Culture. It appertains exclusively to the Reich. Nothing now stands between us and it. This guarantees us the leadership. I carry out a few dismissals, so as to make some clearances in the management. All essential posts are held by reliable National Socialists. The great point now is for them to make themselves acquainted with the difficult technique of broadcasting.

I had not believed it possible for a new Ministry to bring so much work. One can hardly see over the top of the piles of documents. And there is nothing that I hate more than to be pestered with deeds! But I shall soon invent methods of work whereby I shall be able to accomplish more.

March 18th, 1933.

The Potsdam day will go off well. It will make a permanent impression.

March 19th, 1933.

I ascertain at Potsdam if everything is in readiness. At these great State festivals the most minute details are important.

March 20th, 1933.

The law of authorization[1] is accepted for four years by the Cabinet. We hear that the Zentrum also will accept it

[1] Enabling Bill conferring great powers on the Chancellor.

in the Reichstag. The Cabinet decrees severe penalties against agitators appearing in uniform. This is the more necessary as heavy disturbances are occurring everywhere, mostly hatched by such inimical elements. We must not shrink from capital punishment in the last resort as otherwise there would be danger of the revolution, which must proceed without interruption, being torn from the Leader's hands.

The Leader delivers an address to the District Leaders and afterwards to the faction-members of the Reichstag and Diet at the Diet. A splendid sight, the Hall of Full-session entirely filled with Brown Shirts. We take a strong stand. The revolution is to be carried through to the end.

The Leader remains absolutely the same in his private and public life. He does not surround himself with splendour and luxuries, but appears as usual in his simple brown shirt, and is just as unpretentious in heart as in appearance. He speaks just as he has always spoken, and is as firm and uncompromising as formerly when the power was not yet ours.

March 22nd, 1933.

The great day of Potsdam will be unforgettable in its historical significance.

In the morning I drive with the Leader to the Luisenstädtische Friedhof (cemetery). We do not go to church, but visit the graves of our dead comrades.

On our way from Berlin to Potsdam we pass through huge crowds of cheering people. Potsdam is smothered in flags and green garlands. Only with difficulty can the road be cleared for the Cabinet and the Members of Parliament to pass. We are nearly suffocated by the multitude. Hindenburg enters the Garrison Church (Garnisonkirche) together with the Leader. A deep silence reigns. Briefly and solemnly the President of the Reich reads his message to the Members of the Reichstag and the German people. His voice is clear and firm. In our midst stands a man who unites whole generations.

Then the Leader speaks. His tone is dominating and when he ends we are all much moved. I sit near Hindenburg and observe tears in his eyes. All rise from their seats and enthusiastically acclaim the ancient Field-Marshal, who shakes hands with the young Chancellor.

An historical moment! Germany's shield of honour has

been washed clean. The banners with our eagles are rising once more.

Hindenburg deposits laurel wreaths at the tombs of the great Prussian kings, amidst the salvos of the guns.

Now the trumpets blare forth, the President of the Reich stands on an elevated platform, the Field-Marshal's baton in his hand, and salutes the Reichswehr, S.A., S.S., and Stahlhelm, who march past him.

He stands there at the salute; the whole scene is bathed in sunshine; the hand of God is held in invisible benediction over the grey town of Prussian grandeur and duty.

The Cabinet sits in council at noon in the Ministry of the Interior. A bill about the unauthorized wearing of uniforms, which provides heavy penalties, is passed. The Full-session sits in council. The burned-out Reichstag offers no accommodation for it. We have moved into the Kroll Opera House.[1]

It is a solemn moment when the Leader enters the Kroll Opera House. Formalities are settled in half an hour which formerly took nearly a week. Goering is re-elected President, and introduces himself with a firm and manly speech.

In the evening it is hardly possible to get through the huge crowds of people marching down the Linden in endless torchlight procession. Trams and buses are full of singing and cheering men, women, and children. An amazing, unique spectacle. If one were recognized, one would probably be suffocated.

A lovely performance of the *Meistersinger* at the Linden Opera ends the evening. Everything is steeped in music! Now the radiant "Awake" Chorus has regained its true significance.

Late in the evening General von Epp gives me a description of the events in Bavaria. Everything has passed off quickly and with precision. The resistance offered by the Königsmacher[2] was merely ludicrous. It was broken at once.

Wednesday: I finally move into the Ministry. My new rooms are quite to my taste, sunny and airy. Here it is possible to work.

My builders and bricklayers and I spend the evening together. They are old S.A. comrades. I give them their treat. They are fine chaps who, of course, were only too glad to help me play the bureaucrats that trick.

[1] Opera house in the City, where operas are no longer produced.
[2] Partisans of a new Bavarian kingdom.

March 24th, 1933.

The Leader delivers an address to the German Reichstag. He is in good form. His speech is that of an expert statesman. Many in the House see him for the first time, and are much impressed by his demeanour. A two-hours' interval offers the parties the opportunity to decide about their attitude.

The leader of the Socialists, Wels, actually returns a reply which is one long woeful tale of one who arrives too late. All we have accomplished the Social Democrats had wanted to do. Now they complain of terrorism and injustice. When Wels ends, the Leader mounts the platform and demolishes him. Never before has anyone been so thoroughly defeated. The Leader speaks freely, and well. The House is in an uproar of applause, laughter, and enthusiasm. An incredible success!

The Zentrum, and even the Party of the State (Staatspartei), affirm the law of authorization. It is valid for four years and guarantees freedom of action to the Government. It is accepted by a majority of four to five; only the Socialists vote against it. Now we are also constitutionally masters of the Reich.

A member of the Cabinet, Labour-Commissioner Gereke, is accused of heavy offences. The Cabinet unanimously carries a motion to have him arrested at once. Only thus is it possible to eradicate corruption. One must show no mercy, neither to the humble nor to the mighty.

Friday: In the Cabinet, Hugenberg thanks the Leader for the adroitness and straightforwardness of his policy, and especially for the splendid snubbing he gave the Marxist leader, Wels.

I bring forward the Bill to make the first of May a national holiday for the whole German people, as the first introduced into Parliament, and am entrusted by the Cabinet with carrying it through. We will plan it on a vast scale, and for the first time unite the whole German people in one sole demonstration.

Now the discussions with the Trade Unions begin. We shall not have any peace before we have entirely captured these.

The horrors propaganda abroad gives us much trouble. The many Jews who have left Germany have set all foreign countries against us. Now we have to suffer from the omission of the former Government to make propaganda

abroad. We are defencelessly exposed to the attacks of our adversaries.

We are already beginning to prepare for the 1st of May. This festival is to be a brilliant piece of organization and demonstration.

Write a convincing and well-founded article for a large English paper against the horrors propaganda. We do what we can. But this is quite inadequate.

March 26th, 1933.

Saturday: I announce my programme to the management of the Radio and obtain their agreement. Some of the managers will have to go. They are remnants of the past, and as such, unfit for the new work of reconstruction.

My article against horrors propaganda is published in the *Sunday Express*, and has a good effect. It makes things a bit easier for us in England.

Travel to Munich by night, and from there to Berchtesgaden, where the Leader had summoned me. He has thoroughly thought over the situation up in the solitude of the mountains, and has made up his mind.

We shall only be able to combat the falsehoods abroad if we get at those who have originated them or at those who benefit by them, namely, the Jews living in Germany, who up till now have remained unmolested. So we must proceed to an extensive boycott of Jewish business in Germany. Perhaps the foreign Jews will think better of it, when they see their racial brethren hard pressed.

Party-member Streicher is appointed to carry out this measure.

I write a proclamation boycotting the Jews, and a short explanation of it for the Press, which already works wonders.

Back to Berlin in the evening. Now the course is clear again. The Leader is always our guiding star. The fact that Germany has risen once more, we owe to him alone.

March 27th, 1933.

Dictate a sharp article against the Jewish horrors propaganda. The proclamation of the boycott already makes the whole clan tremble in their shoes. One has to employ these methods. Generosity does not impress the Jews. One has to show them one is equal to anything.

Transmit my article at once to Munich by wire, so as to

have it delivered to the Leader. He will decide when the boycott is to take place.

The Jewish Press is whimpering with alarm and fear. All Jewish organizations proclaim their loyalty to the Government.

We work through interviews as much as possible; but only a really extensive movement can now help us out of our calamity.

A beautiful spring smiles over Germany.

March 28th, 1933.

Telephone to the Leader that the proclamation of the boycott is going to be published to-day. Panic amongst the Jews!

Klagges has prohibited the Stahlhelm at Braunschweig. There the "Reds" had arranged a new rendezvous. Speak for the first time to the film producers at the Kaiserhof in the evening, and successfully set forth a new programme for the pictures. I gain the impression that all present are honestly willing to co-operate. The film can only be re-established on a healthy basis if German nationality is remembered in the industry, and German nature is portrayed by it.

Put a 'phone call through to the Leader in the evening, informing him as to the effects of the proclamation. It has cleared the atmosphere like a thunderstorm.

March 29th, 1933.

Convoke my reporters and set forth the organization of the boycott. It must be ready by evening. We shall produce it as by magic.

"Gleichschaltung"[1] is decided upon in the Cabinet. Counties and municipalities are now in our hands. The boycott proclamation is approved by the whole Government.

The renovation of the Ministry is ready, too. Now work can really begin.

March 30th, 1933.

The boycott is organized. We need only now press a button to set it going.

[1] A new word to translate. It means, simply, that everything in Germany is brought into line with National Socialist ideas.

March 31st, 1933.

Many are downhearted and apprehensive. They believe that the boycott might lead to a war. We can gain nothing, however, but universal esteem by defending ourselves.

Hold a last small conference and decided that the boycott is rigorously to begin to-morrow. It is to be carried out for one day and then be interrupted by an interval till Wednesday. If the stories of horrors cease abroad, it will be stopped, if not it will be a fight to the finish. Now the German Jews must bring their influence to bear upon their brethren elsewhere to mitigate their own lot at home.

I explain this business to the Press amidst interested silence. The saying comes true, "The Jews have a Jewish fear."

Speak to the department officials at the Tennishallen in the evening. The speech is broadcast to all transmitters. I once more set out the situation, and the necessity that practically forces the boycott upon us.

This speech will have enlightened the whole country. And to-morrow the boycott begins.

April 1st, 1933.

The boycott against the horrors propaganda has begun rigorously in Berlin and in the whole Reich. I motor down the Tauentzienstrasse on a tour of inspection. All Jewish shops are closed. Storm Troopers stand on guard in front of the entrances. The public has everywhere observed the decree. Perfect discipline is maintained. Wonderful to observe it! Everything goes off quietly as also in the Reich.

At the office make a series of changes in the staff, especially as to the Radio. The Press Department also is now rebuilt, and ready for occupation. We have a hard struggle before us all against the bureaucrats here, with whom we shall probably have to wrestle for a few years.

The situation in the district is probably good. The finances are in perfect order.

A hundred and fifty thousand Berlin workmen have paraded in the afternoon in the Lustgarten to unite their protest with ours against the horrors propaganda abroad. Feeling is very high.

In the same spot a hundred thousand Hitler-boys parade in the evening. They present a marvellous spectacle in the fog of the metropolis. I speak to them, also, on the occasion of the Bismarck commemoration.

From there with breakneck speed to the Müggelberge, where one enjoys the wonderfully romantic picture at the foot of the Bismarck tower. The German students are taking a vow of loyalty to the Idea of the Reich.

The Press is already working in complete harmony. The boycott is a great moral victory for Germany. We have shown foreign countries that we can call upon the whole nation without any consequent disturbances. The Leader has hit upon the right thing to do yet again.

At midnight the boycott is called off, of our own accord. We await its repercussions in the foreign Press and propaganda.

April 2nd, 1933.

The effects of our boycott are already to be noted. Foreign countries are slowly being brought to their senses. The world will realize that Jewish emigrants are not those best fitted to explain Germany abroad. We have an intellectual campaign of conquest ahead of us, which must be carried out in Germany itself.

In the end the world will learn to understand us.

April 3rd, 1933.

Often now I receive strangers visiting Berlin and explain new Germany to them. They all come full of prejudice. Most of them go away converted. It is a serious error on the part of our opponents to lie so shamelessly about us. They will not be able in the long run to prevent foreign countries getting into touch with us, then they will find out for themselves exactly how things are and experience a reaction.

The Jews themselves formerly did just the same thing in Germany; the success of which is now obvious.

They would at present do well to give up Germany entirely, and not make much ado about their troubles. For the more fuss they make, the worse the Jew problem will become, and if the world once begins to occupy itself with this, nothing but disadvantage to the Jew himself will be the upshot.

We are guests of the Reichswehr at Potsdam in the evening. I hold long discussions with the young officers. They are extraordinarily well instructed and eager to learn. The pre-war type of the lieutenant of the Guards no longer exists.

April 4th, 1933.

The arrangement of the administrative department of my Ministry is combined with great difficulties. But here also we shall manage somehow to build up a strong organization.

The horrors propaganda abroad has perceptibly lessened. The Cabinet therefore decides not to resume the boycott for the present, but to keep it in the background as a permanent threat.

In the evening we are invited out by the leading officers of the Reichswehr. The Leader tells them about the early beginnings of the Party and relates episodes in his life, of which most of them are still ignorant. The Leader is unique. His life is like a thrilling novel. He has had the strangest career.

April 5th, 1933.

The daily conferences are extremely trying. Am having to interview fifteen or twenty people, and revert to a new subject every quarter of an hour. In the evening one is completely spent and worn out.

And yet people complain that you do not listen to them! Everyone wants to be shown up to me immediately, but that is not quite so easy to manage. He believes one to be surrounded by a Chinese wall! That is, of course, not remotely the case.

It is very necessary to-day to receive foreigners, so as to give them a right idea of Germany. To-day I was visited by a few English journalists, and after they had gone a Swiss banker came to see me. If one takes the time and trouble it is possible to convince foreigners of the rightness of our Movement.

The organization of the Ministry is now complete. Organizations in themselves do not amount to much, if one does not put the right men in the right places. Generally speaking, we Germans over-organize. One ought not to organize as much as possible, but only as far as necessary.

April 6th, 1933.

The family has flown to Cologne with my small daughter, aged just over six months.

I am up to my ears in work.

Publish a prohibition of the selling of mere trifles decorated with national emblems, such as brooches, sweets

with the Swastika flag on them, and so on. This is imperative as fortune-hunters of the worst sort have set to work everywhere to make capital out of the awakening of the German people, and to belittle it thus. The Movement does not deserve to be deprived of dignity by dirty hands.

Dr. Luther comes to say farewell: he is leaving Germany as Ambassador to the U.S.A. He will certainly fulfil his difficult mission with all prudence and discretion. He well understands in what my special task consists.

The foreign Press, together with the whole Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, assemble in the Ministry of Propaganda in the evening. The Leader and I speak; for the first time we publicly discuss the meaning of the so-called freedom of the Press. The Press has yet a great deal to learn before it grasps the spirit of the new era. But one has patience in this direction, if good will at least is evidenced.

A late invitation to the Leader's. The Stahlhelm intends to submit to the Leader's headship. That would be a great step forward. The union of organizations will forcibly lead to a union of the Reich. Only through centralization shall we be able to mould and unify the will of the German people, i.e. when we have central authority, and exercise a certain elasticity in guidance. The Party can serve as model to the whole State.

The revolution we have begun proceeds without interruption. It will not be long before parties will have ceased to exist, and the National Socialist Movement alone will support the State, for which it is responsible. What we are now experiencing is only the transferring of our dynamics and laws to the State. It is happening so rapidly one can hardly realize it. It can now no longer be a question of enclosing the Party in the State: the Party, on the contrary, has become the State. Only then shall we obtain that solidarity of leadership which Germany, compared to the other States, so sadly lacked in bygone times.

Thank God that all responsible men fully recognize the necessity of these lines of action. The Leader himself has a perfectly clear aim towards which he is making as steadily now he is in power as he did in opposition.

April 7th, 1933.

A number of decisive legislative projects are passed in a six hours' sitting of the Cabinet. Namely, the laws of

equalization ("Gleichschaltung"), the governorships of the Reich, the laws for officials with the Aryan-paragraph, and finally the first of May is officially proclaimed a national holiday.

We do thorough work. Things our adversaries considered impossible to tackle, we bring off in a few hours without the slightest resistance. One may well say that to-day history is being remade in Germany. Our goal is an absolute centralization of the Reich. Step by step we approach it. And in the same measure as the welding together of the people progresses, the concentration of our national willpower also advances. At the end of this process stands a united people in the united Reich.

Our situation with regard to foreign bills has developed more favourably than we had expected. Dr. Schacht's clear-sighted operations are already in evidence.

A Government also needs the element of luck. A capable Government may confidently look for it sooner or later; but a Government which is dogged by bad luck alone cannot help a people. If our adversaries to-day contend that we have merely had good luck, we can only reply that a nation will always be better off under a lucky Government than under an unlucky one.

April 8th, 1933.

Many changes will have as yet to be made in the staff if we wish to build up the State on a solid basis. This is all the more difficult as the opportunists assiduously work themselves to the fore, and our old colleagues are hardly to be distinguished, because the others are so much more servile than our own people. But a touch of instinct suffices to help one distinguish who is who.

It is only now, when one finds oneself in the midst of the State machine, that one feels how much is still faulty and incomplete, and how necessary it was for us to take over power.

The Berlin S.A. has assembled at the Sportpalast for a roll-call before the Leader. Throughout the Reich the S.A. will be called up simultaneously. Six hundred thousand men stand in front of the man who summoned them from obscurity and guided them to a new consciousness of the State. It is the greatest summons of the masses the world has even seen. First I broadcast an account of the Berlin roll-call to all S.A. men assembled in the Reich, and then

the Leader speaks to his S.A. The men stand firm as oaks, a forest of heroism, a firm alliance of men, based on loyalty and obedience.

We have a splendid Press. The equalization ("Gleichschaltung") has been carried out in nearly all departments of public life. The reform of the Reich is beginning to tell. Little by little the journalists also take cognizance of the change and whither it leads.

All these magnificent efforts are blessed by the radiant sun of early spring. The German people surrender to the Leader with joyful enthusiasm. We have a task that makes life worth living.

April 9th, 1933.

There are still many complications and difficulties to be overcome. They can best be solved by National Socialists. One must not overrate them either. Formerly these matters entailed endless parliamentary struggles. To-day we settle them in a few hours.

April 10th, 1933.

The district of Berlin is in perfect order. It already possesses a fortune in ready money of two hundred and forty thousand marks, which we shall ear-mark by way of reserve for hard times.

The Leader leaves for Munich. We shall meet again at Easter.

Work is easing up a little. The holidays are slowly drawing near. One has time again for music and literature, can give oneself to one thing at a time, and need not daily cope with everything at once. This easement is very necessary if one is not gradually to lose clearness of vision for essential matters.

April 11th, 1933.

Have a correspondence with the Director-General of Music, Dr. Furtwängler, on the principles of German style, the publication of which causes quite a sensation.

In my answer to Furtwängler I attempt to explain the essence of national art. Up to now people have had no idea that we should turn our attention to such matters. The aspersions of the Jewish Press still produce an after-effect. We are generally considered good politicians, but bad art

connoisseurs. The future will show how thoroughly they were mistaken.

Receive the representatives of the Christian Trade Unions, who ask for a fair deal with inept familiarity. They promise, in exchange, to order their followers to march with us on May 1st. Harmless, naïve souls! As if we depended in any way on the Christian Trade Unions in our appeal to the whole German people! They do not yet seem to be aware of what is really going on. Six months will not have elapsed before they are swept away, root and branch, and can boast of no more influence.

It has been this sort of thing that has governed Germany for fourteen years!

Easter is nearly here.

Goering has been appointed Prussian President of Council. This step ensures a clear and firm National Socialist trend in the largest country of the nation.

Epp is appointed as the first Bavarian Governor. Further appointments will follow at short intervals. One leading post after the other is taken over by our men.

Last Easter we were in the thick of the hardest fight for the very existence of our Party. Who, then, could have foreseen that we should be in power a year later?

April 12th, 1933.

Work is lessening. One can motor out to the lakes of the March of Brandenburg and enjoy spring in full bloom.

April 13th, 1933.

To Cologne by 'plane through heavy squalls and thunderstorms. We arrive in less than three hours.

And then we motor down the Rhine via Düren and Godesburg, Koblenz, Mainz and up the Bergstrasse to Heidelberg. Everything is already smothered in fragrant bloom.

What memories Heidelberg evokes! It makes one pensive. Here it is one strolled through the streets as a student, with one's head full of high ambition. And all not so long ago! It has not in the least paled in memory.

Beautiful Freiburg! I had not seen the town for fifteen years, and it is quite the same as it was then. Karlsplatz, Schlossberg, the old chestnut trees just lighting their candles.

Easter is as perfect as if the sky itself were in alliance with us.

April 16th, 1933.

We saunter through Freiburg, through the old streets and alleys, past the Cathedral. I grow a trifle sad.

All remains just as it was in my student days. Wonderful drive through the spring verdure to Konstanz. Easter Sunday dawns with indescribable magnificence. The Bodensee is bathed in sunshine.

We motor along the Bodensee past Meersburg, Lindau, Innsbruck, St. Johann. It is already dark when we arrive at Berchtesgaden. An incredibly lovely drive; through mountains and valleys, past lakes, castles and villages.

At nine o'clock in the evening we are up on the Obersalzberg with the Leader, and feel at home at once.

Unfortunately I can only spend the day.

April 17th, 1933.

The Leader and I go into details about questions of the moment. We shall make the first of May serve as a fine demonstration of our German purpose. On May 2nd the houses belonging to the Trade Unions are to be seized. This may entail a few days' disturbance, but then they will be ours. One must not be considerate in this matter any longer. We do the workman the service of freeing him from parasitical leadership, a leadership which up till now has only made life hard for him.

Once the Trade Unions are in our hands the other parties and organizations will not be able to hold out long. In any case this decision has been arrived at yesterday on the Obersalzberg. There is no going back on it. Events must take their course. In a year's time Germany will be entirely in our hands.

Whilst we are discussing matters in the little lonely country house up on the Obersalzberg, the crowd waits patiently outside. They clamour incessantly for the Leader, until at last he goes out and shakes hands with hundreds of them. One feasts one's eyes on the childlike enthusiasm which the people feel for Hitler.

Hitler-boys from Braunau (the Leader's native town), on their way through Berchtesgaden, are invited to the house. They have lunch with us, and are radiantly happy to sit at table with him.

The Leader also has to go back to Berlin. We leave together, and I leave my family on the Obersalzberg. It is deeply affecting to drive through the country with the Leader. In every village the streets are black with people, cheering in spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm. The children hand bouquets of flowers into the car. They draw as near as possible and stretch up their tiny hands to him. At Traunstein the crowd bars the road. An S.A. leader steps up to the car and asks the Leader to stop for half an hour, as an old partisan, lying on his death-bed in the hospital, has only one last wish—to see him!

The Leader turns back immediately, drives to the hospital and for the last time clasps the hand of his dying partisan. The latter expires a few hours later.

On to Munich at breakneck speed. Catch the night train to Berlin at the last minute.

April 18th, 1933.

Work has begun again at once. There are rumours everywhere among the people of a second inevitable revolution. This can only mean that the first revolution is not yet complete. We shall soon have to bring Reaction to book. The revolution must stop at nothing.

The personnel of my Ministry consists almost exclusively of young National Socialists. Although they are not quite such masters of official procedure as the old officials, instead they bring enthusiasm and unspent idealism.

Preparations for the first of May are being made on a grand scale. We work as if it were a task set by the general staff. The plan for the parade is ready. The only difficulty is so few places are big enough to serve as parade grounds. The demonstration must take place with exact punctuality. Every eventuality must be foreseen. A slight error can lead to a great catastrophe, considering the enormous masses of people we propose to review.

The Leader has remained at Munich.

April 19th, 1933.

I have now settled the limits of my own Ministry in connection with the other Ministries concerned. The limits of my department are defined in all directions. The entire cultural department of the Ministry of the Interior now appertains to me.

April 20th, 1933.

The Leader's birthday. He himself is staying somewhere in Bavaria to evade all ovations in Berlin. Here the crowd is assembled in front of the Chancellory looking up at his windows.

To-day it is given out as a sort of slogan for Berlin that "no one goes hungry in the Capital." A vast philanthropic effort has been taken in hand to look after the poor here as well as in the whole Reich. They are not to be put off with empty promises, as was formerly the case on official birthday celebrations.

Deliver an address on Hitler's birthday at the Charlottenburg Opera House to the artists of the Capital, and make a report to the President of the Reich about the preparations for the first of May in the afternoon. The President is marvellously fit, and his mental activity is splendid. May he be preserved to us for a long time!

In the afternoon I speak over the wireless on the Leader's birthday, and describe him as the friend I know him personally to be. I believe this the best way of celebrating this memorable day.

April 21st, 1933.

The Leader finds his house full of birthday presents on his arrival in Berlin in the morning. It is touching to see what people have sent him, from things of great value down to the humble child's drawing, or to the embroidery of an old granny of the people. How happy he must feel to have won so much popular affection.

The first of May gives us heaps of work to do. But I believe this success will be in proportion to the labour it entails.

In the evening we visit the Leader. Goering has come back from Rome and gives an account of his trip. It was a great personal and political success.

April 22nd, 1933.

The Leader's authority is now completely in the ascendant in the Cabinet. There will be no more voting. The Leader's personality decides. All this has been achieved much more quickly than we had dared hope.

To Munich with the Leader by 'plane. The Chief of Staff has come to an agreement with the Stahlhelm. The Stahlhelm is now to form a part of the S.A.

At Munich the Leader speaks to the District and S.A. leaders. In a speech of three hours' length he describes the political situation. He completely rises to his great task as statesman. All his co-operators are completely under his spell. He lays down far-sighted lines of foreign policy, for the moment and for the future. The revolution in the country is to go on. He has many hands to shake. All the old comrades are assembled and they make of it a very hearty meeting. Now we have power we envisage the tasks awaiting us from quite a different point of view.

In the Brown House also two rooms are packed to the ceiling with birthday presents for the Leader. He is very pleased with them; and that must be the senders' best reward for those who have afforded him this pleasure.

April 25th, 1933.

Sunday: To Cologne by air. A very stormy flight; but we arrive in three hours' time. My drive to my native town of Rheydt resembles a never-ending triumphal procession. I put up with being accorded a great reception in my native town in honour of my mother, who has been calumniated, slandered, belittled, and persecuted in this place for years, and has suffered unspeakably from it. One knows what this sort of thing is like. To be a social outcast is to be mortally stricken. It is torture for an old woman to have heard nothing for years but remarks of pity, or indignation, on account of an unruly son who lives at daggers drawn with Church, State and Society.

When one is defenceless as well as sensitive one may break down completely under this kind of cruelty.

I myself had friends and comrades in Berlin; I was able to defend myself. I had the Press, I had halls in which to speak and an audience to hear me: I was never quite alone. But my mother was defenceless and at the mercy of the malicious intrigues of a cowardly and stupid *bourgeois* society. Long years of torture and qualms of conscience are going to be recompensed now by this triumph. I am resolved upon it.

That is why I have come to Rheydt to show her this day that all she has had to suffer for my sake, and for our cause, has not been in vain.

No more impressive rehabilitation for a simple woman

could be than to see thousands of people crowding the streets, the whole town turned upside down and an ocean of flags flying in honour of her son.

On Monday at noon I visit my old school, where I lived and worked with my school-fellows day by day for nine years, and I speak from the same platform in the school hall from which I made my first speech when candidate for my "Abitur,"[1] the farewell speech of my year. At that time, sixteen years ago, our old class-master, who is now long dead, came up to me, patted me cordially on the shoulder and said: "You are gifted, but unluckily you are not cut out for an orator."

This was proof of the loving and experienced attention he had bestowed on my character and gifts in nine years.

Speak twice for the Radio and Press at Cologne in the afternoon, and find my native town in a frenzy of enthusiasm in the evening. Not a year ago the people here threw stones at me.

I am glad to get away from the hubbub on Tuesday, and fly back to Berlin.

The new law censuring the Jews is passed in the Cabinet. A decisive step forward.

April 26th, 1933.

The first of May is ready—on paper. I have appealed to the public in a great proclamation, and have explained the idea of this national holiday.

Spring has come with all its flowers.

April 28th, 1933.

Work day by day on the preparations for the First of May. It is to be a masterpiece of organization and of demonstration by the masses.

The Cabinet passes a law of service punishment for the S.A. The Party's organizations break more and more into the State.

We arrange a kind of dress-rehearsal of the First of May in the Lustgarten and the great square in the Tempelhofer Feld, where the festival is to be held. In all human probability everything will go off precisely, and without a hitch. At Tempelhof enormous stands have been erected. They form a magnificent picture of National Socialist creative

[1] School-leaving certificate, somewhat like the English "Matric."

power. The First of May is going to be an event such as the world has never witnessed. A whole people is to be united in one sole act and one sole readiness. In the first year of our revolution Work is to regain its dignity and the Workman his value.

Complicated machinery is to be set going. The experience we have hitherto gained in the management of masses of people is useful to us now. No other Movement than ours, which knows how to lead the masses, would be able to arrange such a giant demonstration.

April 30th, 1933.

Motor to Potsdam and through the province on Sunday. Flags are already flying everywhere. A whole people is on the move. It is wonderful to be privileged to take part in the parade of an entire nation.

Workmen's delegations from the whole Reich are already arriving in Berlin. It is to be a holiday of the whole people.

Quite a migration is already streaming towards Tempelhof. Giant apparatus is erected to broadcast the Leader's speech over the field to the hundreds and thousands of participants. From the high commander's tower one overlooks the glittering grounds. Everything is built up and prepared on such a gigantic scale it makes one almost giddy.

One last look around of inspection and success lies, now, on the knees of the gods.

May 1st, 1933.

The great Day of the German Nation has arrived. Yesterday it looked like rain, but to-day the sun is shining gloriously. Real Hitler weather! All will now go off splendidly. Things depend no longer on the way the day passes off, but on the intrinsic value of this national gesture and the meaning that attaches to it.

In the morning the Berlin school-children parade in the Lustgarten. Already the road there presents an overwhelming spectacle. Wherever one looks, Unter den Linden, all over the Lustgarten, children, children, and still more children. I speak to them from the depth of my heart.

It is easy to speak to children if one understands their little souls. Then wild shouts of joy! The President of the Reich and the Leader appear, sitting side by side in the car. Age and youth united! A beautiful symbol of the new Germany which we have erected.

Proud and happy, Harald presents a large bunch of roses to President Hindenburg.

The President speaks to the children as if he were a contemporary of our own. He tells them to be loyal, persevering, industrious and full of respect towards the past. The Leader gives three cheers for him, in which the children join with enthusiasm and fervour.

Our passage through the crowd of boys and girls resembles a triumphal procession. The Tempelhofer Feld teems with the multitude. Berlin is already on its way there, lock, stock and barrel, workmen and *bourgeois,* high and humble, employers and employees ; now these differences are obliterated and the German People only is on the march.

A few years ago the machine-guns were rattling in Berlin.

In the aerodrome we receive the workmen's delegations from the entire Reich, who have come to Berlin by air. The faces of these serious, stalwart men express pure joy. At midday they are invited by the Leader to lunch and afterwards they are received by the President of the Reich. This reception is deeply affecting in its monumental simplicity. The great soldier of three wars, the guardian angel of the German nation, stands in the midst of the poorest of the land and holds out his hand to enter into an alliance with them.

Now the multitude is slowly winding its way through Berlin. An endless continuous stream of men, women and children flows to the Tempelhofer Feld. Towards seven in the evening the report comes through that a million and a half people have assembled there. Similar news comes from towns and villages all over the country.

I sit in the rear of the Leader's car as he drives in triumph through the masses of working people lining the streets from the Chancellory to the Tempelhofer Feld. An indescribable drive ! In the Tempelhofer Feld it is impossible to survey this enormous ocean of people. Dazzling rays of the flashlights sweep over it, and one recognizes nothing but a grey mass, shoulder to shoulder.

I say a few introductory words, and then proclaim a minute's interval of silence in honour of the Essen miners who have come to grief the same day. The whole nation stands motionless. This silence is universally observed, intimated by wireless, throughout towns and countries. A touching moment of unity and alliance of all classes and professions.

Then the Leader speaks. He once more summarizes what we are and what we wish to achieve. He invests Work with

a new ethic. The working classes now comprise all true Germans. The nation has regained its real meaning.

Now we will work and not despair.

Germany is at stake, its future, and the future of our children.

A wild frenzy of enthusiasm has seized the crowd. Grandly and trustfully the Horst-Wessel Hymn rises to the eternal evening sky. The voices of the million and a half gathered in the Tempelhofer Feld are borne on the ether over the whole country, over towns and villages, and choruses will be joining everywhere, by the workmen of the Ruhr district, the sailors in the Hamburg harbour, the woodcutters from Bavaria, and the lonely peasant up in the north by the Masurian lake-sides. Nobody can hold himself aloof ; here we all belong together, and it is no longer a hollow phrase : to say we have grown to be one sole people of brothers.

And he who showed us the way is now standing upright in his car, on his way back to his workroom in the Wilhelmstrasse, through a "Via triumphalis" formed around him by the living bodies of men.

To-morrow we shall seize the houses of the Trade Unions. There will hardly be any resistance anywhere. The struggle is going on !

Up in the Chancellory we stand with the Leader in the window of his home. The songs and cheers of the crowds marching off from the Tempelhofer Feld reach us from afar.

Berlin does not dream of going to rest, and in unison with this huge city the entire Reich is yet thrilling with joy and emotion, and is conscious of the great hour that compasses the junction of two eras, the past and the future.

This moment a column of marchers turns into the Wilhelmstrasse. Swastika banners float above it and the red flags are dipped before the Leader to greet him and his work in silence and veneration.

And out of the youthful throats Horst-Wessel's eternal hymn bursts forth:

"Now Hitler's flags are flying far and wide. . . ."

We remain together till daybreak.
The long night is over.
The sun has risen again on Germany !